

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

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April

Kay Francis

Grand Duchess Marie of Russia Writes about "Rasputin"

The Five Stages of JOAN CRAWFORD'S Life

JANET GAYNOR'S Lost Romances

PN1993
S35

Your Eyes SHOULD BE

• YOUR MOST ALLURING FEATURE



Beautiful teeth make for beguiling smiles—a lovely skin is desirable too—but, allure, the essence of life's thrills, is most assuredly a matter of eyes. Make your eyes alluring, and you will suddenly find yourself as alluring as your eyes. It's easy with Maybelline Eyelash Darkener. This wonderful mascara will instantly transform your lashes into dark, luxuriant fringe, making your eyes appear as deep pools of loveliness—bewitching to all who come within their influence. You must, however, be sure to use only genuine Maybelline, otherwise the necessary note of allurements is more difficult to obtain. Moreover, Maybelline is non-smarting, tearproof, harmless, and it has a wonderful oil base that will keep your lashes soft and sweeping. Obtainable at toilet goods counters. Black or Brown, 75c.

The
PERFECT
Mascara



MAYBELLINE CO.
CHICAGO



Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

*Never fails to use Lipstick—
Neglects her Teeth and Gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!*

IT HAS never dawned upon this girl that lipstick draws attention to her dull, dingy-looking teeth—or she would take better care of her teeth and gums.

Are *your* teeth dull—or bright?
Are your gums firm—or flabby?

If your gums bleed easily—if you have "pink tooth brush"—the soundness of your gums, the

brightness of your teeth, and the attractiveness of your smile may be in danger.

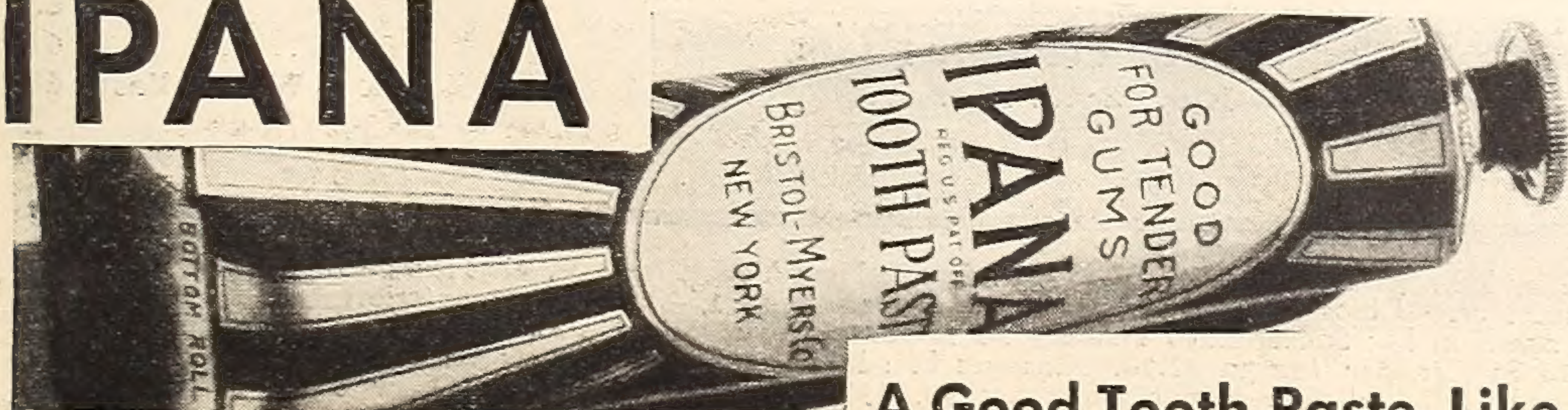
"Pink tooth brush" may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea. It is a threat to the good-looks of your teeth—and sometimes to the teeth themselves.

Try the Ipana method of keeping your teeth sparkling, and your gums firm and healthy.

Soft modern foods rob your gums of the stimulation they need. To give them this necessary stimulation, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you clean your teeth.

Almost immediately your teeth will brighten. Soon, you'll see an improvement in your gums. Continue with Ipana and massage, and you needn't be bothered about "pink tooth brush."

IPANA



A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. O-43
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

ENCL 2/17/33

SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*

Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

Our Cover Artist is in a Crawford Quandary!

THERE is more than one Joan Crawford. Did you know that? Well, SCREENLAND found it out in planning a portrait of Joan for next month—the May issue.



Charles Sheldon, the famous portrait painter, who makes SCREENLAND covers stand out among all other covers on the newsstands for beauty and charm, says he is facing the biggest problem of his career. Which Joan Crawford shall he give you: The gay Joan, the sombre Joan, the natural, human Joan, or the Joan



Crawford whose strange and lovely face so intrigues his artistic curiosity? As we write this we can't tell you which of the many Crawfords, all alluring, will grace the next SCREENLAND cover; but we do know that with such an inspiration, Sheldon will give you the most fascinating portrait so far of the girl he calls, "the most puzzling personality in motion pictures."



Don't miss the May issue of SCREENLAND, on sale March 24, 1933, with the Crawford cover.

April, 1933

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"CAVALCADE", "STATE FAIR" and NOW—

FOX FILM presents

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION

Where youth finds love
amid the strangest of
settings . . .

Where, before the eyes
of the curious, is enacted
a primitive romance so
thrilling, so tender so
strange...that by the very
power and uniqueness of
its story and the produc-
tion genius of Jesse L.
Lasky, ZOO in BUDAPEST
definitely becomes one
of the leaders in the Fox
Cavalcade of Hits.

ZOO IN BUDAPEST



JESSE L. LASKY
The genius who made movies
the great American entertain-
ment, crowns his career with the
year's most thrilling picture.



with
LORETTA YOUNG
GENE RAYMOND

O. P. HEGGIE
Directed by Rowland V. Lee

The Public Be Heard!

Listen in—then
speak out

BIG IDEAS! (First Prize Letter)

Some people object to the movies on the ground that they "put ideas" into our heads. Well, so they do! There are many ideas that they put into my head. For instance, when I see that swell actress, Lilyan Tashman, I long to wear clothes like hers, and with her poise; when I see the glamorous Dietrich I long to have the charm and the shapely legs of that fascinating gal. I wish I could look as sweet, and have such a sunny smile, as Janet Gaynor; a musical voice like Ruth Chatterton's; and just half the pep that bubbles from Clara Bow. I see the goodness of the world in Crawford's eyes; and hope I can grow old as beautifully as Norma Shearer did in "Strange Interlude."

Those are a few of the ideas that pictures put into my head!

Helen Raykovich,
1814—19th St.,
Huntington, W. Va.

FILM "FOOD" FOR THOUGHT! (Second Prize Letter)

I am disgusted with the critical attitude taken by many so-called moving picture fans. In the vast majority of cases the criticism is unjustified, and the dissatisfaction due more to their own carelessness in the selection of entertainment than to the fault of the pictures.

How many would visit a restaurant and permit the waiter to select a meal without consulting their tastes? The picture menu at the local theatres necessarily cannot be as varied as the menus at the restaurant and yet, if the manager's selection fails to meet his patron's taste, the movies are condemned as impossible.



Acme

You'll always find a crowd collecting where the 1933 Bow makes her appearance. Here's what happened when Clara and her handsome husband, Rex Bell, stepped off the boat on their trip to England. The Britons loved it!

Consult an edition of SCREENLAND and select your picture diet as you would your food. By avoiding pictures you are fairly certain will not be to your liking, you will find that the standard is improving (in your imagination), and everybody will be satisfied.

John F. MacDuffee,
Portland, Me.

WELCOMING THE NEW BOW (Third Prize Letter)

The old question, "Can Clara Bow Come Back?" has at last been answered. It seems to me that in "Call Her Savage" she has

"come back" in the most significant sense of that term. There isn't any of the hip-swinging, hair-tossing hoydenism that characterized her earlier pictures. Instead she gives us a poise, sureness and sincerity that show she is developing into a mature, emotional actress. The vital, vivid personality that has endeared Clara to all of us still glows with its old fire, but there is something there beside "spit-fire" qualities. I never was a real Bow fan, but "Call Her Savage" has completely won me over. I especially enjoyed the moments in which she lives up to her name of "Dynamite."

Josephine Behan,
Pawtucket, R. I.

(Continued on page 83)

Here's a new game! It's fun, it's profitable, and anyone can join in! SCREENLAND's letter page has always encouraged free discussion of vital movie questions. Whether we've agreed with you or not, we've printed your boosts and your bumps alike, so long as they were sincerely written. For the movies, after all is said and done, belong to the moviegoers—and you're entitled to your say about them!

We're going to continue keeping "open house" for constructive opinions on things cinematic. But now we're going to add zest to the game by focussing the discussion on one particular topic each month. From now on the machine-gun fire of critical opinion, instead of being scattered over a wide area, will be concentrated on one particular topic each issue, thus providing direct and lively debate.

Are you ready? Here's the topic we suggest that you write about this month:

Should the screen stars put their personalities foremost in their rôles? Or should they hide their individual characters in the parts they play?

There's a question you've often thought about, discussed and debated with yourself, your friends, your family. Should Garbo be Garbo first on the screen and the character she is playing secondarily? Should George Arliss be George Arliss always and forever, or his screen character first and Arliss second? You know what you think about it—write down your ideas and send them to us in a letter.

The best answers, both pro and con, will be printed in a subsequent issue of SCREENLAND, along with a new question for debate. And, as in the past, the four best letters on particular or general subjects will receive prizes of \$20, \$10, \$5, and \$5, respectively. If you prefer to write on some other topic, or to rave about your favorite film star, your letters will be just as welcome and equally eligible.

Keep your efforts within 150 words, and mail to reach us by the 10th of each month. Sincerity and freshness of thought are what count. Address letters to "Public Be Heard" Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York. Come on, you amateur critics!

1933 WILL BE FAMED FOR ONE PICTURE!

HELL BELOW

with ROBERT
MONTGOMERY

WALTER HUSTON
MADGE EVANS
JIMMY DURANTE

Directed by
JACK CONWAY



Every year one picture leaps out of the parade of pictures to startle, amaze and thrill the world! For months Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has secretly prepared for you a dramatic spectacle more ambitious than anything yet undertaken by this producing organization. Previewed in Hollywood as this magazine goes to press it is acclaimed as greater than "Hell Divers." Watch for it!

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

ASK ME!

Be "in-the-know"
about your favorites

By
Miss Vee Dee

Gargan Fan. So the actor you would go through fire and water for is big Bill Gargan. Joan Crawford went through "Rain" with him and are all the girls jealous of Joan! His first screen appearance was with Claudette Colbert and Edmund Lowe in "Misleading Lady." Remember him? He plays the makeshift butler, *Regan*, in "Animal Kingdom" with Leslie Howard and Ann Harding and with what charm—he doesn't *act*, he's real. William played with Leslie Howard on the Broadway stage in "Animal Kingdom" and made a big hit and he's doing the same "big-hit stuff" with us movie fans. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., twenty-seven years ago. He is 6 feet tall and has blue eyes and auburn hair. His face isn't scarred as it appears in "Rain" and "Animal Kingdom"—the studio manufactured the scars for the rôles he played. His wife is Pat Kenny, who before her marriage to Bill was with the "Scandals" and the "Vanities" on the New York stage. They have a three-year-old son, Barrie.

Iwantano. Tom Brown is too busy carving out his career to be very much "that way" about the girls. As for his preference for blondes or brunettes, I think he likes them both. Wise Tommy. Arletta Duncan played in "Back Street" with Irene Dunne and John Boles and in "Night World" with Lew Ayres.

Lil. Short and sweet, eh? Your movie hero, Phillips Holmes is under contract to M-G-M and his first film for Metro is "The Secret of Madame Blanche" with Irene Dunne.

Madeline. When is the co-starring team of Gaynor and Farrell not a team? Each star seems to be twinkling with some other star but don't blame Mickey Mouse and Minnie. Janet's and Charles' last emoting together was in "Tess of the Storm Country." Janet's next will be with Will Rogers, Lew Ayres, Sally Eilers, Norman Foster and others in "State Fair." Janet is a trifle over 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds and Charlie Farrell is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 178 pounds. "Seventh Heaven" has never been released as a talkie. Nina Mae McKinney lives in Hollywood when making films and in New York while appearing in revues.

Joan A. K. I've been called all kinds of nice things but an M.D. has not been in the list. However if you're the patient and



Wide World

Marlene Dietrich, in her famous male attire, strolling on the Paramount lot with Maurice Chevalier. It's rumored they may play in a picture together—and what a team they would make!

I'm to relieve the brain storm, I'm your Doctor. My information says Anita Louise was born January 9, 1917, and who am I to doubt it? Constance Bennett, the eldest of Richard Bennett's three daughters, was born October 22, 1905, in New York City. She has golden hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs about 102 pounds. Connie is still making pictures and has not gone to live in France as you have been told.

Francis F. I settle all arguments or disputes free of charge so step right up and get settled. John Barrymore played in "The Sea Beast," a Warner Bros. production of 1926. It rated as one of the best pictures of that year. Playing with him was Dolores Costello, who is now his wife. Henry Maret was *Czar Alexander of Russia* in "Congress Dances." I do not know of a fifth Marx brother in pictures—Chico, Harpo, Groucho and Zeppo are all there are—there isn't any more on the screen. The fifth brother, I hear, is in the dress business.

Vic. Norma Talmadge played in "Smilin' Thru" in 1922 for First National. As far as I know, it was the *only* silent version. Norma Shearer's talking version was given world release in 1932. "The Student Prince" has not been adapted for

sound but the fans are still hoping.

Old Timer. You're right—some of the best character portrayals are done by men and women who have spent many years on the stage—real seasoned troupers. Walter Connolly, who so beautifully played the father of Carole Lombard in "No More Orchids," and Arthur Byron, the film father of Madge Evans in "Fast Life," are both from the stage and come close to stealing the whole works.

N. C. If you'll turn back to the January and February issues of SCREENLAND, you'll find the interesting life story of Warren William Krech, better known to the stage and screen as Warren William. He was born in Aitken, Minn., on December 2, 1895. He has been happily married for twelve years. It's interesting to note he appeared several years ago in a silent serial with Pearl White, called "Plunder." One of his greatest stage successes was in "The Vinegar Tree" with Mary Boland. He has appeared on the screen in "Honor of the Family," "Expensive Women," "The Woman from Monte Carlo," "Beauty and the Beast," "The Mouthpiece," "Dark Horse," "Skyscraper Souls," "Three on a Match" and "Employees Entrance" with Loretta Young and Alice White.

(Continued on page 82)

Inaugurating a NEW DEAL in ENTERTAINMENT!

WARNER BROS. set the pace with the ENTERTAINMENT MIRACLE of 1933—"42nd Street" . . . Super-drama—super-spectacle! Two mighty shows in one! . . . Gripping story of playgirls and payboys . . . Packed with love-thrills and wonderful music . . . Gorgeous pageant of beauty pulsating with passionate rhythm . . . Filled with surprises! . . . The Greatest Show of 1933!



14 STARS

WARNER BAXTER
BEBE DANIELS
GEORGE BRENT
RUBY KEELER
UNA MERKEL
DICK POWELL
GINGER ROGERS
GUY KIBBEE
NED SPARKS
GEORGE E. STONE
EDDIE NUGENT
ALLEN JENKINS
ROBERT McWADE
H. B. WALTHALL

200 GIRLS

Directed by LLOYD BACON

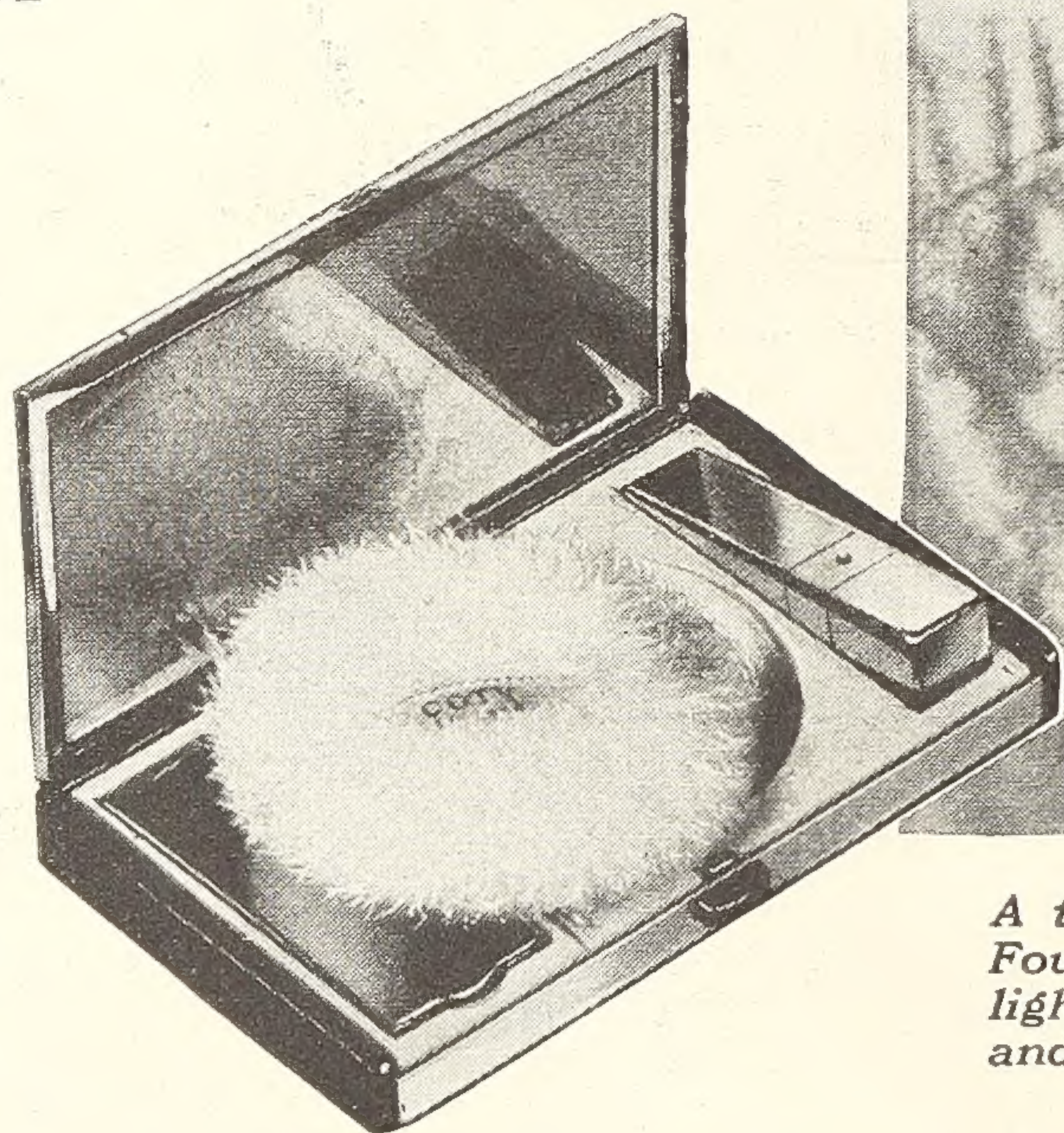
WARNER BROS! Sensational Musical Hit!

Coming to your theatre soon . . . Don't miss it—it's going to be the most talked-about picture of the year

The TRUTH about Cosmetics

News and views of
beauty helps

By
Mary
Lee



A thrilling, rapturous new perfume, "La Fougèraie au crepuscule" (Ferns at Twilight)—created by Coty. In only one size, and it's so grand they can afford to be "that way" about it!

Coty's first loose-powder case! An entirely new, revolutionary idea. The original was created by Cartier in Paris. Read about it.

MORE news! And it's *really* news when a house like Coty decides to make, for the first time, a loose powder case. (Yes, that's it in the picture on this page.) It's really quite exciting. Let me tell you about it. The original was executed by Cartier, no less, if you please, in Paris. And now these exquisite copies are within the purse of ordinary mortals like you and me. No pun intended! It is described accurately as a slim, platinum-toned oblong, with smart accents of black and red, proudly carrying the regal-looking Coty crest. Stunning but ever so practical, with a brand-new idea that you'll love. The powder supply is in the little left-hand compartment. In the center is an ivory-material powder-well into which a few grains of powder at a time roll when you tap the side gently. Thus you have no waste and muss. When the case is closed a spring closes the powder compartment tightly. On the right is a dainty, evening edition of the Coty lip-stick, the cover of which is fastened to the compact. When you use it you simply pull the filler out with one hand—so you need not lay the compact down while you touch up your lips. A great convenience in a public "powder room"! I almost forgot to tell you that the dainty puff in the case is swansdown. Isn't this your dream of your ideal compact?

Speaking of dreams—well, I may as well warn you, I'm about to slide into an ecstasy over Coty's newest, brand-newest, and, I think, grandest perfume. There it stands in the picture in all its slim, aristocratic desirableness. The package and the bottle so perfectly exemplify the perfume itself. They have called it "La Fougèraie au crepuscule"—(Ferns at Twilight)—a poetic accuracy. It is important without any trace of heaviness. It is elusive, yet pervading. It has that freshness, that cleanliness that helps a woman seem well-groomed, yet it is

infinitely more. Feminine, warm, yet spicy and cool. Well, I give up! Describe it yourself—if you can. You'll probably just roll your eyes heavenward and breathe a long "A-a-a-ah!"

Coty apparently is just bursting with new ideas for nineteen thirty-three. As if that compact and perfume were not enough to put Coty on everyone's lips (that one slipped, too!) they add to the array a beautiful new box of powder scented with the new perfume! You'll want to keep the box right on top of your dressing table. The softest gold and ivory colors flecked imaginatively with tiny cream bubbles, it stands on four little red feet like a small replica of a treasure chest. No tucking that box away in a drawer. You probably know the excellence of Coty's powder, but if you haven't tried it in the new perfume you haven't enjoyed the *dernier cri* in lovely toilet accessories.

Let's be intensely practical for a moment. What is the real condition of your skin? Is it beginning to dry and "break" around your eyes? Marie Earle has a special eye treatment designed to nourish and tone these delicate tissue that will not absorb ordinary oils. An especially fine eye cream which is a gentle astringent as well as a food is used in connection with the Marie Earle herbal eye-packs. These little bags which look like tiny sacks of tea are dipped in hot water and laid over the eyes while you relax for ten minutes or more. When these are removed, the eyes seem toned and brighter. Puffy eyes, hollow eyes, and wrinkles disappear gradually but surely. It also clears (Continued on page 93)



Three-quarter-length coats have come into their own—capably assisted by Constance Bennett. And gray is still the winning color! Connie's coat of heavily ribbed wool is enriched by the luxurious silver fox scarf.



Springtime for Connie!

Connie's spring bonnet is a jaunty, shiny, brimmed black straw elaborated with black crêpe. Miss Bennett will wear this costume in "Our Betters."

From Steno to Starlet!

Acme



Mozelle at her every-day job as assistant to the Columbia casting director. Can she be business-like!

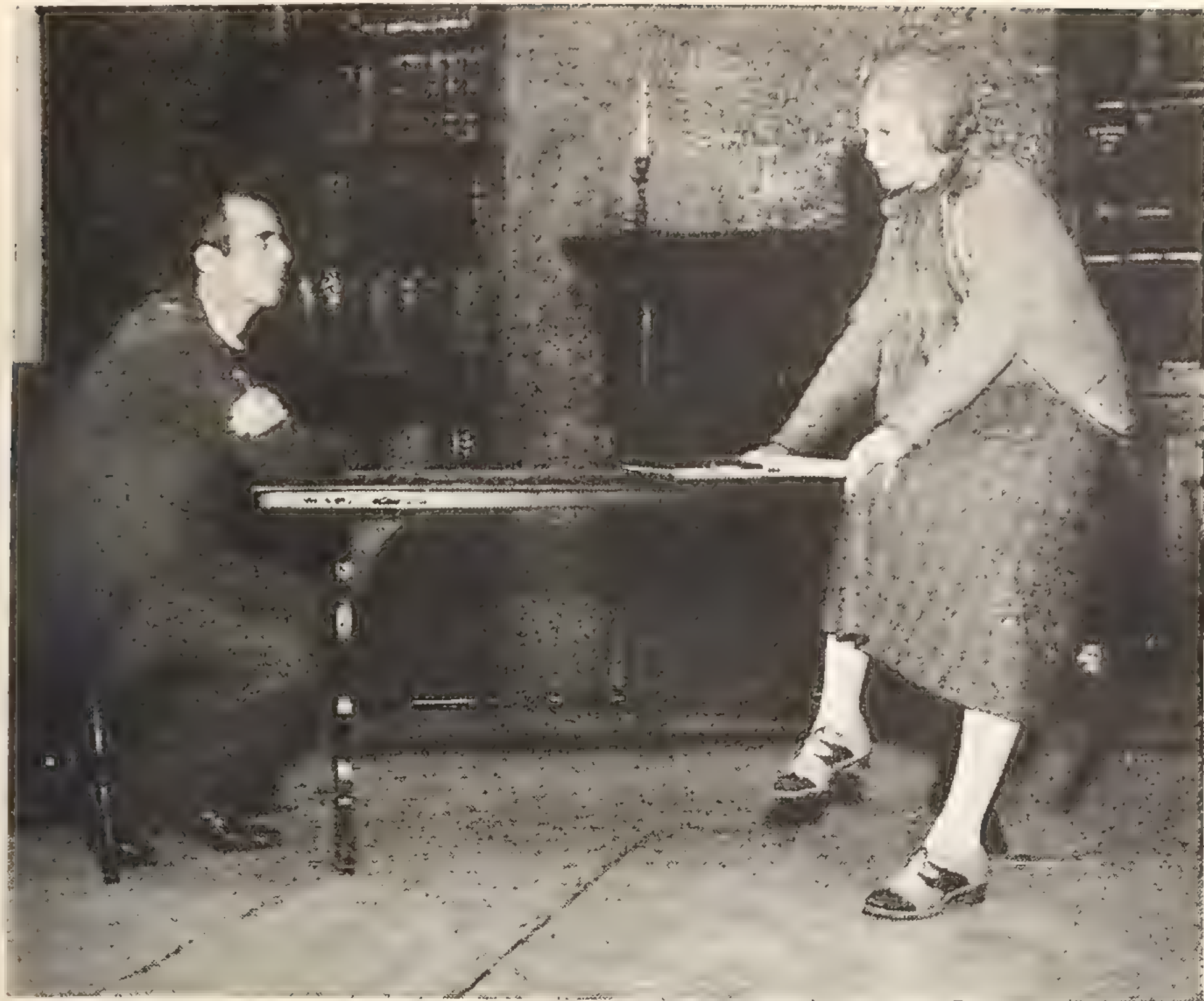


Mozelle the actress. Seems a director needed a cutie, looked around, saw Mozelle, and said, "You're in pictures." And now Miss Brittone can't decide which of her two jobs she likes better—so she keeps them both! Smart girl.

Right, Mozelle Brittone stealing a scene from Alan Dinehart in "As the Devil Commands." Other Columbia Pictures in which she has appeared are "Man Against Woman," "Air Hostess," and "Child of Manhattan." Keep watching her!

HERE'S Hollywood's latest little Cinderella, Mozelle Brittone, 22-year-old assistant to the casting director at Columbia Pictures studio, who is known as a great "pinch-hitter" when it comes to jumping into rôles. Coming to Hollywood from Oklahoma City four years ago, Mozelle shunned pictures to take a job on the stage in "Girl Crazy," when that musical went on the road with Ginger Rogers. Returning to the screen city, Miss Brittone accepted an office position, and later became casting assistant. But when the studio needs someone of her type in a hurry, Mozelle drops her notebook and telephone and leaps into make-up. Another Alice White?





Ann talks over the good old days with Jasper Deeter, in whose stock company she learned to act years ago. To the training of Mr. Deeter, who has been the discoverer of many outstanding actors, Ann graciously attributes her own success.

Inside the Hedgerow Theatre, the little temple of Thespian Art at Rose Valley, Pa. Miss Harding renews her acquaintance with the stage on which she played her first parts. Note the light-hearted informality with which the little auditorium is equipped.

The charmingly rustic exterior of the Hedgerow Theatre. The play in which Ann Harding made her stage début here, Susan Glaspell's "The Inheritors," is revived by the Hedgerow Players each season, and Ann came back to play her old part without rehearsal!



Ann Harding's "Old Home Week"

THE staunch patrons of Jasper Deeter's Hedgerow Theatre sat upright and gasped one recent evening when the former star of the troupe, a girl known as Ann Harding, walked onto the stage in her old rôle in "The Inheritors." For them it was the season's big thrill; and for Ann, back at the old stamping ground where she had learned her ABC's of acting, it was sheer joy. During Miss Harding's brief visit the theatre played to packed houses every night.

After four days with the troupe, during which she continued performing in her old vehicle, Ann was called back to Hollywood to begin work on "Declasse," voting it the happiest vacation she had spent in years.

"Magnificent!"
 "Exquisite!"
 "Sublime!"
 "Noble!"

These are just a few of the adjectives showered by the New York critics upon "Cavalcade" — and they are all accurate!

Diana Wynyard as Jane Marryot with the two little English boys who play her sons.



To the Great Cast
 of
 "Cavalcade"
 and particularly to
 Diana Wynyard
 we present this
 Honor Page



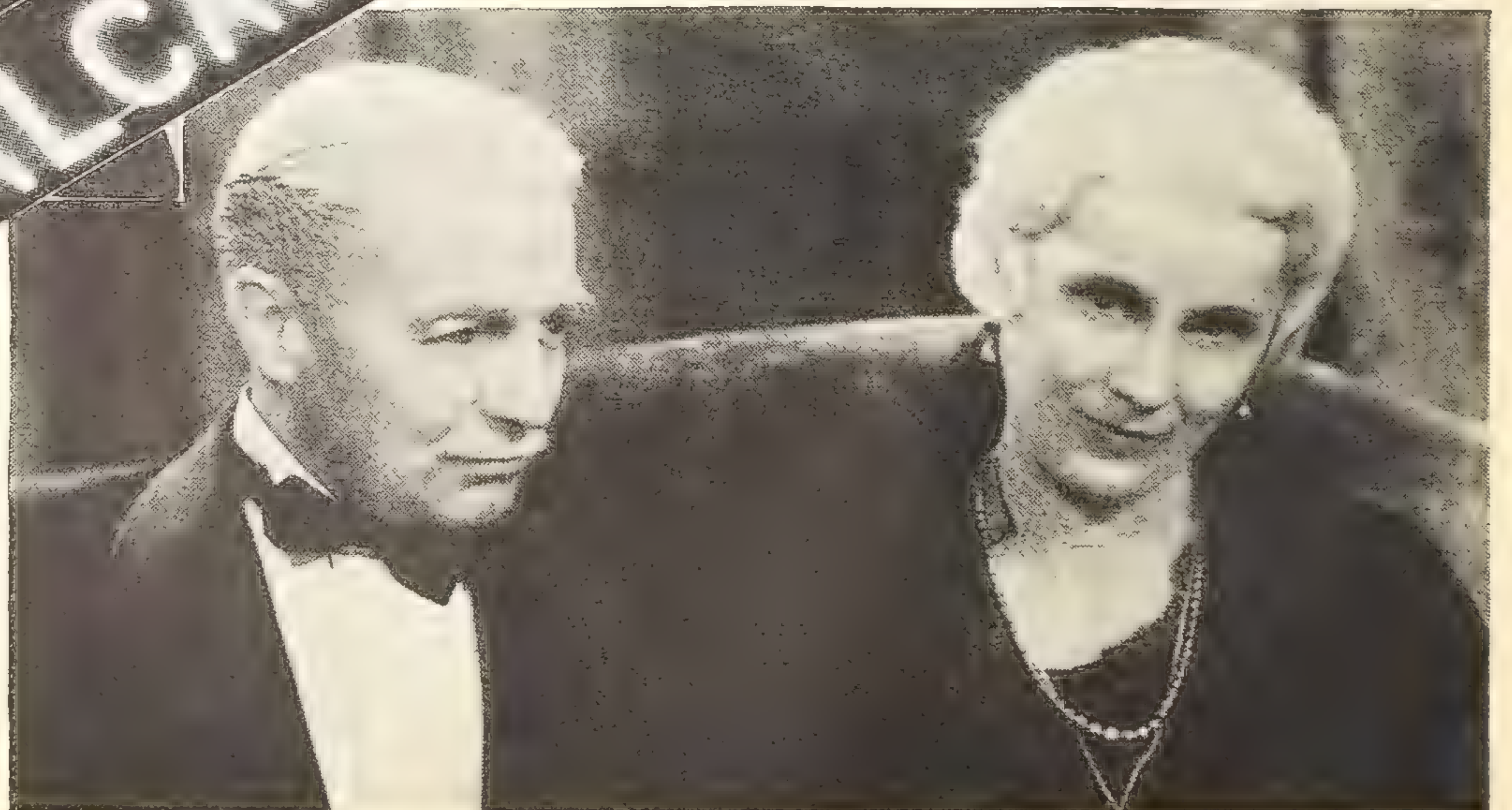
Two of the most charming people you have ever met upon the screen: Jane and Robert Marryot, played by Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. You meet them first at the end of the 19th century and live their lives with them.

Robert and Jane greet old age together. Mr. Brook, Miss Wynyard as the English couple whose fine spirit survives two wars and the upheaval of their social order.

The Great Picture of our Time!

NOEL COWARD wrote a play called "Cavalcade." It was a success in its native London. Fox Films bought the screen rights and proceeded to make a picture in Hollywood. People shook their heads sadly. "It's too British," they said. "It'll never get over. And who is this Diana Wynyard, anyway?" They went on mumbling while Fox poured over a million dollars into a splendid and lavish production. These same people, today, are saying: "What did I tell you? 'Cavalcade' is the picture of the year. And this Diana Wynyard—I always knew she had the stuff." "Cavalcade" is not only the picture of the year, but of many years. It is by far the greatest talking picture ever made. It is universal in its scope and appeal; it is masterly in its direction and acting. It makes Diana Wynyard a star, establishes Herbert Mundin and Una O'Connor as peerless performers, and enhances the reputation of Clive Brook. All honor to Frank Lloyd, fine director.

CAVALCADE



**We Want
YOU**

**TO TRY THE
PERFOLASTIC
GIRDLE
FOR 10 DAYS
AT OUR EXPENSE**

**... if
YOU DO NOT
REDUCE
WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES
IN 10 DAYS
... it won't cost
you one penny!**

"I have
REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES"
... WRITES MISS JEAN HEALY!

TOO miraculous to be true? That is what they all say . . . until they try it. THEN they tell us "I reduced 9 inches"; "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"; "The fat seemed to have melted away" . . . and so on through hundreds of enthusiastic letters.

You don't have to take our word for it. We want you to try it. Test it yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if, without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, return the girdle and your money will be refunded without question, including the postage!

REDUCE QUICKLY, EASILY, AND SAFELY!

The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

And it is so comfortable! The perforations ventilate the body, allowing the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

DON'T POSTPONE BEAUTY AND HAPPINESS—ACT TODAY!

Act today! Away with the excess fat that makes the smartest, most expensive dress look dowdy! Each day you delay sending for a Perfolastic Reducing Girdle is a day of beauty thrown away. Read what these four women say about Perfolastic—they have found new beauty this marvelous, quick, safe way. What Perfolastic has done for them it will do for you so simply, so quickly, that you will wonder how you ever endured those excess pounds.

"REDUCED HIPS 9 INCHES"

It seems almost impossible, that since last May when I first started wearing your corset my hips have been reduced nine inches. This reduction was made without the slightest diet.
Miss JEAN HEALY

"FAT MELTED AWAY"

Before wearing the Perfolastic girdle, I was so heavy about the hips—after its continued use for a year the fat seems to have melted away. It prevents the accumulation of fat around hips and waist.
K. McSORLEY

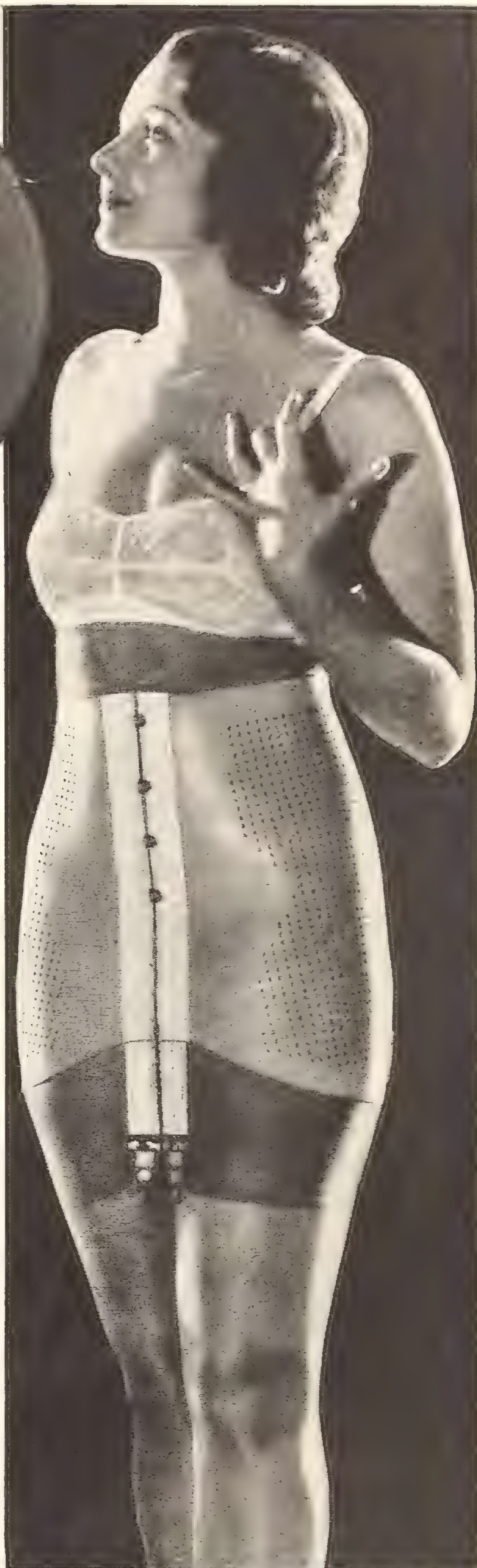
"MASSAGES LIKE MAGIC"

Have really reduced five inches through the hips and two and one-half inches in the waistline—the most marvelous secret is that it massages like magic, even while you are breathing.
Miss KAY CARROLL

"REDUCED FROM 43 to 34½ INCHES"

I . . . measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to 120 pounds, weighing around 34½ inches around the hips. I know the girdle is responsible for my not getting tired.
Miss B. BRIAN

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Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of Perfolastic Rubber and your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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You against the Rest of Womankind your Beauty •• your Charm •• your Skin!



Of course, you can mask your thoughts, your feelings. But you cannot mask your skin. It is there for all to see . . . to flatter or criticize, to admire or deplore. In the Beauty Contest of life, in keen rivalry with other women, it's the girl with flawless skin who wins.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Your complexion at its radiant best is a glorious weapon that can help you conquer. And Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women,

is your skin's best friend. Camay is mild, pure, safe. Made of delicate oils for delicate skins. And what a rich, copious lather it gives, even in hard water!

THE PRICE IS DOWN

Camay, in its gay new dress, is the outstanding beauty value of the hour that women are flocking to buy. Never has a soap so fine sold at a price so low! Get a dozen cakes today!

Alone, your looks may not seem so important to you. But when you must hold your own, in competition with other women, you realize that life is a Beauty Contest. Someone's eyes are forever searching your face, comparing you with other women, judging the beauty of your skin.



• To have a skin of clear, natural loveliness, apply a lather of Camay and warm water to your face twice a day. Rinse thoroughly with cold water.



• Pure, creamy-white Camay is the safe beauty soap for the feminine skin. You'll find Camay's rich, luxuriant lather delightful in your bath, as well!

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CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

An Open Letter

to

Lilian Harvey

from

Delight Evans



DEAR Miss, Mlle., or Fräulein Harvey: You're so tri-lingual I don't know what to call you.

Never mind. It isn't every movie star who knows how to talk in three different languages. Why, some of them haven't even learned to talk in one.

It won't matter. You're set to be a sensation in any language. I thought so before I met you. Now I'm sure of it. SCREENLAND had "discovered" you over here, in the June, 1932, issue, with a rave notice of your "Congress Dances" and an attention-calling article by Rebecca West. I suggested then that some smart American producer should sign you for Hollywood. And now you're here. The most important star in all Europe. So I expected a brittle sophisticate, bored with her first glimpse of our "prohibition Ameddica." And then you walked in—dainty, fragile, all smiles and apologies for being two minutes late. You shocked me—you did really.

Somebody showed you that issue of SCREENLAND, and you looked at it and beamed, "Why, I thought nobody knew me over here!" And then you read the bit where Rebecca West said, "Beside Lilian Harvey, Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett seem as if they were cut out of tin." "Ooh," you squealed, "how terrible!" But you looked a little pleased, too.

So here you are, too good to be true with your white and pink and gold angel prettiness, and your soft voice, and your dancer's grace, and your exquisite manners. (I hope they won't get rusty in Hollywood.) You showed me, gaily, the farewell press from your friends—a gold cigarette case with a

The Editor's Page



Here's Lilian Harvey! You'll see Europe's screen sweetheart soon in her first American movie, "My Lips Betray," for Fox, with John Boles. In the circle above, on the left, a close-up of Lilian leaving Germany—the crowd cried, and she cried, too. Right, cheering up as she reaches New York. Come right in, Lilian—we're expecting you.

map of Europe engraved on it, each capital dotted with a real jewel—a ruby for Paris, an emerald for Berlin, a sapphire for Budapest, and so on—and then, across the gold Atlantic, a big diamond for Hollywood! These Continentals!

And you ate. Thank heaven for a movie actress who likes her food. Meat and noodles—two helpings of noodles, too. You have an unvarying weight of ninety pounds. You smoke freely; admit you enjoyed doing Harlem with Ernst Lubitsch; that you like Maurice Chevalier, who owns the next estate to yours on the French Riviera; that you'd like to "die" just once in a film, preferably as Mimi in "La Boheme"; and for the rest of the time you're satisfied to be yourself in light, gay, bitter-sweet pictures.

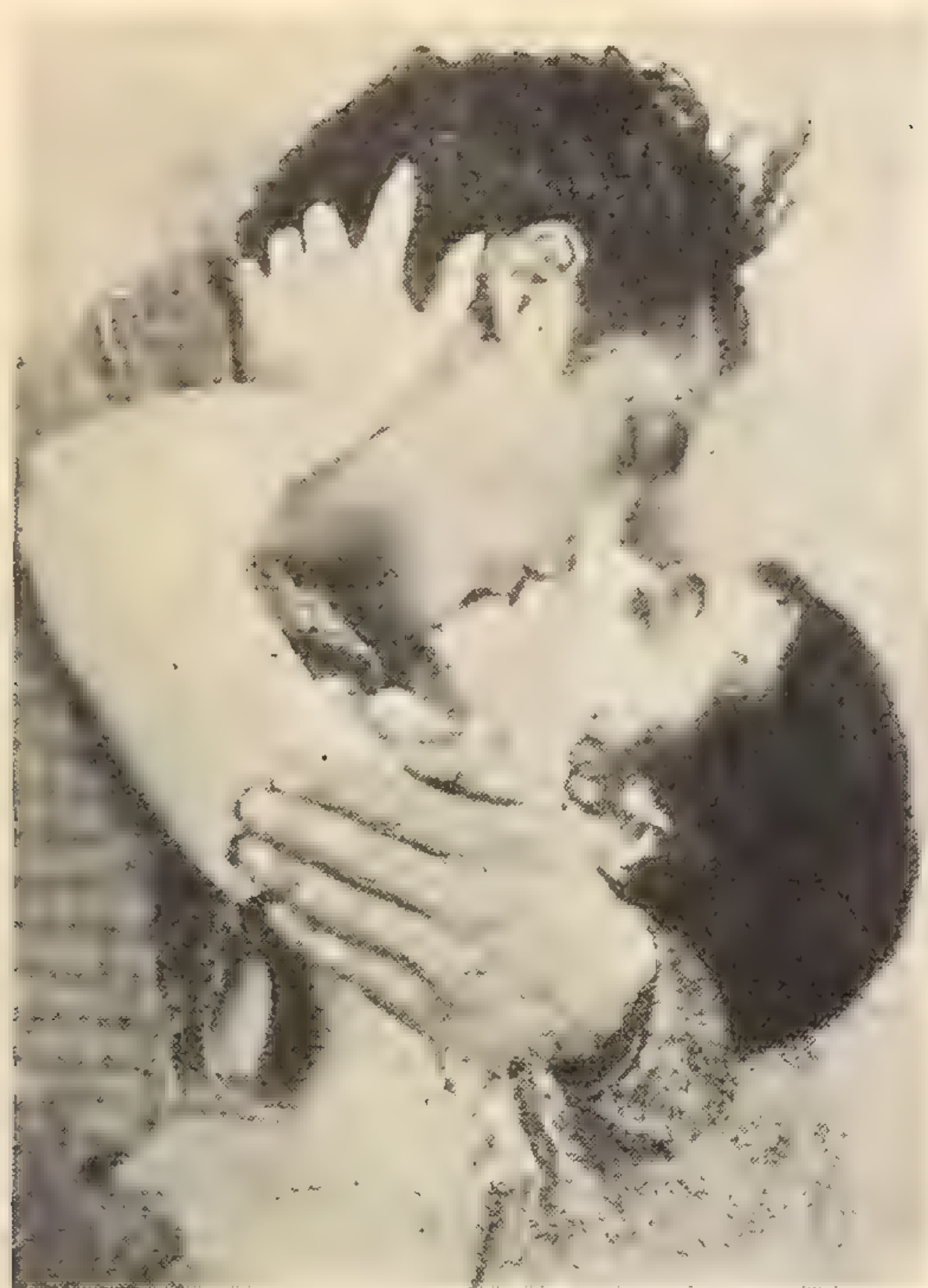
There's glitter about you: bringing over your own costume designer, and twenty trunks, and a maid, and your own white Mercedes complete with chauffeur; and one of the dozen biggest diamonds in the world, and bracelets to match. It's all true—I saw them; and I met Joe Strassner, brilliant young German who designs everything you wear. And still you, yourself, have more sparkle than your biggest diamond. It may be personality. It may be technique. Whatever it is, I wish more actresses had it. I'm tired of long languorous ladies with lifted eyebrows and drooping mouths. I'm fed up with posturings and pseudo-sophistication. I welcome you, Lilian Harvey, because you're the true sophisticate who conceals boredom, if any, with a marvelous gaiety. And you're Hollywood-proof. What, after all, does a swimming pool mean to a star who's had the whole darned Mediterranean?

Janet Gaynor's Lost Romances!

The strange love tangle in the life of Hollywood's sweetest star

Will love return to Janet Gaynor? She has left her real-life husband, Lydell Peck; and her screen sweetheart, Charles Farrell, has left her! Now she plays opposite Lew Ayres in "State Fair," from which a love scene is shown, below. The close-up is Janet's latest photograph.





Above, Janet Gaynor with Charles Farrell in their first great screen success, "Seventh Heaven." Right, with ex-husband Lydell Peck.



How do you like Janet's new film lover, Lew Ayres? In "State Fair" they share many charming scenes, with Gaynor at her best.

MOST fairy tales commence with *Once upon a time*, and this little story shall be no different.

Once upon a time—a few years ago when I was young and in love, and Janet Gaynor was younger but perhaps not in love—I asked of her: "What would you do if your sweetheart or husband were suddenly taken from you?"

I sought her answer in an effort to modify a void in my own heart—the girl I loved had just been lost to me.

For a long minute, Janet weighed my problem in her girl's heart and mind, and then:

"I don't know," she said. "Perhaps I would feel like dying."

Within the past few weeks I have had reason to remember those words. When two romances went out of Janet Gaynor's life within a few days of each other—when she lost not only her husband, but also the screen sweetheart with whom the world has long believed her in love—I recalled that very young, very wistful girl of several years ago, who looked at me from eyes that did not quite comprehend, and said:

"I don't know. Perhaps I would feel like dying."

Yes, as surely as the sun loses its power at nightfall, Janet has lost two romances. Perhaps, unlike the sun which returns at dawn, neither of her loves will come again.

If this be true, then a mite of a girl to whom romance seems such a

necessary element to happiness will be left alone—horribly, dreadfully alone.

Who—or what—will refill those minutes that a few weeks ago were occupied with her husband, Lydell Peck, and her screen sweetheart, Charles Farrell?

Of course, one half of her loss was by her own hand; she thrust her husband away from her.

But the other half—perhaps she would rather it had not happened?

It *did* happen, though, and by her voluntary ejection of Peck from her life, Janet innocently removed Farrell. How? Simply by reason of the peculiar circumstances that surround the relationship of Janet and Charlie. If Janet should be seen with Farrell now, or possibly for some time to come, there likely would be gossip—vile, meaningful gossip from which even as sweet, decent folk as these two are not immune.

Because of this, Charlie cannot return to her side, even if he should so desire. They cannot be friendly on studio sets, as they were when Janet had a husband to protect her from gossip. They dare not appear so devoted when they dance together in public places, as has been their custom in the past.

No. Janet must go on alone—temporarily, at least. Does she feel like dying? Does she, too, recall those words she spoke to me several years ago?

Of Janet's two romances, that with Farrell predates the other. She met Charlie in 1924, when both took casual parts in a Hollywood benefit show, "The Writers' Revue." They did not meet again until 1925, when they were cast together in "Seventh Heaven." It was during and after production of this picture that they fell in love.

Until early in 1929, their romance was interrupted, and it was a love affair that apparently had the approval of the entire world. I do not believe anyone doubted that Charlie and Janet eventually would marry. That they did not wed during those blissful years may be traced to their mutual fear that marriage would endanger their careers. They were not sure that their screen romances would ring true if they were married; after all, there is no particular thrill in (Continued on page 88)

By
James M.
Fidler

What!

Do They Really Look Like This?

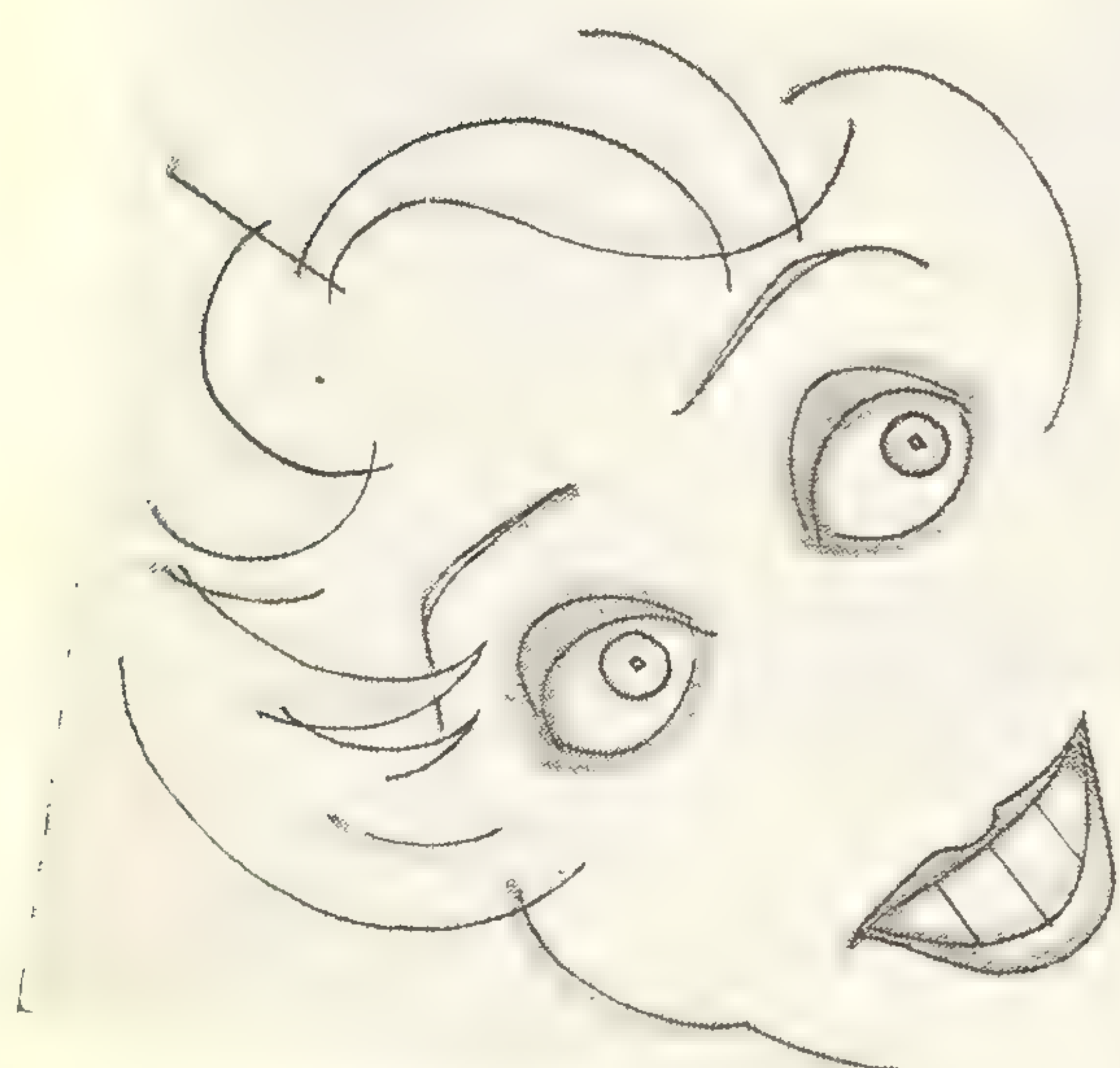


Ruth Chatterton, one of the films' leading practitioners of poise, takes on a new austerity under Flato's imaginative pen. Note the determination expressed in chin and mouth.

Bette Davis adds to her new and popular screen character as an irresistible sorceress—complete with drooping eyes, Garbo-esque lashes, and side-long look.



Paul Muni, above, emerges from the ordeal-by-Flato with a slightly satanic look, the left eyebrow raised in the very best "Scarface"- "Fugitive" manner.



All smile and dancing eyes! That's Flato's characterization of the bonny, blithe Blondell. And you must admit that the clever caricaturist is right about Joan.

Rugged and rock-like, Warren William's sternly handsome features become almost Grecian under this artist's transforming touch. Barrymoresque? Don't say that!



Re-introducing some famous film friends of yours, as seen exclusively for SCREENLAND by the equally famous international cartoonist, Hans Flato



William Powell, as debonair off the screen as on, takes on a touch of added insouciance when portrayed in the inimitable Flato manner.



Our caricaturist neatly catches Joe E. Brown's capacious smile, though there may be those who'll claim that this drawing of it is an understatement.



Strikingly dramatic is this profile of Ann Dvorak, left, one of the bright-eyed charmers in "Three On a Match." Doesn't she look like one of those ladies of the traditional stage?

George Brent's well-known suavity remains intact even under this artist's satiric pen. Sitting for this sketch, one gathers, must have bored Brent!



Flato turns Loretta Young's lovely face into a cold classical mask, with very modern maxfactor lips super-imposed.

No mistaking the cultivated Arliss features! In this caricature he appears thin-lipped and severe, without the softening grace of the Arliss smile.

The
5
Stages
of
Joan's
Life

By
Ann Randolph



The 5 Girls who have been Joan Crawford!

1. The Hey-Hey Kid 3. Dignified Matron
2. Young Lady in Love 4. Tragic Actress
5. Girl with a Sense-of-Humor



Crawford has been, in her short life span, five women! Here you'll meet them and discover new reasons for Joan's greatness

JOAN CRAWFORD'S emotional life is divided into five definite and distinct phases! Unlike everyone else I know, she has not allowed one phase to overlap the other. With her usual sudden decisiveness she has been, in her comparatively short life span—*five women!*

The reasons that caused her to change thus, five times, came sometimes from outside things and sometimes from within herself. If you string along with me for a while and discover those reasons, you'll find some new facets in Joan's personality.

First of all, of course, there was the Hey-Hey Girl—(and you're probably as sick of hearing her called that as Joan is, but it was such a characteristic stage that it can't be ignored).

Joan plunged herself into gayety because she had not had much of it before, and because she was bewildered by the Hollywood scene and did not know how to cope with it. She loved to dance and she loved the adulation of sleek-haired boys who told her she was swell. In a skirt that just missed her knees and a rakish hat pulled down over her reddish-brown hair, she made the Montmartre customers sit up and take plenty of notice when she and one of the youths in her entourage danced the Charleston or the Black Bottom.

Yet during all this time something in the back of her very amazing mind kept telling her that it was empty fun. One Christmas Eve during this period she watched all the gay folks at the studio and said, disconsolately, "What's the matter with me? I should be having a grand time, but I'm not."

And it was that very question that took Joan into the second stage of her emotional career. This time, you see, it came from within herself—the change. What was lacking? What did she need? And she discovered that what she needed was love—not

Right, a scene from the latest screenplay starring the new Crawford: a poised, well-balanced girl with a grand sense of humor, a finer actress and a more appealing person than ever before. The film is "Today We Live," with Robert Young, shown here, Gary Cooper, and Franchot Tone.



just a lot of boys who told her she was "grand" and "a swell dancer" and "a wonderful girl"—but one man to love and admire her.

That was when Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., came into her life. And Joan made a brisk change from the Hey-Hey Girl to the Young Lady Deeply in Love. Suddenly, she was happy—and she wanted everybody to know it.

So she and Doug were together every possible waking moment. She and Doug held hands in public and isolated themselves with the funny "double Dutch" jargon that got them so much publicity—publicity that eventually made Joan see that she had worn her heart too conspicuously upon her sleeve.

They did all the silly things that people in love do—the only difference being that they were picture people instead of a couple of neighbor kids and all the silly things they did got into print. How would you like having what you do when in love printed? I

(Continued on page 78)

Across the page, Joan in her First Stage, as the Hey-Hey Girl, when she first hit Hollywood. Below, Second Stage, as Young Lady in Love—with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.



Here's the Dignified Matron of Joan's Third Stage: Mrs. Doug, Jr., working away at one of those widely-publicized rugs she made for her home. In the circle, Tragic Actress, the Fourth Stage in the colorful Crawford career.

Exposing Hollywood's Latest "Triangle"!

Read about this newest
—and nicest torrid trio

By
Ben Maddox

BUDDY, Mary, and Dick! *A-a-ah!*
Who's whose little whosis? Who's whose turtle dove?

Suddenly these three romancers have become Hollywood's newest "triangle." Their dates, thanks to the newspaper gossips, have the whole town on the guess.

For years Buddy and Mary have been playmates. They didn't "go steady," but each was apparently "preferred" in the other's eyes. And then in barges that irresistible, singing, *hotcha* Dick Powell!

Marlene can wear the pants in her family, Garbo come back, and Joan Crawford revert from quiet evenings at home with the hook rugs to the dance places. What the local folks are concerned with is: Which of the two—Buddy Rogers or Dick Powell—is Mary Brian's real sweetheart? If both are carrying the torch for her, which has the inside track?

If you are faithful to your favorite columnist, you have been reading that Buddy and Dick are pitting croon against croon and trumpet against sax, to say nothing of madly mastering more instruments to impress her. All this excess energy for the love o' Mary, the little lass from down Dallas way, suh, who has shown a sophisticated world how to be nice *and* popular!

"I like Mary because she is a nice girl!" The new Mr. Powell raving. "Everyone admires her type. She's regular. She's natural and you can be natural with her. And she's a heck of a lot of fun!"

He made his screen debut crooning that tantalizing tune, "I'm Makin' Hay in the Moonlight—In My Baby's Arms!" And then went and fell for our nicest actress. Mary adores moonlight drives, but she's slow on the *hey-hay*. See how she converts 'em?

This "triangle" has been so carefully nurtured by the daily press that it actually assumed reality the other night. Mary attended Kate Smith's big party in the Cocoanut Grove with both boys. Were the people puz-



"I'm Mary!"

zled! Three was no crowd!! A new Hollywood love wrinkle!!!

Having known Buddy and Mary for nearly five years, and having made Dick's acquaintance recently, I finally swore I couldn't stand these rumors any longer. To check for certainty, I ups to them—and they ups to me. And we have their love lives all straightened out for you.

So listen to this!

Buddy and Dick are awfully *fond* of Mary. They



Shocking! Hollywood starlet attends Kate Dick Powell, actually beaming across the of both their dreams, sweet Mary Brian. Of movies" even by other actresses, but did



"I'm Buddy!"



"I'm Dick!"

crave to take her lunching and dining and dancing—and driving. (Day or evening.) And to run over to her apartment whenever they can between official dates.

She, on her part, thinks the world of her old pal Buddy, and likewise enjoys Dick's company. But she isn't in love with either, or with anyone else. *Yet!* And so all three are actually free-lancing the love game.

Buddy, who used to set thirty as his matrimonial deadline, now tells me that he doubts if he'll ever marry. The

infinite possibilities of a combined screen, stage, radio and television career entrance him. The idea of being tied down is unpleasant.

And Dick insists he has to click permanently in the talkies before he can dream of plunging again. He will plunge, though! Last December he was granted a divorce in Arkansas, having separated from his wife before he hit Hollywood.

Last Fall Dick's mother and father visited him in California and he rented a home one door away from Buddy's place in Beverly. What a break that was for the columnists! The two rivals picturesquely located as neighbors!

The right angle on this "triangle" is that Buddy and Dick are not gunning for each other, but are the best of friends. Either one might have been captured by Mary had she felt true love's pangs. She hasn't—so far.

According to some of Dick's confidants, he really has fallen hard for Mary. Buddy's intimates are divided. One group claims he has been in love with Mary for years, and the other declares he and Mary have known each other too long to turn romantic.

Meanwhile, I wonder if you have an accurate picture of the glamorous members of this "trio"?

Dick is quite a bit like his screen self, but Buddy and Mary have been holding out on you. In their old silent days together at Paramount they generally portrayed themselves. Adolescent, naïvely charming youth. Remember that the years have crept up on them. The reason they've appeared less often on the screen of late is that they have been away from Hollywood for stage engagements, bumping up against a world that is different from (Continued on page 84)



Smith's big party at the Cocoanut Grove with TWO men! Left, table at his deadly rival, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, and the girl course you know that Miss Brian is called "the nicest girl in the you know that she is also one of the two or three most popular?"

Wide World

My Most Mysterious Friend

How a phantom
"guide and philoso-
pher" pointed the
way to a star's career

By
Robert
Montgomery

As told to Hal Howe

Robert Montgomery today—the cool, self-possessed leading man for whose support lady stars vie with one another. In this frank bit of autobiography he tells of the struggles through which he reached his present pinnacle.



*This is a real story from my actual experience.
I'm telling it in the hope that my mysterious
strangers may read it and know that I haven't
forgotten.*

Robert Montgomery.

A MYSTERIOUS Stranger, whom I scarcely know, has had more effect on my life—and success—than all my intimates combined. Yet, he has crossed my path only four times and on each occasion for a moment only as we measure time nowadays.

But the face and conduct of this individual has been indelibly impressed in my mind through the years and has vitally effected my career. I feel that I have not met him for the last time, and when our trails next cross, I mean to chain him down and delay him long enough to fathom his depth and the reason for his fateful entry into my life at certain times.

As a mere kid I worked as a machinist's assistant in the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad yards in Maybrook, New York. We had eighteen hour shifts, and often during lapses, my mate and I would crawl exhausted into the dead fire boxes of the engines and fall asleep for a cat-nap on the cold grates. During working hours I spent the majority of my time in the pits under locomotives.

When conditions were more normal, at the end of the shift, we returned to the "Y," and after a good meal sat about in the lounge room talking or reading.

One evening I found myself seated next to a stranger who had just arrived. There was something both arresting and interesting about him. He was of the type who might be anywhere between twenty-five and thirty-five years of age—and decidedly

not of the type generally seen about railroad "Y's." His clothes, though showing the wear of time, were neatly brushed and not exactly out of press. His linen was clean, and his tan shoes carried a polish that glossed over the tell-tale creases. A battered suitcase lay next to his chair.

"Going to stay on here and work?" I queried, to open conversation.

He turned and faced me. I noted his tanned skin, sandy colored hair, peculiarly shaped square-cut nose, wide mouth which turned up with a humorous quirk at the corners, and a pair of blue boring eyes that stared glassy-like, from behind thick lenses rimmed in steel



Montgomery is as much at home in rough-hewn rôles as in the drawing-room dramas you've seen him carry off so well. Above, in a scene from "Hell Below." Walter Huston, right.

Sea-gazing. Bob whiles away an hour with a couple of genial cronies, Jimmy Durante and Gene Pallette. "Schnozzle," for a change, uses his finger for a pointer!



spectacles. A face not easily forgotten.

He considered me intently for a minute or so. I met his gaze, smiling as ingratiatingly as I could. He finally spoke in a husky baritone.

"I do not think I will stay on. One comes here to eat and sleep, does he not?"

"Yes," I answered, "but then—"

He interrupted. "Yes, but then they arise the next morning after accepting the hospitality of the 'Y' and go to work in the yards. Is that correct?"

"Yes, that's the formula," I said.

"I do not think I will stay on," he reiterated. There was finality and a sureness in his way of saying it. "I shall move on to other places." He saw my look of disapproval and countered:

"I know what you are thinking, but someday, when you have lived as I have lived, which God forbid, and done the things I have done, you will consider my act neither ungracious nor ungrateful. You will, like me, take the gifts offered you and let it go at that. Tomorrow is a new day and new gifts will come. I have (Continued on page 80)



The Grand Duchess Marie, whose book, "Education of a Princess," won for her the high regard of the American public. This glamorous royal lady has written for SCREENLAND the fascinating review of the film "Rasputin."

SINCE the downfall of the Russian monarchy Russia's last sovereigns have been discussed, criticized and maligned by the entire world.

Not only were they severely judged as public characters but also as human beings, every detail of their private lives having been pried into and dissected. The unparalleled tragedy of their fate has attracted less sympathy than curiosity, innumerable fantastic and lurid tales have been spun around their names, unscrupulous tales purposely distorting history and misinterpreting



Grand Duchess

Here is History! Grand Duchess Marie reviews "Rasputin," the startling film based on the Russian drama that shocked the world

By
Grand Duchess Marie

They told me it was impossible! That the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia would *not* write about "Rasputin," the motion picture based on actual events in Russian history in which her own family figured. That it was a subject too intimate, too painful. They were wrong! The Grand Duchess Marie was keenly interested in "Rasputin"—and now I have the great privilege of presenting her exclusive review to SCREENLAND readers! I believe it is the most amazing feature ever published in a screen magazine.

DELIGHT EVANS,
Editor



When you see the scene in the film "Rasputin" in which the Empress leaves the train after bidding the Emperor farewell, note the two cossacks standing on guard. One of the two, the Grand Duchess Marie tells us, is an ex-member of the Russian Emperor's escort, and had performed the same duties in reality! Left, another scene which the Grand Duchess Marie found particularly poignant: the leaving-taking of the Emperor and Empress, played by Ralph Morgan and Miss Ethel Barrymore.

MARIE of RUSSIA

writes about

“RASPUTIN”

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Read the review of "Rasputin" by the Grand Duchess Marie for her opinion of Lionel Barrymore's colorful performance.

facts.

For those who loved and respected them with all their failings but with qualities of mind and heart which set them far, very far above the average this attitude of the world is profoundly distasteful.

My reactions therefore when I first heard that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer were planning to produce their own version of the tragic subject which is of such intimate concern to me, would not be difficult to guess.

Up to the present the names so dear to me had been spared by Hollywood although they were often made to figure on the screens abroad and always featured in the most unattractive fashion. I trembled at the idea of



"It was with no pleasurable feelings that I looked
That day came, however, and my nerves were taut
would see strange people interpret familiar

Don't Miss this Memorable Review!



Lionel Barrymore and Ethel Barrymore in a scene from "Rasputin and the Empress," the screen drama which afforded the Grand Duchess Marie the unique experience of watching actors impersonate her own beloved sovereigns and the other characters who played their parts in the great Russian drama.

what Hollywood would add to the list of calumnies.

My misgivings were further intensified when I was told what was going to be the title, a title as usual conveying a suggestive hint. Consequently it was with no pleasurable feelings that I was looking forward to the day when I would be obliged to witness the film's first performance.

That day came, however, and my nerves were taut as I took my seat in front of the screen upon which in a few moments I would see strange people interpret familiar characters, live their lives, suffer their sorrows. I had no rest either until the performance was over; every time that a new scene was projected upon the screen I

was preparing for the expected blow. Yet with it all as the action developed I found myself getting more and more interested in the spectacle, and by the time it had come to an end I was both deeply moved and above all relieved.

The two characters in the film I was most interested in, those of the Emperor and Empress, are treated without the prejudice and offensive exaggerations which in these fifteen years had become almost a tradition. For this I feel sure I can be thankful to Ethel Barrymore. She has succeeded in making a very dignified and appealing figure from a character consistently misrepresented. Her way of interpreting the Empress occupied my attention to the detriment of almost everything else on the screen and when she would leave it I waited for her return impatiently. She could not have been better.

Amongst numerous scenes many of which are highly dramatic there is one of a less spectacular nature that is



What does the Grand Duchess Marie think of Ralph Morgan, who plays the rôle of Tzar Nicholas? Her impressions are vividly and sympathetically told on these pages.

Striding his way across the opposite page is Lionel Barrymore, who many believe gives his greatest performance in the rôle of the baffling Rasputin. Does the author of our review agree?

forward to the day when I would witness the film. As I took my seat in front of the screen upon which I characters, live their lives, suffer their sorrows."

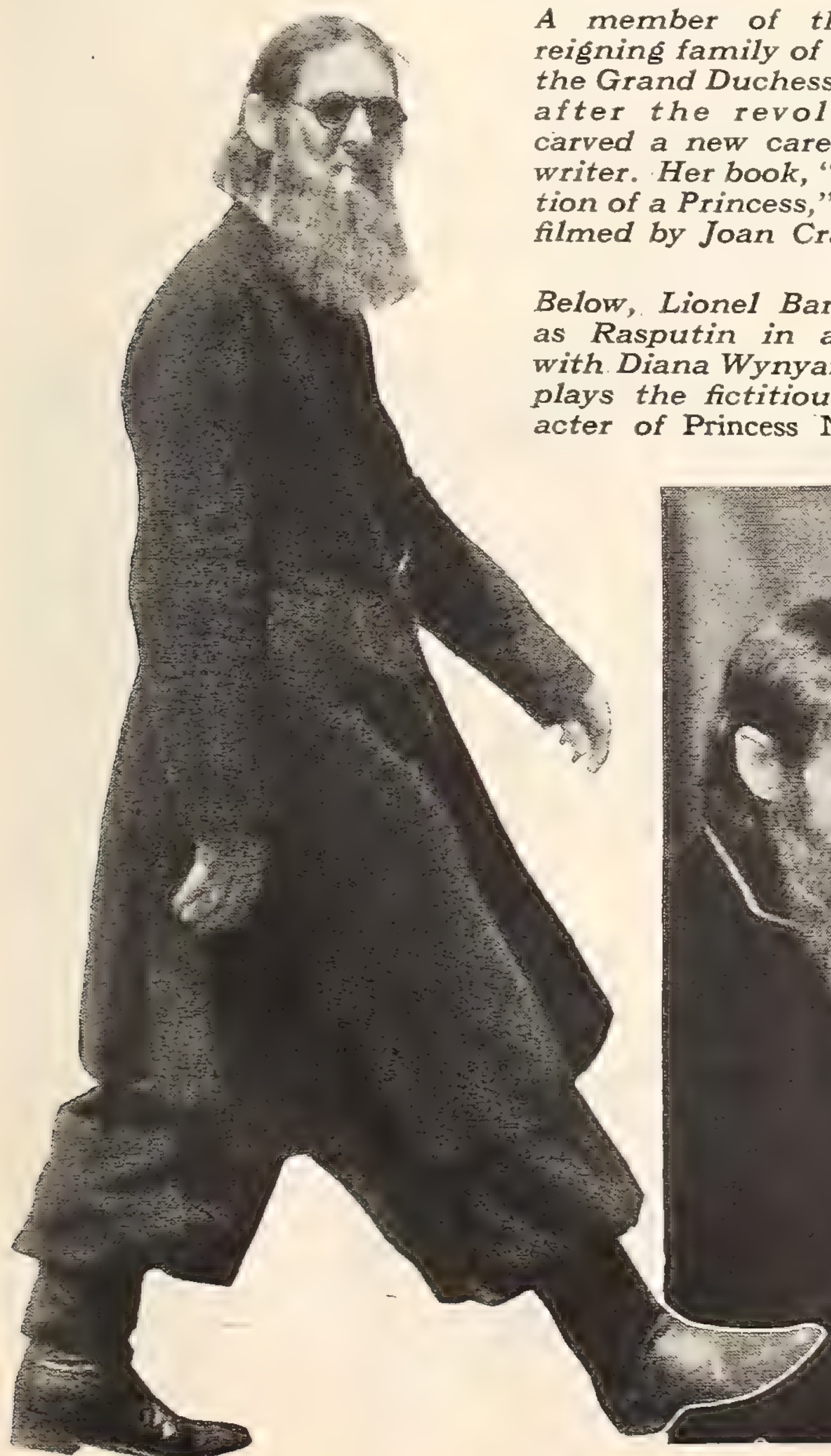
Grand Duchess Marie

nevertheless particularly human in its tragic simplicity. It is a scene during the war in which the Imperial couple are taking leave of each other before the Emperor's departure for the front to take over the command of the armies. They are seated side by side on a sofa in the Emperor's private railway carriage, and on his lap the Tzar is holding a rug which he forgets to wrap around his wife's knees. The words they exchange are few but they are heavy with sadness. Both realize the tremendous responsibility the Tzar is about to take upon himself, both know that there are few around them that they can trust. They are alone in the world and about to be separated, they who hardly ever were away from each other for more than a day. The door is opened and they are told that it is time for the train to start. They rise and silently embrace; for a moment they cling to each other.

The scene changes. Through a large glass door you

A member of the last reigning family of Russia, the Grand Duchess Marie, after the revolution, carved a new career as a writer. Her book, "Education of a Princess," will be filmed by Joan Crawford.

Below, Lionel Barrymore as Rasputin in a scene with Diana Wynyard, who plays the fictitious character of Princess Natasha.



see the train; it is covered with icicles. Snow is falling. There is a whistle and the train begins to move. Against the background of departing carriages a figure appears which slowly walks towards the glass door; it is the Empress who has just said goodbye to her husband. She does not cry and her face in all its impenetrable rigidity is a mask behind which you can sense the consuming anguish.

The scene contains a detail which will only be noticed by a few who know and for whom its realistic qualities will therefore be all the more poignant. On either side of the door two cossacks in uniform stand on guard. (Continued on page 96)



Cukor, who made "A Bill of Divorcement" and "What Price Hollywood," is one of Hollywood's outstanding directors. Here he is with Connie Bennett, whom he is guiding through her new film, "Our Betters."

"ROLL 'em, boys!"

We're on a set in the R.K.O. studios—making ourselves modestly inconspicuous—for visitors, though occasionally admitted, are never looked upon with high favor.

The scene has been rehearsed again and again and again—rehearsed till all the sense has been rehearsed out of it, and you wonder how the actors are ever going to get it back in again. There's been a rehearsal for lights. The make-up man has gone the rounds, repairing the ravages of excitement and perspiration. The cameraman has mounted his "dolly," his hand on the crank. His assistants hover helpfully. The sound men are at their machines. A dozen others whose duties are Greek to you are stationed in the offing. The actors wait, tense and ready.

It is then that the center of all this activity, the hub around which it turns, the motor whose driving energy releases and sets it going, controls and guides it to victory or defeat—it is then that the man with the megaphone cries: "Roll 'em, boys!" and the cameras grind.

The director on this set is George Cukor, veteran of the stage, who with "What Price Hollywood" and "A Bill of Divorcement" leaped to the top of the directorial ladder of filmdom. Your first impression, as you watch him moving purposefully from one group to another, is one of bulk—a hefty figure of a man who, despite his heft, is remarkably light on his feet. Your second impression—if he gets close enough to you—is of a boyish face and kindly brown eyes shining behind horn-rimmed spectacles.

He is putting John Barrymore and Katharine Hep-

A Director *looks at the* Stars

burn through a scene of "A Bill of Divorcement." As the camera takes them, he watches, intent on every move, every gesture, every shade of expression that crosses their faces. His fingers curl, his face grows strained, you can almost see his nerves stretch and tighten. As Barrymore's hand creeps to his pocket to draw forth a pipe, his hand creeps to his pocket in a similar gesture. When Katharine Hepburn's slender figure, wonder and bewilderment in its eyes, steals down the staircase, his heavy, crouching body takes the steps with her, while his eyes widen with the feeling reflected in hers. Like any creator, he is striving with all his will to inject into the material in which he works his imagination, his energy, his passionate encouragement, and when he cries: "Cut!" the strain is evident in the perspiration he mops from his forehead and his eyes.

It was some months later, and after the triumphant release of "A Bill of Divorcement," that I had a chance to talk to Mr. Cukor.

"Well," he said, eyeing me warily across the breadth of a luncheon table, "I suppose you want me to tell you all about my love life. And I suppose you won't believe me when I tell you I love 'em all. That's right—laugh! I knew you would. Think I'm afraid to say anything mean for print, don't you? Well, to tell you the truth, I don't see much sense in it—and to tell you the truth



"Think I'm afraid to say anything mean about my stars for print, don't you?" says George Cukor. Well—listen to this ace director tell the truth about some famous players

By Ida Zeitlin



Is any screen beauty a heroine to her director? Usually that's hard to discover. But Cukor is frank, and you'll learn his real opinion of Connie Bennett here. The picture above shows him lunching with Connie and Elsa Maxwell, who is etiquette dictator for Connie's film, "Our Betters."

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS JOHN BARRYMORE STORY?

"Listen, George," said John at the first "Bill of Divorcement" rehearsal, "if I try to do a single hammy thing in this picture, kick me, will you?" Read more grand anecdotes about Connie Bennett, Katharine Hepburn, and other stars in this feature!



What kind of a girl is Katharine Hepburn to her director? When you read what George Cukor, who directed her screen debut, says about this amazing girl, you'll have an entirely different picture of her. One thing is certain: Hepburn is unique among screen actresses.



Left, Cukor directing one of the telling scenes for "A Bill of Divorcement," his classic screen drama. You'll have to revise some of your views of Billie Burke and John Barrymore after reading this article. Cukor knows his stars!

again, believe it or not, I'd have to rack my brains harder than it's worth to find anything mean to say about the people I've worked with. Not the first-liners, anyway. That's the funny part of it. Whenever I have had any trouble, it's been with the little fellows.

"The others? Sure, they're human—God help us all if they weren't—sure, we have our spats and our disagreements—and sometimes they're right and sometimes I'm right—but that's not the point. The point is they're intelligent—and to hell with the rest! They want to make good pictures—that's all they want; so do I—so where's the argument?"

"No—print or no print, I'm telling you that I've yet to come across a case, among any of the stars I've had under my direction, of what you people call artistic temperament when you mean pure cussedness—and I've had some whose reputations along that line were nothing to be sneezed at. Barrymore of the raring Barrymores—a gentleman and a prince; Bankhead—London's spoiled darling—a kinder, more considerate person never lived; Connie Bennett—"

Mr. Cukor may have thought he detected a gleam in my eye which wasn't there. I have no other way of accounting for the fact that at this point he wagged an accusing finger at me and whooped in disgust.

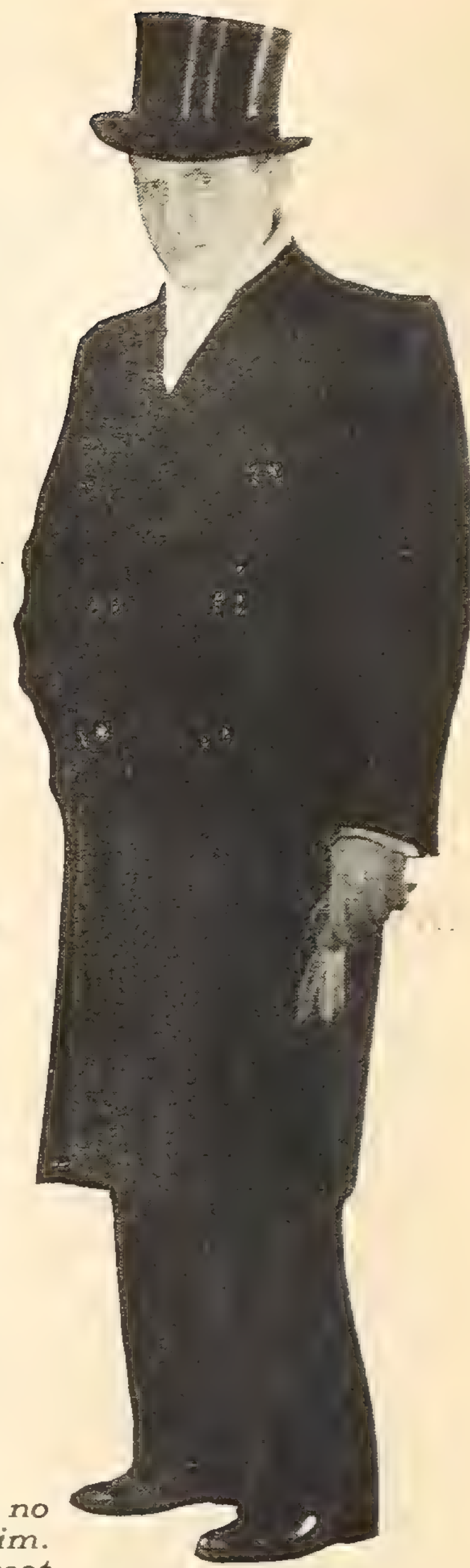
"Yah!! Connie Bennett!—eats a director with her dinner every night, doesn't she? Well, let me tell you, there isn't a girl in the world I'd rather direct than this same man-eating Connie Bennett!"

"Don't shoot, mister," I pleaded. "I believe you."

Mr. Cukor grinned—a sudden, young, disarming grin—and the blaze faded from his mild eyes.

"Excuse me for getting a little heated," he said. "There's so much tripe written about this business and the people in it that it's sometimes hard to keep your shirt on."

"All right—let's take Connie Bennett, for instance. She's young, she's pretty, she's rich, she's successful, she's married to a French nobleman—a dramatic, colorful figure—good copy—so what do they do? They make a stencil of her and copy her to a standstill as a heartless, artificial, high-hat, fashion-crazy, luxury-loving butterfly and let it go at that, without taking the trouble to find out what she's really like. Oh, (Continued on page 86)



Master Mugg!

"I want to play muggs," says Spencer Tracy, "because that's what I am!" And he is also a grand actor and a gentleman, as this great human story tells you

By S. R. Mook

Inimitable Spencer Tracy, at once the cockiest and the humblest actor in Hollywood!

Mook knows Tracy as no other writer knows him. That's why this is a great story!

LIKE Jimmy Cagney, he's a mugg on the screen. Incongruously enough, and also like Jimmy, off-screen he's one of the most perfect gentlemen in Hollywood. It's hard to reconcile the two. More than one person has gone to see a Tracy film and come away fascinated by his boisterous rowdiness. More than one interviewer has gone to see him, expecting a riotous hour or two, and departed completely dazed by his quietness.

Outside of his family there is only one thing in the world that matters to Spencer—his career. I've never seen him that sometime during the course of the conversation he didn't suddenly sober and start worrying—either about the part he was engaged on at the moment or what the future held for him in the way of parts.

Once when we were sitting in his living-room, sunk in deep, soft-cushioned chairs with a log fire crackling on the hearth and the spacious lawns visible through the windows, he waved his hand to indicate the room and all it connotated. "This," he said, "is very bad for an actor. It gets you too used to luxury that doesn't last and makes you dissatisfied with your regular life when you go back to it. An actor's life is made up of hardships, and it should be—for he has to know that side of life in order to give convincing performances. This spoils all that. It makes you fat and soft and contented."

His "regular life" as he referred to it then was the stage. He has never been able to convince himself that he has any permanent place in pictures. If he hasn't it's the screen's loss. Jimmy Cagney once remarked to me

that he considered Tracy the finest actor on the American stage. Jimmy's remark was no Hollywood gesture, either, for the two of them have barely a speaking acquaintance.

When Spence spoke of an actor's life being made up of hardships he literally spoke the truth. No one but God and Spencer and Mrs. Tracy know what he went through when he was getting started in the theatre. His family have always been well fixed but his father hadn't wanted him to go on the stage and Spencer wouldn't permit him to contribute to a career in which he had no faith. Spence made his way alone and unaided, except for the encouragement his wife gave him. They went from one stock company to another with barely enough funds to pay their railroad fare to the next engagement.

Once in New York, a few months before their first baby was born, Spencer lived for four weeks on what is known in the profession as "a rice pudding diet." In New York, for a nickel, you can get a bowl of rice pudding. It is very filling. He became such a connoisseur he could tell you which restaurant gave an ounce more than the others and which one put in the most raisins. Finally he discovered one joint that poured a little cream over the stuff and that made it more filling. He had one bowl a day.

Thirty cents they could ill afford went for Mrs. Tracy's meals. She had to have nourishing food on account of the expected baby.

After four weeks of that sort of thing he got a job in Elizabeth, N. J., with a stock (Continued on page 90)

Acme

Opening night of the film sensation of the season! The stars turn out for "Cavalcade," picturization of Noel Coward's vast epic drama. Clive Brook, who has the leading male rôle, attended the Hollywood premiere with Mrs. Brook.

An important scene from "Cavalcade," the Fox Films masterpiece, with Clive Brook as Robert Marryot and Diana Wynyard as Jane Marryot, the two principal characters in the drama. The time is 1903, the occasion a formal ball. Beginning with the close of the nineteenth century, the picture traces the recent development of the British Empire down to the present day.

Diana Wynyard, brilliant new star, Genevieve Tobin, and George Raft, pictured below, added their share of glamor to the star-studded audience. Miss Wynyard is the lovely and striking actress from the English stage who has won unanimous plaudits for her exquisite work in "Cavalcade."

Acme



Hollywood Highlights

Hollywood is many towns in one. Sometimes it's gay, sometimes it's grim; one day it's soft and easy-going, the next it's hard-working, dead serious. We've caught the highlights of some of Cinema City's pet moods—follow them through these pages and you'll have an idea of what a many-sided town it can be!





Fryer

In "Lighter" Vein

THREE guesses—or three hundred! Would you know the darkly intriguing Kay Francis in her blonde wig? Kay wants to make a picture in this startling new character; the studio says her nay. So they decided to leave it to SCREENLAND readers. How about it, folks? Write Kay and tell her what you think—or write us, and we'll tell her for you!



Bachrach

In Darker Mood

PERHAPS you never thought of the athletic Joel McCrea as the pensive type! Yet here he is, in pleasantly informal garb, with that far-away, wool-gathering look on his face. What's on your mind, Joel? Wondering how much longer it'll be before they star you in your very own picture, instead of placing you "in support" of all those lovely ladies?



The genial Doug Fairbanks was present, too—he wouldn't have missed it for the world! Doug appropriates Bebe Daniels, looking her attractive best in up-to-the-minute furs, for a tête-à-tête. Watch out, Doug—Ben Lyon's a scrapper. And so is Barbara Bebe!

Pretty hard to beat this combination of movie eminence! Mary Pickford, who graciously acted as Gary's hostess for the evening, is caught by the cameraman with Norma Shearer. Are these girls enjoying the proceedings—just have a look at those smiles!



One of the most mirthful of recent evenings was Gary Cooper's party. Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, and Lionel Barrymore were among his stellar guests—and there, peeping out from behind Lionel, is Elsa Maxwell, writer and belle vivante.



Bright Boys ~ Gay Girls ~ Peppy Parties!

Hollywood prefers impromptu fun

And, of course, the tantalizing Tashman was on hand to enrich the gathering with her well-accounted presence. Lil, in a frock relatively simple but with her characteristic dash, trades chatter with Doug and Gary.

Must have been a good one Doug just told! The ubiquitous Fairbanks takes Norma and Freddie March aside for a few party pleasantries, with Leslie Howard and mine host listening in over his shoulder.





Jean Harlow skips across the border to Agua Caliente, Mexico, for a little family party. With her are her mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. Marino Bello. Yes, that's mineral water in Jean's glass!



Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli, his wife, go in for fresh-air enjoyment at Santa Monica, where one of the season's important polo matches is being played. Charles has his eye on a high one!

Bob Montgomery, who has his own idea of fun, organizes a party for himself and his wife at the Santa Monica polo matches. Bob, who swings a mean mallet himself, is getting set for a critical close-up.

Wide World



While some of her colleagues were celebrating the joy of living at home, Marquise Connie Bennett and her titled consort made merry on their own during a little holiday trip to Agua Caliente.

And here are Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy embarking on a long spell of old-fashioned relaxation. They went off on a vacation trip to South America. (Going to brush up on your "S. A.," Spencer?)

International



Acme



Those Gay '90's!



Theme song—"Where did you get that hat"? Mae West plays a night-life queen in "She Done Him Wrong."



We're told this is the way men proposed in the naughty nineties. We don't know—vass you dere, Sharley? Anyway, this is how Mae West and Owen Moore appear in "She Done Him Wrong."



And all the while you thought Carole Lombard was an ultra-modern, super-sophisticated gal!

Ta-ra-ra, boom-de-ay! These are the girls who entertained the tired-businessmen back yonder in the days of the bicycle era.



With bustles and ruffles and
pompadours galore,
The modern girl hasn't a
chance any more!

Irene Dunne as a late nineteenth-century beauty in "The Secret of Madame Blanche," one of the forthcoming pictures in the current wave of costume "epics." You must admit that those ruffles, flounces and picture hats had a decided charm of their own!



Romance in lavender! Can you blame Richard Dix for being enchanted by the charming Wera Engels in her no less charming turn-of-the-century gown? Wera is a popular actress from Germany who makes her American debut playing opposite Dix in "The Great Jasper."

The calico girl comes to life! Florence Eldridge, that good young actress who is Mrs. Fredric March, dons this dashing garb in Richard Dix's backward-looking film, "The Great Jasper." Be careful with that new-fangled horseless street car, Florence!



Taming the Wild Cagney!

What—is Jimmy just a home boy after all?

Jimmy Cagney, looking ever so harmless and sedate, in the living room of his new Beverly Hills house. Almost devotional is this quiet room with the stained-glass designs in its windows. A reaction from James' screen character?

"A villa on the hill-a, and you," croons Cagney to Mrs. C., below, as they contemplate their not-too-modest domicile together. Jimmy has learned that, notwithstanding the Golden Rule, it pays to be tough. That is, of course, in picture rôles!



One, two, three, four! Cagney, who more versatile an artist than you may have supposed, spends a good part of his spare time brushing up on his keyboard technique. The bad boy of pungent pictures really likes music, and takes his piano-playing seriously.

From the spacious windows of the Cagney home Jimmy commands an agreeable view of the surrounding foliage. But let's hope the softening influence of lush Nature doesn't smooth down those rough edges of his screen personality!



Jimmy, gazing up at the raft-ered ceiling, speculates on the height of his living room. Not exactly a little hovel, James, whatever it may measure! To those who compliment him on the proportions of his residence, Cagney nonchalantly re-marks, "Don't mansion it!"



The charming patio—above—with its decorative fountain and fringe of trees and shrubbery, provides Mr. and Mrs. Cagney with an enjoyable spot in which to get a breath of the outdoors in private.



All photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Cagney by Bert Longworth, Warner Bros., exclusively for SCREENLAND.

Here's the balcony scene in this domestic drama. Don't ask us how Jim got up here, but here he is—and no Juliet on hand to greet him! This high balcony, combined with the tall windows, lends an added note of spaciousness to the room.





Hurrell

Sun-kissed Shearer

NORMA SHEARER gives us delightful reminder that it's always swim-time under filmland's perennial sun. And so she dons her strictly 1933 bathing suit for a cooling dip. Who but Norma could look so warmly ravishing and yet so deliciously cool?



Fryer

A Spring Idyll

VERNAL poets, prepare to sing! You can almost feel the first warm promise of spring in this lovely scene. Budding grass, mossy rocks, a lilting stream—and sweetly pensive Bette Davis in rustic gown and lacy, floppy hat to complete the picture!

Torrid Teasers!



Snow what? Eleanor Holm thought she'd combine skiing with her swimming—and here's the delightful result.



Getting away from it all! Alice White relaxes from the ardors of acting by seeking out a little corner all her own on the set.

Technocrats, attention! Here's a study in high voltage provided by Lynn Browning, new little girl.



Is it girlish charm you're strong for? Verna Hillie has it—complete with shy smile and ingenue gaze.



Gail Patrick, left, swells the ranks of brunette Hollywood charmers—and a very welcome recruit she is, too!



Phyllis Frazer knows what to do for that tired feeling! This posture is good for heat waves, too!

Step right up, ladies—mount the ladder of fame, and Uncle Bill Powell will catch you if you slip. Reading from top down: Lynn Brown- ing, Loretta An- d r e w s, Donna Roberts, Toby Wing.

Right, Maxine Cantway, an- other new War- ner pretty, gets all bundled up—in her fashion!

Here's a striking bit of youthful sophistication. It's Lona Andre, giving us the warm shoulder.

Spencer Tracy, the old softie goes in for art! He's puttin' the finishing touches on the pretty picture, while Stuart Erwin offers suggestions.

Helen Mann, following the poet's advice, laughs her golden laughter. It's a nice-looking laugh!





Freulich

THE lovely blonde Gloria Stuart hasn't been in pictures very long, but she's here to stay—she has that "Universal" appeal! You'll see her in "Private Jones" with Lee Tracy, and in "The Kiss Before the Mirror," with Nancy Carroll and Paul Lukas.



CAROLE LOMBARD

in Paramount's

"FROM HELL TO HEAVEN"

Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

Like the Screen Stars... Dramatize Your Beauty with Color Harmony MAKE-UP

★ Discover how you can emphasize the dramatic attraction of your beauty with powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony... created by Max Factor Hollywood's genius of make-up.



SARI MARITZA
Paramount
using Max Factor's
Super-Indelible
Lipstick

COLOR dramatizes beauty! It is the life, the appeal, the allure of feminine charm. So color in make-up is vitally important... and in Hollywood, Max Factor created face powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony to accent and intensify the glorious natural colorings of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead types.

In every picture released from Hollywood, in the enchanting loveliness of your favorite star, you see the magic of Max Factor's make-up... and now you may share with the screen stars this secret of enhancing beauty and charm.

You will be thrilled with the difference, for the beauty effect is instantly apparent. Created to screen star types, each shade of face powder is a color harmony tone. Ex-

quisitely fine in texture, even and soft in color, it actually enlivens the beauty of the skin and creates new loveliness.

It imparts that satin-smooth make-up which you've so admired on the screen... and clings for hours, too, for screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a powder that adheres perfectly.

Proved perfect for you by the screen stars who face the close-up of motion picture lights and camera every day, you know that your make-up will appear flatteringly beautiful under any close-up test.

Now this luxury... Max Factor's Face

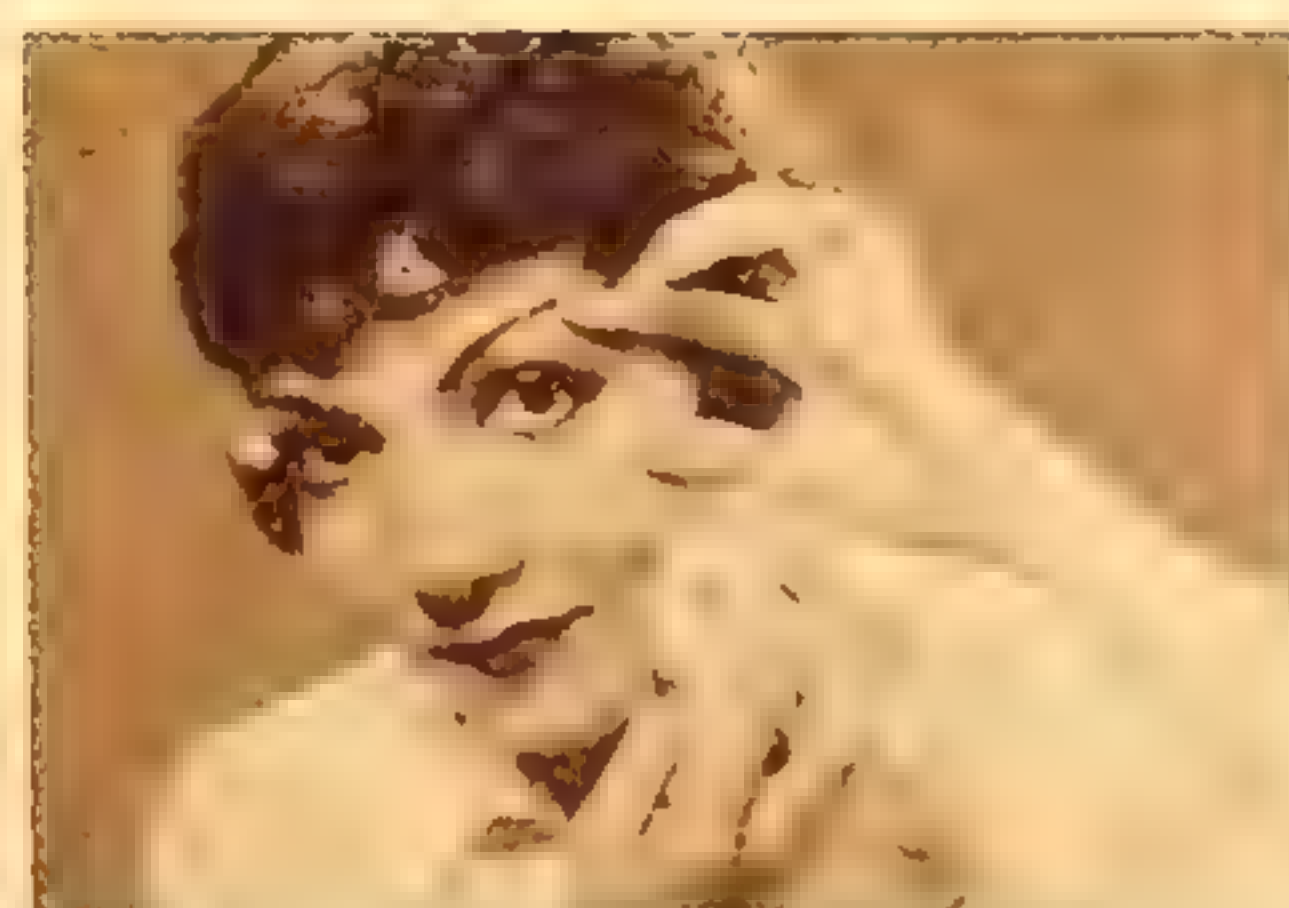
Powder, originally created for Hollywood's stars, is available to you at the nominal price of one dollar. To complete your color harmony make-up, Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. Discover today what new beauty Hollywood's make-up secret holds for you.

Blonde, Brunette, Brownette, Redhead! Permit Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, to suggest your personal color harmony in make-up. Mail coupon for complexion analysis, make-up chart and book of illustrated make-up instructions.

★ How to Apply Face Powder for a Perfect Make-Up



CLAUDETTE COLBERT,
Paramount Star, and Max Factor,
Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using
Max Factor's Face Powder.



2. To assure a completely powdered surface, press powder gently and clear all lines... Thus, with Max Factor's Face Powder is created that satin-smooth, color-perfect make-up that clings for hours.

★Purse-Size Box of Powder...FREE

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California. WITHOUT obligation, send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10c for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade. Fill in the chart below with a ✓

NAME	Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
ADDRESS	Fair... <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue... <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE	Dry... <input type="checkbox"/>
CITY	Creamy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily... <input type="checkbox"/>
STATE	Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Normal... <input type="checkbox"/>
	Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	LIPS
	Olive... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	Moist... <input type="checkbox"/>
	Sun Tan... <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry... <input type="checkbox"/>
		Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD	AGE
			Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	

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Cosmetics of the Stars ★★HOLLYWOOD

Face Powder... Rouge... Super-Indelible Lipstick... in Color Harmony

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

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Fr

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Joan Crawford in "Today We Live"

Confidential!

A swell actor's "severest critic"
reveals him to the audience

By Mrs. Wallace Ford



Wallace Ford's life story is one of the most colorful in Hollywood. After running away from home repeatedly he became a boy actor at the age of 13. Today he is among the most promising young men of the current screen.

Martha Haworth Ford, who gives you this amusing close-up of her popular husband, is the daughter of a well-known actor and playwright. Her two main interests in life are Wally and their small daughter, Patty.



THE little woman approaches this interview with knees that feel like pieces of string. My pencil trembles in my fingers, believe me, boys and girls, because Wallace Ford, the star of this picture, is the most important guy in my life.

He pays my bills, lets me drive his car, feeds me kind of swell, takes me places. So, you see, I must do well by him—or else!

I probably know less about the young man than, for instance, his director. He is constantly surprising me. That's why I've cared about him in such a big way for so, so long. We're doing this interview surrounded by fan mail, stamps and mild profanity, so don't blame me if a flavor of nervous excitement creeps in here and there.

Wally is an amazing creature. His personality is as many-sided as a—well, it's many-sided. He bears the anguish of a hickey on the end of his nose with admirable *sangfroid*. When I weepingly assure him it will be most apparent to the all-seeing eye of the camera, thereby destroying his sex appeal, he swears that the particular character he is playing wouldn't be complete without a hickey on his nose.

I tell him his favorite dog has just died, expecting an

outburst of sorrow, and he simply says, "Well, that's life. Here today and gone tomorrow." A true philosopher. But I say, "I dented the fender of our car today, just a teeny bit," and he stalks from room to room bellowing like Hamlet.

He never does the thing you expect him to do, except in his work. He is the most whole-souled and conscientious actor I've ever met in my life. And he is a very good actor. I speak, not only as his best friend, but as his severest critic.

His eyes are blue, or are they gray? And very deep-set, with four wrinkles in each corner, brought on by a combination of laughter and the California sun. His mouth is rather large, but firm. His nose is largish, too, but a nice nose for a' that. He has a chin of great determination and enterprise. He has well-set ears, sandy brows and lashes, shaggy brown hair and a nice 18 complexion. He's enough taller than I am to make a good dancing partner. All this is beside the point, no doubt, but it mat-

ters to the little woman.

He calls our child "poodle-face," and as she is the spit of her old man cut down to one act, this exonerates him from all pretty conceit as to his appearance. He knows she looks like him! Personally, I think they're both as beautiful as arch-angels, but then, I'm prejudiced in their favor some of the time.

He cooks the grandest bacon and eggs in captivity, but won't wash up his dishes unless you beat him with a broom.

He loves cold showers because they make him feel like a Spartan.

Wears turtle-neck sweaters whenever he can and often when he shouldn't, because he hates buttoning and unbuttoning his shirt. Says he has to do it too often when he's working. Plays what would be a darned good game of golf if he had time to practice.

Never has been seen with anything but a cigar as a smoke because when he was thirteen years old, some man told him only Susies smoked cigarettes.

Snores when he sleeps, although he swears he doesn't. Usually clutches the blankets around his shoulders with such singleness of purpose that he leaves his tootsies out in the cold.

(Continued on page 96)



3 Weeks with Neil Hamilton

(Professionally Speaking)

By Mae Clarke

Our star reporter-actress, Mae Clarke! She played with Neil Hamilton in "As the Devil Commands." Here's her day by day rating of him as an actor and a human being.

LUNCHEON with some writers in Neil Hamilton's dressing room. Never met him before . . . arrive at noon . . . no one here . . . what t'do? . . . so I wait.

Time to go over mentally what I think he'll be like. Let's see . . . healthy . . . nicely married . . . a very clean, well-groomed lad . . . steady and good performer . . . a perfect gentleman. Guess I'm about to meet a very nice person.

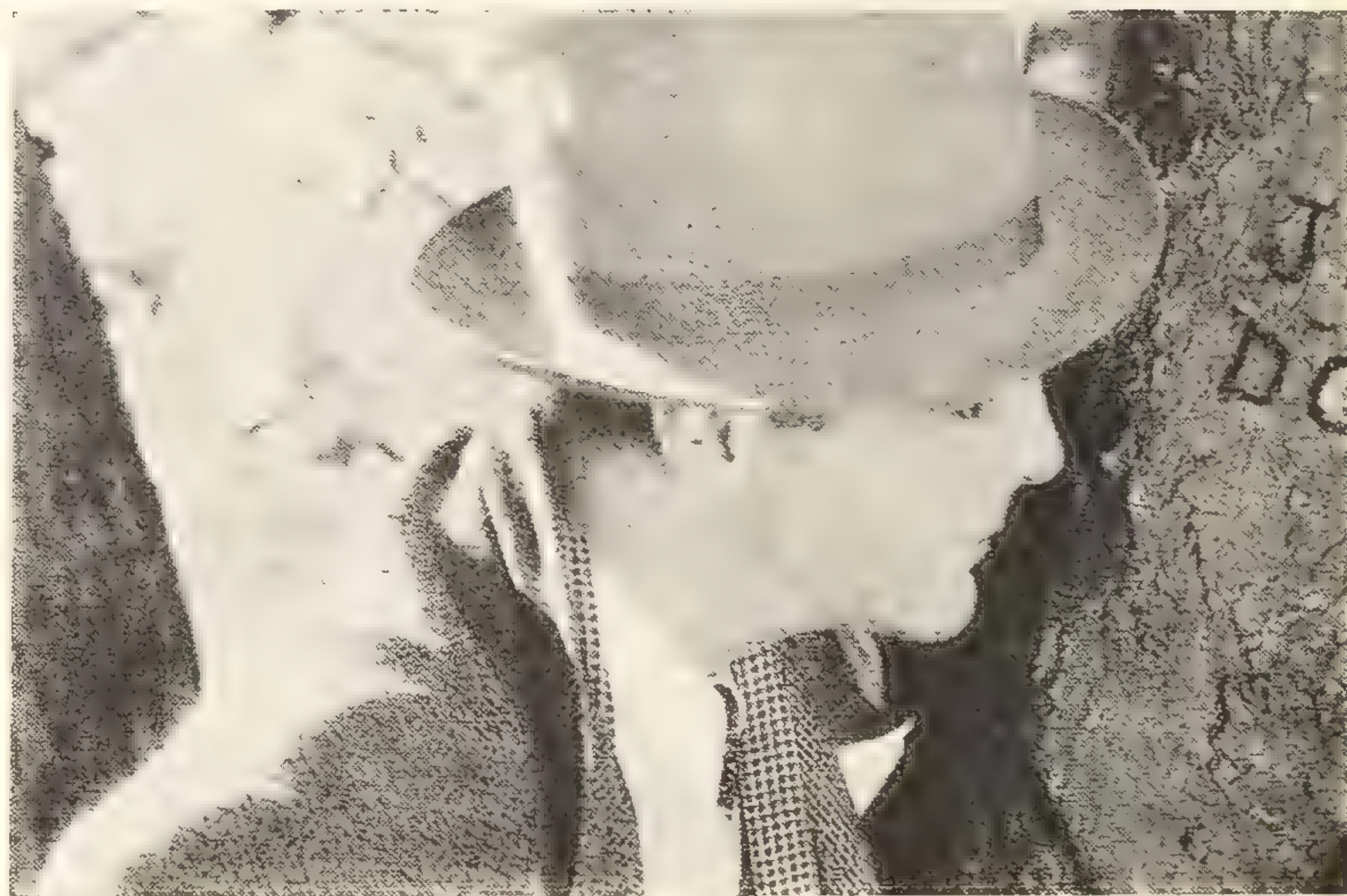
Ah, here he is . . . never was fawn more startled by hunter . . . didn't expect me . . . or know who I was . . . extremely polite and patient with the situation till I explained all. Had already ordered food . . . so after ordering for me too . . . sits down and applies grease-paint . . . has on a sweat shirt . . . and hair all mussed. Pleasant surprise . . . Absolutely unselfconscious . . . makes me feel so "at home" I straddle a chair, being attired in riding habit.

Finally arrive the writers . . . Delightful food . . . delightful repartee . . . delightful hour . . . delightful gentleman with a twinkle in very brown, deep-set eyes.

Time goes on . . . now a picture together. Hate to say his sense of humor is grrrand because it's a lot like my own . . . we laugh at the same things so we decide to interview each other and to rate the day's work with the famous star system. So here goes Mr. Hamilton's report daily from my standpoint. Getting a little shaky knowing I have the evil eye on myself too . . . Fortunately for this article we decided to do this after five days' work. Those five are set but from now on I don't know whether we'll trust each other. We shall probably be too too good with a tongue in the cheek and an eye on the stars. We have four stars . . .



"As the Devil Commands"—or as the director commands! Here are Mae and Neil doing a bit of dramatic emoting in a crucial scene for the picture. Did Mae retire to her dressing room to make notes?



Mae Clarke and Neil Hamilton making eyes for picture has grey temples naturally, with auburn hair—a very is the perfect outdoor companion—

An actress tells what she really thinks of her leading man. Read this and learn how picture partners get on!

excellent, four; . . . good, three; . . . fair, two; . . . poor, one. Here goes:

Thursday: Not actually shooting, but in the portrait gallery for advance still pictures. Entire cast gathered . . . all men . . . I the only girl. There for a while . . . I thought I was being ignored . . . several of my gags went unnoticed. . . . but then men always gather when in majority to tell certain stories . . . since I contended with the same thing in "Front Page," guess I'll overlook it. Yes . . . I will . . . he just popped up with a match for my cigarette when I didn't think he even knew I wanted one. Oh, I'm so sorry I was critical . . . the poor lad has had novocaine for a few fillings and is really quite upset. We rush his pictures through ahead of mine so he can go home—and so to bed . . . All things considered, and being only half a day, I award two stars.

Friday: First working day . . . very pleasant about rehearsing . . . very courteous about which side I'd prefer entering on with him . . . both a little on the shy edge on account of first day and new acquaintances. And so as all first days should, I award four stars.

Saturday: Had to play organ and sing carols with oodles of kiddies, and Neil comes in to scene . . . puts his arm on my shoulder and sings too . . . we both get a little bored as we do it about ten minutes. I adore kiddies and especially these, but after a while, with fatigue and the heat making me a bit irked, I exploded to Neil: "Kids are swell, but after a while let me escape—for my part I don't want them permanently." He was sort of tolerant with me, but I realized I'd said something unforgivable in his eyes. I unearthed a terrific paternal instinct in the boyish Mr. Hamilton as he replied, "You evidently have none of your own." I was *that* taken aback! Guess I've been forgiven—he's clowning and singing all wrong words to "Silent Night," f'rinstance:

I am so warm,
Tired and fatigued;
I tank I go home,
And-in-a-nightie get rigged.

Or something just as ridiculous whilst I look saintly. Well, if that wasn't a task! But soon all jokes stopped and I could note the Hamilton nerves start to work and sort of slammed a few of the organ keys . . . it was



The smile of victory—did Neil Hamilton make good with Mae Clarke? Watch for these two in their first picture together. You'll enjoy the combination.



purposes. And speaking of romance, Mae says that Neil rich merger. Ah, there, Neil! Miss Clarke also says Neil so this scene will probably be good.

nearly six and everyone was thinking of the soup-to-be. And so Neil gets three stars.

Monday: Neil plays assistant to Santa Claus. Is really awfully good in the scene with the children. Has the nicest, "realist" laugh you ever did hear, sort of starts basso . . . a few musical tinkles, and then real loud. Wish I could do it. Am such an ape . . . usually steal one trait from everyone . . . so guess I'll try to make off with Neil's laugh . . . if I were a boy I'd go after that speaking voice of his . . . Can't describe it . . . it's too swell . . . you must hear it to know what I mean. Gets at you somewhere along the spine, like music from a cello. Now don't get me wrong—I have no more crush on Neil than I have on a cello, but do you mind if I appreciate both? A four-star day.

Tuesday: I worked in the morning and Neil in the afternoon and night-shift. We only passed each other in hallways and alleys, so it looks like a dark night . . . not a star.

Wednesday: Up to date. Today (Continued on page 89)



Buster (short for "Rib-buster") Crabbe, Paramount's jungle white hope, as Kaspas, the Lion Man, in "King of the Jungle." The powerful lad is giving his lion roar.

The thrill that comes once in a young lifetime—right. The lioness discovers the child castaway—what will happen to him? It's a new situation in screen drama.

A ripping, roaring threat to home and fireside! Compare "The Lion Man" with Tarzan, the "Ape Man"—who does more things to your blood pressure?



Before eating his spinach! This appealing baby lion becomes one of the boy's pals and teaches him many of the ways of the jungle—giving him, as it were, a lion on the situation. And—

Look Out!

Here's the New

Jungle Menace!



After eating his spinach! The lionette grows into a jungle lord—majestic in his flowing mane and powerful body, fearing nothing. It just goes to show what good little pussy-cats can grow up to be!



We're all cubs together! The child Kaspa, lost in the wilderness, becomes the foster-brother of these two grouchy-looking young lions, whose mother adopts and protects him as her own. "It's a beastly life," says he, "but I like it."



Trouble in Nature's paradise! Tragedy rears its head when the human jungle-dwellers go lion-hunting.

The herd of lions, Kaspa's friends, are trapped by the natives and penned in an enclosure. Their frantic efforts to escape are unavailing, and for a time things look pretty black for the lion populace. But soft—guess who comes to their rescue?



The picture above gives a graphic idea of the precautions which were necessary in filming this wild-life epic. Camera "cages" of heavy wire were erected on stilts to safeguard the lives of the photographers when the ferocious performers were turned loose. At the left is what the cameras "shot"—a hapless native falls into the clutches of a vengeful lioness.

Kaspa, it turns out, isn't so far estranged from the human race as to be immune to the allurements of some lovely girl such as, for example, Frances Dee. It's Frances who, discovering the "Lion Man" in the jungle, awakens human love in his leonine heart. After various trials and perils he wins her for his own, and another outdoor saga reaches its happy conclusion.



SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

Cavalcade
Fox



There's just one word for this motion picture, and that is "magnificent." If I have ever used it before please forgive me. I should have saved it for "Cavalcade." Here is the finest talking picture yet produced—a beautiful, touching, and thrilling entertainment. Hollywood need never hang its head in shame again. All finger-pointing must stop at once! The movies have made a picture to be proud of. Noel Coward's play is British in scene but universal in appeal. It follows the fortunes of a high-minded English family from Victoria's day to this. And what drama the great Coward has found in the quiet lives of the *Marryots*—Robert and Jane, their sons, and their servants. The acting is superlative. Diana Wynyard is first. But Clive Brook is perfect. Frank Lawton from England is a sensational juvenile. Ursula Jeans is charming. Three members of the original cast, Una O'Connor, Merle Tottenham, and Irene Browne, score. Herbert Mundin, splendid. Frank Lloyd's is a mighty directorial achievement. "Cavalcade" is an experience you must not miss.

Whistling in
the Dark
M-G-M



A pleasant little piece, guaranteed to give you a good evening. Ernest Truex, America's premier light comedian, makes his talking picture bow and I hope you like him, because I want to keep right on seeing him in more movies. He is—what's that word?—inimitable. He can be whimsical, deft, and debonair, without causing cringes. And here he has a perfect part—that of a conscientious author of best-selling murder mysteries who blunders into real crime. A gloomy country house on a lonely road, filled with mysterious men and an uneasy atmosphere, is the setting. In wander Truex and Una Merkel as his fiancée, accent and all, and you know you're going to have a grand time. Truex is told he must prove he's good by concocting a perfect crime to "wipe out" an eminent citizen—"or else." There's a time limit—suspense; there's romance—Ernest and Una are engaging lovers; and there's a climax that gives you more than your admission money's worth of thrills. Johnny Hines comes back creditably in the cast—welcome, Johnny. It's good to see you.

REVIEWS of the Best Pictures By Delight Evans

Rome Express
Universal-
British
Gaumont



Hurry and catch "Rome Express"! I promise you an exciting ride. Your fellow passengers will keep you so interested you won't have time to look out the window. You'll meet a neglected wife—ah!—an eccentric millionaire, his meek secretary, a beautiful blonde movie star—oh, oh!—and other keenly drawn characters. They'll provide all the action you can ask. It's melodrama, and it's good, and it all happens on an express train, as you've guessed, *en route* from Paris to Rome. Conrad Veidt plays the meanest menace of the month—remember Mr. Veidt in some of our silent films? And how nice to see Esther Ralston on the screen again. She is just as lovely as you remember her, and gives a grade-A performance as the weary-of-publicity film actress who lies to save the man she loves from being wrongly accused of murder. Murder? Yes, murder, and more—it's never dull on "Rome Express." Congratulations, England, for sending over this interesting picture. It's your "Grand Hotel" on wheels, and good entertainment, the best you have sent us.

You Can Count on these Criticisms

Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

Extra Review of "State Fair"

Fox



Just the picture to usher in the spring season! It is the most refreshing entertainment on the screens right now. "State Fair," from the hearty, human novel of Phil Stong, has the appeal and fragrance of youth-in-love and the peace and serenity of comfortable, chuckling middle age. The combination is sheer delight. Briefly, it's the story of the Frake family during the week of the big State Fair. Mother—Louise Dresser—exhibits pickles and mince-meat; father—Will Rogers—shows his prize hog, *Blue Boy*. Janet Gaynor, as the daughter, falls in love with a newspaper reporter, Lew Ayres. Norman Foster, playing his best screen rôle as the son, encounters temptation in the person of pretty Sally Eilers. They live and love as real people, not picture puppets. You really care what happens to them. And you'll relish every minute of it. Janet will surprise you with the sincerity and depth of her performance—she will win new friends here. Rogers is in his element—I've never liked him so much. In fact, you'll love the whole family. "State Fair" is the kind of picture we need. It's a lovely thing.



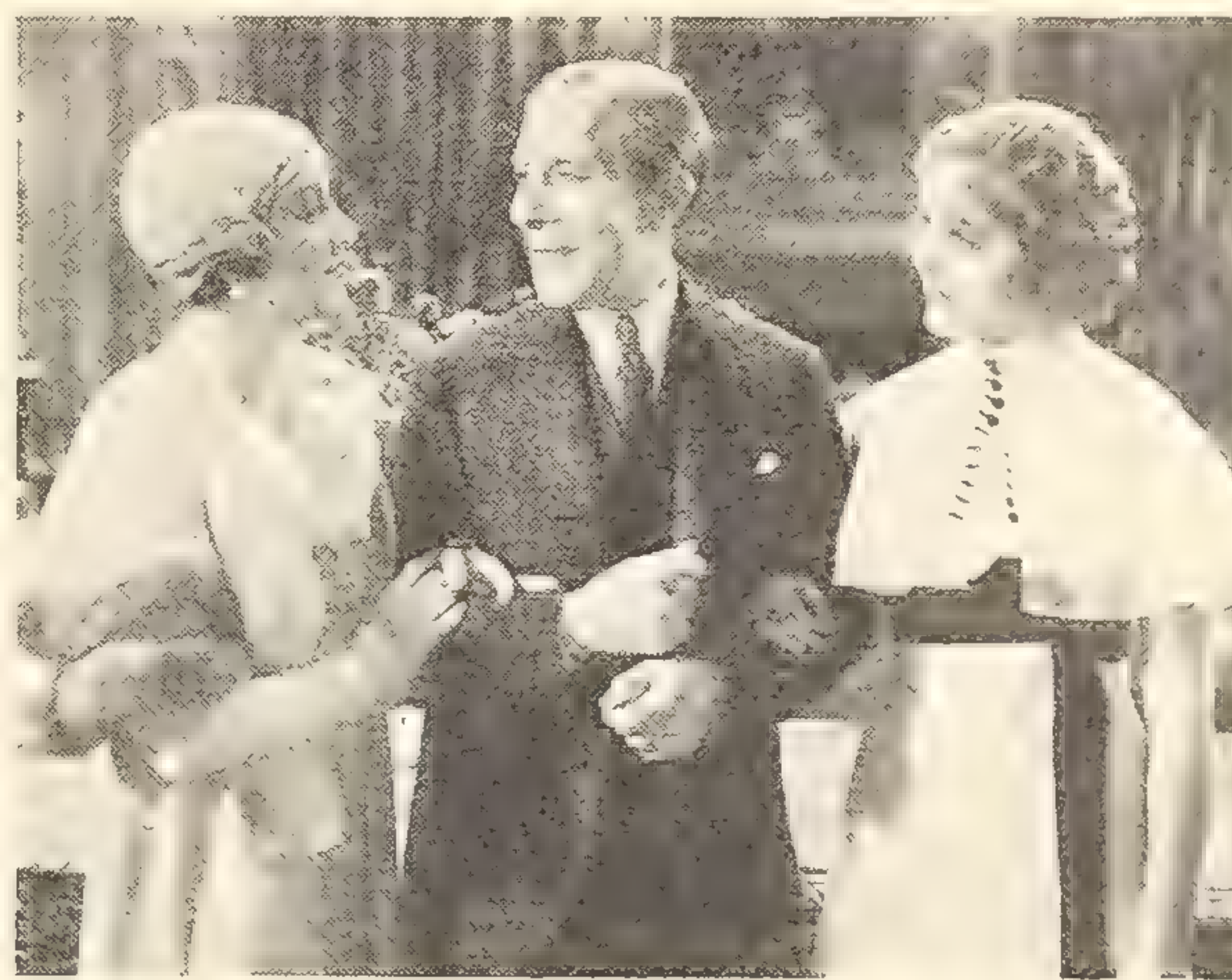
42nd Street
Warners



Here's the first of your new musical movies! Some of you have been begging for them, so this is your big chance. "42nd Street" is a stunning, lavish, gay tune-picture. If those song-and-dance films to follow are as good, then it's high and it's ho for a prancy screen season. You won't be bored by all that endless footage that used to irk you in our first musical movies showing chorus gals marching endlessly up and down ornamental stairs; no—"42nd Street" has just enough chorus work to give it color. It's jammed with comedy and fast action, and human interest, too. A Cinderella story of the little Broadway nobody who steps into the spotlight and saves the show, it presents Ruby Keeler, Al Jolson's favorite tap dancer, a cutie who scores and will bear watching in future films. Bebe Daniels sings and looks grand, Warner Baxter is interesting, and George Brent and Dick Powell and others help. Brother and Uncle will be glad to hear that practically every pretty girl in Hollywood was engaged to make "42nd Street" a further pleasure. Highly pictorial, Mist'ers!



The Bitter
Tea of
General Yen
Columbia



The King's
Vacation
Warners



There's a tang to this entertainment that I like. Not the usual Oriental movie at all, it combines color with down-to-earth realism. If you have been disappointed with the various other Chinese cinema exhibits seen around recently, and I don't blame you too much, don't be discouraged—visit "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" and see a different East-is-East drama, with subtleties as well as slant-eyes, and intelligent dialogue instead of pidgin-English smart cracks. Barbara Stanwyck plays a New England missionary in civil-war-torn modern China, captured by a bandit chief, played by Nils Asther. A definite promise of drama, and a promise that is handsomely fulfilled in the delicately shaded emotional conflict between the General and the girl. If the picture drags, and it sometimes does, there is more than enough romantic excitement to atone for the lapses. Nils Asther is superb in a grand rôle. He makes *General Yen* a fascinating, sinister yet sympathetic figure. It's an heroic portrait. Miss Stanwyck is colorless in comparison.



The family picture of the month! And everybody but grandma will like it. *She* won't, because I hear she insists upon seeing a Spencer Tracy or Jim Cagney or some other tough guy in every film; but the younger folks, fed up with realism, will probably welcome this bright trifle from Mr. Arliss. It isn't his best screenplay, not by a couple of "Disraelis," but it isn't dull, either, and I think you'll enjoy it. Mr. Arliss plays a nice king who hates his throne job. He welcomes the revolution and happily goes back to his Old Love and the Simple Life. But even ex-kings can have their surprises. The Old Love, amusingly and decoratively played by handsome Marjorie Gateson, has acquired a regal bearing and a chateau with more pomp than the king's old palace. So—see it for yourself. Mrs. George Arliss plays the queen charmingly. Dudley Digges and O. P. Heggie are splendid; and Dick Powell and a newcomer, pretty Patricia Ellis, provide young love interest. Like all Arliss entertainments this picture has poise and dignity.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films

What

By
Margery
Wilson



Joan Crawford's eyes are both bold and wistful. They can be breath-taking in their intensity.



If you have "Irish Eyes" study the smart make-up of Maureen O'Sullivan. Both tender and gay!



Are your eyes friendly and understanding like Irene Dunne's? Her look is a veritable warm hand-clasp.

DO YOU believe in love at first sight? I do! By that I do not mean that love is discovered at once or not at all. I do mean that first impressions are the most lasting. I do mean that in the first glance between two people's eyes an exchange of vibration occurs that attracts or repels. I have heard men say that when they looked into the eyes of the ONE woman their senses reeled in a swooning rapture.

Some people claim that intuition guides one's decision at first glance—that the message, "Here is my fate," is quickly carried from the eyes to the solar plexus which is supposed to be the seat of the intuitional brain. Others contend that love at first sight is purely a mechanical or chemical causation utterly devoid of romance.

Personally, I see a great deal of romance in the meeting of two people who have a chemical and mechanical affinity for each other. It seems rather as it should be—a perfect thing in an imperfect world. Why shouldn't romance have its own law and order of chemistry and mechanics? Of course it has. And the eyes are the greatest allies of romance, meaning of course WHEN they are and IF they are.

The eyes may be the windows of the soul in the highest spiritual sense, but they are also our shop-windows into which passersby look to see if there is anything they want inside. So we should be sure that they display our personal and personality wares attractively.

What is the "drawing power" of your eyes? Are they magnetic and compelling? When people catch your glance, do their faces light up responsively? No? Why not? What is it you do or do not to your eyes that leaves people indifferent?

Life is too short and people are too busy to pay much attention to a girl who does not accent her good looks, particularly her eyes. Most of us have learned how to rouge and powder expertly, but so few women really

know how to accent their eyes with telling effect. The secret is clever make-up, which means the best possible materials, and knowing how to apply them artistically. I'm going to tell you about both. And then I'm going to tell you the effect of colors on the eyes—which ones to wear for the best effect on the best beau.

Clever make-up intensifies the expression of your eyes. But you want to use something that is not only harmless but is actually beneficial to your lashes. If you are going to wear make-up on your eyes for hours at a time it might as well be doing some good besides being decorative. This is why I advocate Maybelline. As you know, it is not my policy to mention products by name—but I am so delighted with the new improved Maybelline that I feel I would be "holding out on you" if I didn't tell you about it. It is so soft in color, and it now contains oils that keep the lashes soft and supple, so, of course, they don't break off. And it is so simple to use. So waste no time getting a box of the new, improved Maybelline and see how new and improved you can make your eyes look. It is interesting to note how many different effects you can create with eye make-up.

For instance, if your face is too wide, your eyes too far apart or your nose too wide and flat across the bridge, put your Maybelline on heavily at the inside end of the lashes and put the faintest hint of brown eye-shadow on the sides of the bridge. This will give a narrower and higher effect, which will be enhanced if you will lightly pencil your brows drawing them closer together in the middle. The Maybelline Company also makes a dandy, convenient pencil and the smoothest sort of eye-shadow.

On the other hand, if your nose bridge is narrow and your eyes are too close together, put your Maybelline

Lies *in* Eyes?

Margery Wilson says eye make-up doesn't change your expression—it accents the one you have! Which of these expressions is yours?

heavily at the outer end of the lashes blending it to almost nothing at the inside line. To have the eyes appear well apart adds to one's intelligence of expression.

See how make-up frames and accents the eyes of Joan Crawford, adding to their warmth, intensifying them until they become the hot, knowing eyes of *Sadie Thompson* and some of the other characters she creates. Now the same amount of make-up on Irene Dunne's lashes simply intensifies the deep, womanly sympathy her eyes express.

The cool self-possession and aristocratic beauty of Joan Bennett's conservative expression is made decorative by a dainty fringe of accented lashes. You can depend upon Joan for the proper thing and good taste.

The whole world sings sentimental songs about Irish eyes. In no one is the typical Irish mixture of tenderness and humor more personified than in Maureen O'Sullivan. Her eyes are wisely and well made up to enhance that appeal inherited from her Erin ancestors.

The fascination of Spain is in the eyes of Dolores Del Rio *via* Mexico. Adding to their interest, something in their slant hints of an Asiatic ancestor perhaps a hundred years ago. Make-up enhances their dusky depths and lends a shadowy mystery to their gleam.

Patricia Farley, a newcomer, of whom Paramount expects big things, is characterized by her unusual eyes. Oh, so you have noticed it, too! I was waiting for

you to discover that they are almost exactly the eyes of Gloria Swanson. So light in color that too much make-up would overshadow them, so, like Gloria, she uses—just enough.

These different types of eyes reflecting a number of personalities are well worth studying from the standpoint of make-up. Why not select the ones most like your own and experiment with the same effect in eye make-up? Even the stars do not use as much eye make-up in private life and on the street as they do in their pictures taken at the studio. But you can see where it is placed for the best effect.

When inside photography first became practical, the lights were very irritating to the eyes. "Klieg-eyes" meaning eyes made sore and blood-shot from the lights, was a common studio expression. Days at a time were lost on production while the stars' eyes healed. I, myself, was totally blind for thirty-six hours with Klieg-eyes. It was Mary Pickford who told me how to cure them. Dear little Mary—always mothering people! Today, the lights are so improved that only their brightness is a strain—and even that is relieved by the use of certain incandescent lamps that emit a color ray.

The eyes are so extremely sensitive that they respond to every shadow of change within and without. This is why it is quite possible to change the rate of vibration they send out. The condition of your health registers in them almost immediately. They reflect constantly your disposition and character. The truly magnetic eyes are those that mirror complete well-being and look at the world with some eagerness and interest, understanding and tolerance. If you have not these qualities start at once to acquire them. Then instead of hiding your (Continued on page 92)



Dolores Del Rio's warm, Latin eyes are very feminine. Spanish women of good family avoid the look of sophistication.



A Viking ancestor probably accounts for the light-colored eyes of Patricia Farley and Gloria Swanson, whom she resembles.



A perfect example of the proper way to apply make-up to the lashes. Beauty multiplies itself! Careful—don't get too much on!



Walter Winchell—he scoops to conquer! He's the most talked-of columnist, and the originator of much of the modern journalistic phraseology. And now Walter is radio's chief news-gatherer.

HE SCOOPS to conquer! If you're not up on the latest news don't blame Mrs. Winchell's boy, Walter! Winchell is the lad who gives the nation Monday's news on Sunday night.

But just to be different I'll reverse the usual order of things and gossip about Winchell. *Flash!* He's good-looking, quick of speech and movement, and left-handed. He's as democratic as F. D. R.—even his office boy calls him Walter. On the night of broadcasting he keeps revising his copy until the moment he goes on the air. Keeps his hat on throughout his broadcast, and loosens his necktie for easier speech. There's a legend that he practically lives in night-clubs, but it isn't so—he recently made his first appearance in a night-spot after an absence of two years. Walter is prematurely gray and very high-strung.

Flash! Let's talk about that Ben.

Hot off the Ether!

Intimate glimpses of Walter Winchell and other radio head-liners

By
Evelyn Ballarine

Bernie-Walter Winchell feud! So many gullible people were under the impression that it was a serious battle. Actually, Bernie and Winchell have been friends for twenty-five years. In fact, they went to school together. The gag started over a year ago. Walter, tired of hearing everybody being praised, thought it might be amusing to heave a few bricks at someone. So he and Ben got together and decided to take verbal socks at each other. Winchell even wrote the first crack about himself for Bernie, and he didn't spare himself, either.

The page boy who escorted me to the studio in which Walter was broadcasting confided that the Winchell broadcast was a closed program—no visitors allowed. But when the "grey ghost" heard that I was from SCREENLAND he at once issued orders to admit me. Magic word, SCREENLAND!

When Irene Beasley sees "red" she's happy! The long, tall gal from Dixie is extremely sensitive to color. For instance, she'll never wear a black dress when she broadcasts because black subdues her, but red, good old red, does things to her voice. She dislikes pastel shades—nice, strong colors for her! Irene loves to drive a

car. She dislikes people who make puns about her name such as "Beasley weather we're having." Calls herself a brunette even though her hair is a lightish brown and her eyes are blue. When reminded of the fact that she leans more to the blonde type, she comes back with a crack about having "a brunette point of view." She's a radio fan—and a Rudy Vallee fan. And she never misses a Burns and Allen program if she can help it. Irene has written several songs, and is now at work on a book about radio. It's an answer to the many fans who write asking her how to break into the radio racket.

There's more fun at the Jack Benny-Ted Weems broadcasts and rehearsals than on any other program I've sat in on. The boys in the control room who test the voices smart-crack back (Continued on page 91)



Irene Beasley, the torch singer, is extremely sensitive to color. When she is dressed in red, she sings better!

Who Said "No More Thrills"?

Halliburton's "Royal Road to Romance" leads him to Hollywood!

By
Mortimer
Franklin

HE'S in the movies now!

Having come face to face with most of the other great curiosities of the world, it was inevitable that Richard Halliburton sooner or later would get around to Hollywood. The man who scaled the Matterhorn, swam the Panama Canal, and lived with the head-hunters of Borneo might pardonably have hesitated before attempting the fastnesses of movieland; but the dauntless Halliburton was never one to quail.

So Halliburton and Hollywood met at last. The meeting, as it turned out, was an auspicious one; friendship ripened into love; and the result of the happy union was, as you might expect of two such personable parents, a photoplay entirely different from any that has yet been shown on the screen.

Eager for details of this latest of his exploits, I sought out the young author-actor-explorer-adventurer in New York, where he had temporarily come to roost. Without much prompting he discoursed at length on the four subjects nearest his heart, viz.: (1) Halliburton's books; (2) Halliburton's movie; (3) Halliburton's adventures; and (4) Halliburton, just Halliburton! Which, considering that this was what I had come to hear, was all to the good.

"Please don't get the idea that you are interviewing an actor," warned Richard, "just because I've made a movie. I made no attempt at histrionic effects in this film of mine; but then I didn't need to. Most of the picture consists of films taken of my actual experiences, and things happened so fast that merely to be there was to act in exciting melodrama.

"We did make a few scenes in Hollywood to give coherence to the story, which has a connected plot. But acting wasn't what they wanted from me. In fact, when I did begin to do a little emoting now and then, just experimentally, you know, the director would promptly shout for a cut and ask me (Continued on page 92)



Halliburton and Stephen Moyer, pilot of his plane, hobnob with the white Queen of Borneo and her two comely daughters. The Queen, (seated), is quite modern in ideas, despite the remoteness of her empire.

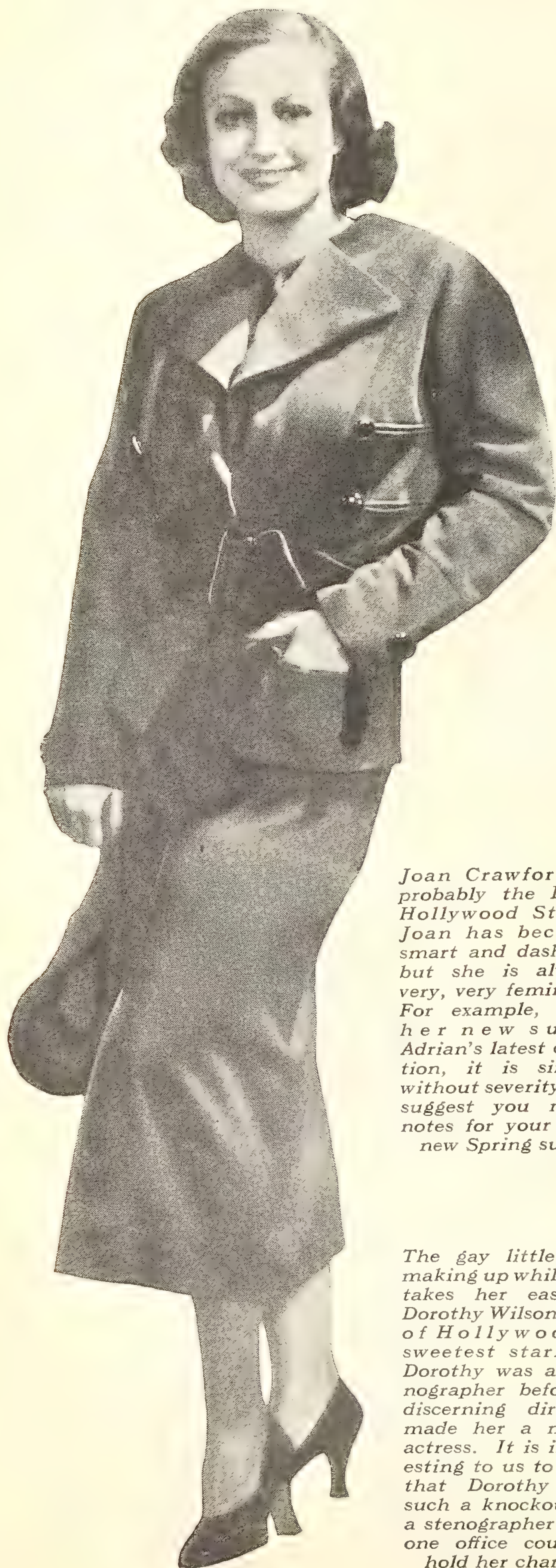


Here's the much traveled and much photographed Dick Halliburton.



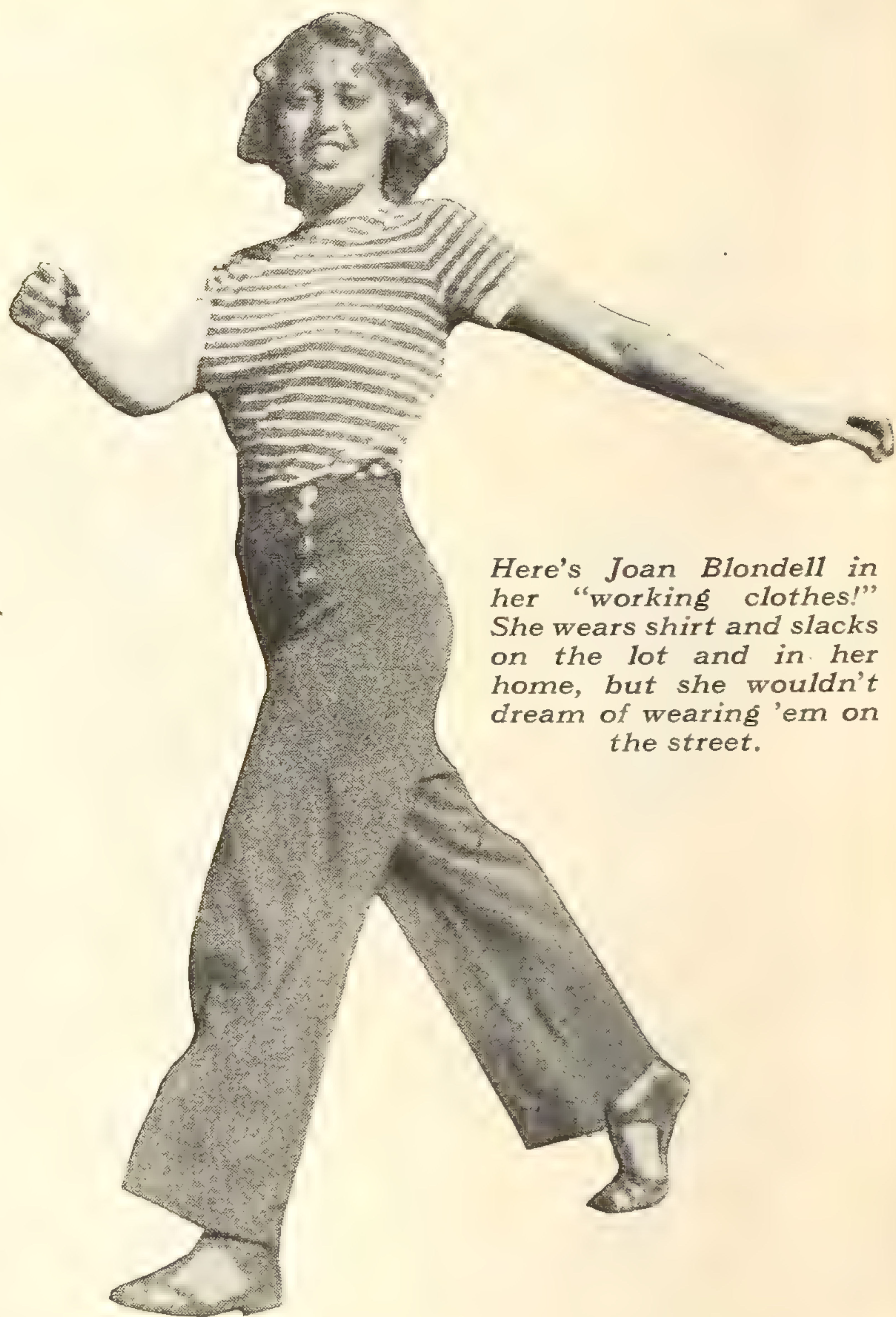
Halliburton in India. A few casual encounters with cobras, vampire bats and fanatical native idol-worshippers, both in the Hindu and the Hollywood manners, weren't sufficient to remove this ingratiating, thirty-fifth-edition smile.

That Glamor ~ Or



Joan Crawford is probably the Ideal Hollywood Star—Joan has become smart and dashing, but she is always very, very feminine. For example, note her new suit. Adrian's latest creation, it is simple without severity. We suggest you make notes for your own new Spring suit!

The gay little girl making up while she takes her ease is Dorothy Wilson, one of Hollywood's sweetest starlets. Dorothy was a stenographer before a discerning director made her a movie actress. It is interesting to us to note that Dorothy was such a knockout as a stenographer that one office couldn't hold her charm.



Here's Joan Blondell in her "working clothes!" She wears shirt and slacks on the lot and in her home, but she wouldn't dream of wearing 'em on the street.



This Freedom?

SCREENLAND'S Glamor School
this month presents the
current Hollywood prob-
lem! Appealing and girlish
—or sophisticated in the
Continental manner?
What do *you* think?

And now we go Continental! At left, Lilian Harvey, beautiful little blonde imported by Fox Films, as she looked when she arrived in New York from Europe. Lilian is wearing a suit with divided skirt. Like it?

Marlene Dietrich as she appeared at a recent Hollywood premiere. Yes, it's Marlene all right, with those famous legs encased in evening trousers, those shapely shoulders hidden by this severe overcoat, and that gorgeous blonde hair topped by an austere black felt. Will Marlene start a new style with this outfit? It's our guess that most girls will prefer to cling to their good, old-fashioned, becoming frocks and wraps.

Wide World

Acme



Reliable Reviews



The Mummy
Universal

Strong entertainment for strong nerves. That "Frankenstein" fellow, Boris Karloff, is this time a mummified ancient Egyptian who comes to life spreading horror wherever he goes. Interesting Zita Johann plays the modern girl who he thinks is the re-incarnation of his Egyptian love. Karloff's make-up is the most gruesome yet. And can he hand out the shivers!



The Island of Lost Souls
Paramount

If you're a Charles Laughton fan—and who isn't?—then you won't want to miss this horror film; but park the kiddies in the nursery. Of course you'll be interested in Richard Arlen and the *Panther Woman* but it's really Laughton's show. As a slightly mad scientist he tries to transform beasts into humans. Br-r-r! Don't say we didn't warn you!



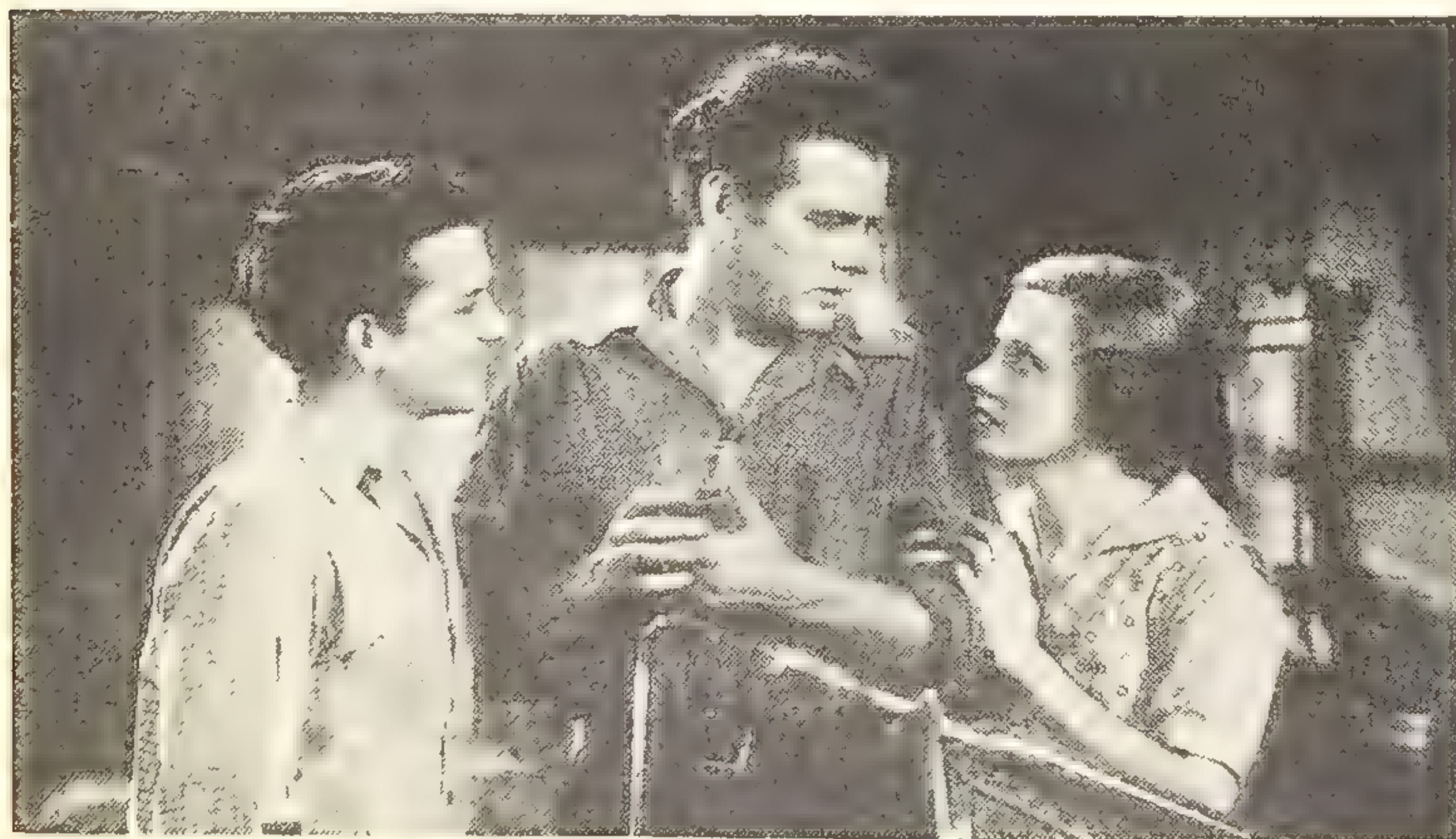
Billion Dollar Scandal
Paramount

At last a good part for a good actor, Robert Armstrong—and how he plays it! A dumb masseur involved in big-time doings, he becomes a "hero" for a day when he exposes a group of crooked business men, but soon finds himself back on the old job with his old pals, gorgeously played by Jimmy Gleason and Warren Hymer. Obvious? Yes—but fast-moving and often very funny.



No Man of Her Own
Paramount

Whizz—bang—zip! This is the month's torchiest film. Clark Gable will leave the femmes limp after this one. Gable, who plays a card shark, breezes into a small town, meets Carole Lombard, and marries her on a bet. We won't give the show away, it's glamorous and gay and okay! Clark runs away with the film, but Carole isn't very far behind.



No Other Woman
RKO-Radio

Irene Dunne brightens up a heavy story with her charm and splendid acting. The plot has her marry Charles Bickford, a mill-hand. With their rise to riches comes trouble in the form of seductive Gwili Andre. But the lovely Irene walks off with Bickford and most of the acting honors. Eric Linden is wasted in a small rôle.



Hot Pepper
Fox

Your old friends, *Sergeant Quirt* and *Captain Flagg*, are back again with some fresh, very fresh, gags and a few neat tricks, including Lupe Velez. Eddie is still out-witting McLaglen, and of course he's "on the make" for all of Vic's gals—but they're pals, anyhow. This film has more spontaneity than their last effort—and you'll enjoy El Brendel and Lupe's looping.

of Current Films



The Half-Naked Truth
RKO-Radio

A swell show! It's different, it's fast, it's funny. Lee Tracy is a super-press-agent whose career rushes him from a carnival show to Broadway—and back again. Lupe Velez plays a hooch dancer who is transformed into a musical comedy star by publicity magic, only to find herself right where she started. Tracy gives a grand performance. Lupe—well, she's Lupe, and wow!



Employees' Entrance
First National

Warren William here plays powerfully a department store "superman" who builds a career on the ruined lives of his weaker brethren. Among his near-victims are Wallace Ford and Loretta Young, two of his employees who marry against his wishes. Thanks to excellent acting and a breezy humor in the writing, it's rousing adult entertainment. Alice White scores.



The Parachute Jumper
First National

Here's an exhibit which gets under way in grand style, then turns into old-time "serial" hodge-podge. You'll like Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as the too-gay marine aviator who takes the jumps, but the story cracks up when he becomes a civilian and the gangster element enters. Doug and Bette Davis should be spared such high jinks, even though there are aerial thrills aplenty.



Air Hostess
Columbia

A knock-down fist fight, a narrowly averted train wreck, assorted plane crack-ups, and scrambled romance are some of the excitements offered by this latest of the aviation films. Little that's new, but if you like an old-fashioned "meller" in modern dress, here's your dish. James Murray plays a swashbuckling flyer, while lovely Evalyn Knapp furnishes the heart-beats.



Tonight is Ours
Paramount

Ah, that Claudette Colbert! Oh, that Fredric March! They play in one of those charming, but trite, mythical kingdom films and make you love it. You know the plot—a queen who loves a commoner but must give him up because of duty to her country. You know there'll be a happy ending and what's more, you want it! Claudette is ravishing—and Freddie, well, swell!



Hard to Handle
Warners

You'll welcome Bad Boy Cagney back to the screen even though his come-back film is disappointing. It's broad comedy mostly, with the First Gentleman of Fisticuffs playing a high-powered promoter in love with a marathon-dance contest winner, Mary Brian gone blonde. Not meaty enough for Cagney. Ruth Donnelly grabs the laughs. What—no grapefruit?



Russet-haired Billie at the height of her stage success. This portrait, Ziegfeld's favorite of his wife, always occupied the place of honor in his office.

FROM the moment when Billie Burke's footsteps were heard running down the corridor of a Los Angeles hospital, yet all who heard them knew that, swift as were those skimming feet, they were too late, America's cinemaland seems to have adopted, as its own, Florenz Ziegfeld's widow. Upon the russet crown of the actress who left the studio instantly at a summons from the hospital, and who went breathless from running, into a room of death, it bestowed another crown, that of Hollywood's most interesting widow.

The more securely was it placed when it was learned that five days after the shock of her husband's quick passing, she went quietly back to the studio to resume her work on her first talking motion picture, "A Bill of Divorcement."



As a compelling dramatic actress of the present-day cinema, Miss Burke carries on bravely. Her next film will be "The Great Desire," with Colin Clive, for R K O.



Wide World

The late Florenz Ziegfeld, creator of the spectacular stage "Follies," photographed a few years ago with his wife, and their daughter.

Hollywood's *most interesting* Widow

How Billie Burke, single-handed and courageous, is fighting for new acting honors

By Ada Patterson

By her act she provided another example of the duty and glory of "carrying on." She earned the honor and esteem that the spectacle of courage always wins.

Hers not to flee the sunset state that had been the scene of her tragedy. Hers not to go east for permanent mourning. When her one melancholy journey was finished, the multitude of details ended, she would return and a Californienne be. Hollywood proclaimed her a thoroughbred!

Miss Burke has returned to the state of her actual origin. For while she was born in Washington, D. C., her father, the amiable clown, Billie Burke, derived from the State of the Golden Gate. His marriage to a widowed newspaper writer in Washington, D. C., and the birth of their child there, were merely incidents in his world wanderings. For with Mrs. Burke and his infant namesake he visited and amused folk, who wanted to laugh, in the larger cities of France, Germany, Austria and Russia. To England he went (Continued on page 94)

Is it Sad to be Funny?

Merrily mournful, gaily grim,
the most hilarious comedians
seem to wear the longest faces!

By
Reeves Harmon

TWO of the greatest comedians on the screen have the longest faces in Hollywood!

Zasu Pitts might break into a shower of tears any given moment without changing her facial expression in the slightest, and there would not be the slightest incongruity. Slim Summerville, from the dolorous visage which tops his six-feet-something could qualify during his most comical moments as one who had just lost his last friend. Why?

No one can say definitely, but the lanky Universal comedian surprises with an opinion of philosophical proportions. "It's because only a hairline separates a laugh from a tear," advances Slim Summerville. Comic situations, he believes, by a slight twist could be transformed into tragic ones in almost every case. "In fact," says Summerville further, "most comedy situations are based on actual tragedy which becomes funny because it is either exaggerated or burlesqued."

Of course all this doesn't explain why the facial lines are long on the screen and off in the expressions of these two ludicrous players who can merely walk across a scene and be pursued with bounding laughter by the audience.

Buster Keaton rose to comedy prominence through his "dead pan" expression. Chaplin has always been essentially forlorn. Yet if you called either anything but a comedian you, in turn, would be called insane.

Real comedy artists have almost made it an axiom that "it's sad to be funny." Superficial slapstick exponents grow boring, but Chaplin, Keaton, Summerville, Pitts and their dreary-countenanced ilk go on forever, which ought to prove something about the merits of their class.

Zasu Pitts would tend to bear out the contention of the beanpole Summerville, that comedy and tragedy are not widely divorced. The weary-handed actress is completely at home in either type of rôle. The world apparently prefers her as a comedienne, although such an exacting director as Erich von Stroheim has remarked that she is one of the most capable tragediennes on the screen.

Neither Summerville nor the inimitable Zasu have any actual cause for their long faces. Both are in demand at top salaries in Hollywood. Neither has had any particular hard struggle to attain success, or any real life tragedies to mold their forlorn expressions. Asked this question on the set of "They Just Had to Get Married" at Universal recently, both were unable to give any reason for their sad eyes. In fact, both were rather sur-



Come, come, folks, it can't be that tragic! Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville are two of the most doleful-looking players on the screen, yet the mere sight of them sends an audience into gales of mirth. Here they are at their glummiest. Below, with C. Aubrey Smith in "They Just Had to Get Married."

prised to learn that they looked that way all the time. They thought they were rather normal appearing persons off the set. Their humorous natures might have prompted such a statement, however.

Anyway, one of Hollywood's greatest paradoxes remains unexplained.



Here's Hollywood

And points East! Reporting the stars at play and at work on both camera coasts

By Weston East

ONE of the most charming stories to come out of Hollywood concerns Joan Crawford.

There was a boy named Paul Schrebnick who held a minor job at her studio. He adored Joan, as do many who work with her, and waited on her faithfully. From his meagre wages he managed to save enough to give her occasional inexpensive presents.

Miss Crawford liked the kid and was nice to him. But she is a star and he was a youngster of no particular consequence.

Early Christmas morning, young Schrebnick was fatally injured in an automobile crash. He was rushed to the hospital, and his first call was for Joan. She was telephoned, and on Christmas Day she left her home and went to the hospital.

She remained beside the dying boy all that day and night, and the next two days. She even went into the operating room, where surgeons fought to save his life. She was holding his hand when the boy died and he was so delirious that he kept calling her name, unaware that she was beside him.

Joan paid the entire cost of his hospital care and his funeral and then shipped the body to his family in Florida.

And now she cherishes a keepsake—a book that he gave her. It is beautifully inscribed, and at the very bottom of the flyleaf the inscription ends with: "Why is it that when I try to write to you, I always find myself at the end of the page?"

NOT since Rudolph Valentino's famous tour of the States have women stormed theatre doors as they did when George Raft paid visits to several cities.

In Brooklyn, several men and women actually threw presents on the stage while Raft was acting. A perfectly gorgeous bath robe and a beautiful leather wallet were among the gifts, while more than a dozen admirers sent him flowers.

And by the way, did you know that until he walked out on Paramount and refused to work until his salary was raised, Raft was receiving only \$250 weekly?

THEATRE fans everywhere who had just learned to like Ann Dvorak when she married and took a "run-out powder" on her studio, claiming an unfair contract, may clap hands hurrah, for all is again peace between Ann and her studio.

She has been given a new contract, with a swell salary boost, and if she isn't back in Hollywood (from England), by the time you read this item, it won't be long now. Ann's husband, Leslie Fenton, who has been working on the London stage and in English talkies, will return with her.

Ann's return may answer a crying need of the screen for new and outstanding feminine personalities. During the past year, only Katharine Hepburn has arrived in Hollywood and given promise of creating new interest in screen femininity. Producers are crying for the good old days when a Clara Bow, an Alice White, or a Greta Garbo popped up every month or so to add excitement to the movie fare.

ALONG with his Irish pugnacity, James Cagney owns an Irish sense of humor. Jimmy has a younger brother named Bill who is his image. When Bill visited Hollywood, he was persuaded by Jimmy to comb his hair and dress exactly as does his more famous screen brother.

Then Brother Bill went to the Derby, the Hotel Roosevelt, and other public places. From an obscure position, Jimmy watched his brother sign autographs, pose for pictures, and otherwise take all the family bows!

IF A certain irate golfer ever lays hands on Katharine Hepburn's dog, there'll be a canine less in the world. She has trained her dog to run to her ball on the links and await her arrival. But recently the Scottie stopped at the wrong ball, and when Katharine kept going he mouthed the pellet and followed her. And a mad golfer who lost five dollars on the hole because he couldn't find his ball has sworn to "get" the Hepburn Scottie.

Getting into the spotlight! Charming Julie Haydon seems about to perform that popular pastime literally. The blonde young starlet, who looks like Ann Harding but acts very much like her own self, shows us how different a good strong light can make matters look!

YOU can't hold a good picture down. "A Farewell to Arms" did business to six thousand people the first day of its Los Angeles run, and as word-of-mouth advertising spread over the city, there were daily attendance increases until the picture played to fourteen thousand on the sixth day and promised to mount to higher totals.

George Raft was expected to make a speech at the "A Farewell to Arms" opening, introducing Gary Cooper. But during the day Gary said to George, "If I have to be introduced, I won't go." So Raft took Gary at his word, and didn't appear. When Cooper came, and there was no one to introduce him, there was a merry old whirl for a few minutes.

WILL ROGERS was master of ceremonies at the Hollywood premiere of "Cavalcade." The all-English cast talks with the accent peculiar to Londoners, so Rogers said: "I hear they're going to make an American version of the picture."





Wide World

Mozelle Brittone demonstrates Hollywood's newest reducing trick. It's the Palm Springs "sun cabinet," whose outer wall, composed of sea-shell material, magnifies the sun's heat; and off rolls the undesired avoirdupois!

KATE SMITH established a strict edict that there be no profanity on her set . . . The garbage collector in Hollywood reports his revenue from the sale of ginger ale bottles has dropped from \$30 per month to less than \$5 . . . Gary Cooper's dog barked on a set and cost the studio \$236 when he ruined a scene . . . Constance and Barbara Bennett Downey argued several minutes *via* New York-Hollywood telephone over diets for Barbara's new baby . . . A funny blurb sent out by a press-agent stated: "Clark Gable disdains grease paint and appears in all of his pictures *au naturel*"—aw, now! . . . Joan Crawford spends idle moments on her sets *whittling*; several friends have given her knives since she took up the fad . . . While Clara Bow was in Europe, her Great Dane won a prize at a dog show . . . Jimmy Durante and Robert Montgomery went three weeks without shaving for scenes in "Hell Below" . . . Wynne Gibson's hair has been bobbed continuously since she was three years of age . . . Groucho Marx said: "I saw a rising young actor today; I had left a tack in his chair" . . . Mary Carlisle almost quarreled with her boy friend because he passed a needy beggar without contributing.

NOT content with wearing tailored suits, Marlene Dietrich is specializing. She is now copying Clark Gable by wearing turtle-neck sweaters.

WILL ROGERS' mania for ham hocks and sauerkraut has reached a new high. Will now has his man-of-all-work visit cafés near the studio and report when the favored dish is on the menu.

One day recently the fellow returned with two menus—a pair of restaurants were featuring ham hocks and sauerkraut that day. Rogers chose between the two by flipping a coin.

DESPITE a contract offer of \$3,500 weekly, Leslie Howard will return to Europe in May, and will appear on the London stage. Mrs. Howard, who is now with her husband in Hollywood, (although there were separation rumors about them for a while), will accompany him.

FOR once the predictions of the calamity hounds have been fulfilled. When Lew Ayres and Lola Lane eloped about a year and a half ago Hollywood said it wouldn't last, and now the prophets are saying "I told you so." Lew and Lola found themselves to be temperamentally unsuited to each other. Lola likes excitement and fun; Lew prefers quiet home life. So Lola is taking one lane and Lew another. By a curious coincidence the divorce proceedings of Janet Gaynor, opposite whom Lew Ayres played in "State Fair," were filed at about the same time.

HERE are three A-No. 1 laughs: Kathleen Burke, Paramount's *Panther Woman*, is afraid of cats. Buster Crabbe, *Lion Man* with the same film company, leaped a fence to escape a friendly cow. And it has long been known that Dick Arlen, whose occasional Westerns are fast and brave, dreads horseback riding.



You'll see another exciting new film combination when Gary Cooper faces Joan Crawford in "Today We Live." Here's one of the intensely dramatic love episodes from the picture, in which Gary takes to the ozone as a war aviator.



"Angling" for unique camera effects. LeRoy Prinz, Hollywood dance director, lines up the owners of these artistic ankles for a novel photographic shot. The girls are stepping in "Hollywood Premiere," a technicolor song-and-dance short.

BY FAR the most attractive portable dressing room is that of Constance Bennett's creation. The room is done completely in yellow, with furnishings to match and a thick, yellow silk Chinese rug on the floor. Completing the color scheme, Connie wears a yellow silk Chinese dressing robe and brilliant yellow slippers when she lolls in the room between scenes.

"I DON'T wanna work in animal pictures," said Jack Oakie. "No gnus is good gnus to me."

"I began my career playing an accordion, and my motto is: 'Great Oakies from little accordions grow.'"

THE month's classic among fan letters is that received by Norma Shearer. It came from an Indiana boy who is having trouble with his girl friend. According to the letter, the girl is inclined to fall in love with screen actors, and during such periods she neglects her real-life sweetie.

"I hope you can advise me how to hold her permanently," the discouraged youth wrote. "When she fell for George Raft, I oiled my hair and kept my face stoney and otherwise tried to be like him. When she shifted her affections to James Cagney, I washed her face with watermelon, (there was no grape-fruit handy), and slapped her down. But lately she has taken a liking for Leslie Howard, and I can't imitate him without acting like a big sissy."



They're in the army! While Flight Officer Gary Cooper makes scenes with Joan Crawford for "Today We Live," Captain Clark Gable does his military stuff in "The White Sister," with Helen Hayes. The boys get together for a chat during a lull in the war.

JOAN CRAWFORD was practicing her singing lesson in the M-G-M rehearsal hall. Oliver Hinsdell, studio talent scout, heard her from an adjoining booth and decided he had found a new voice for the screen. Imagine his embarrassment, when he rushed into the rehearsal hall, to find Joan the owner of the voice.

THAT was a funny happening at Paramount involving William Faulkner, author of "Sanctuary," retitled for films "The Story of Temple Drake." Under contract to the studio, he asked permission to do his writing at home, which his employers agreed to. They thought he meant "home" in Hollywood. But Faulkner meant "home" in Memphis, Tennessee, and a few days later, when the studio attempted to contact the writer, he was two thousand miles away.

DANIEL J. CUPID (the "J" stands for "Joy") remarks:

That rumored wedding of Dorothy Lee and Marshall Duffield, for which she was said to have traveled from New York to Hollywood, is definitely off, she says. No other romances at present, she adds.

That very hot love affair that involved Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow two years ago has been resumed, much to the discomfort of James Dunn. Or is this a blind to hide a secret marriage?

When a feller gives a gal a diamond wrist watch, he means business. So watch the romance of Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill.

You can get even money in Hollywood if you care to wager Ann Harding and Harry Bannister won't re-wed.

Helene Costello, the ex-Mrs. Lowell Sherman, has taken unto herself a new husband, Arturo Del Barrio, a young Cuban attorney.

It's all over town that Eleanor Holm's gorgeous diamond ring is a gift from Carl Laemmle, Jr., but they deny an engagement.

Rumors continue to merge the names of Dorothy Wilson and her director, Gregory LaCava. And Mary Brian, surprise of surprises, has been seen with George Raft!



Upward bound! Katharine Hepburn, who *would* do something startling like that, is a round-the-world flyer, no less, in her forthcoming picture, "The Great Desire."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT came east on a long awaited vacation and promptly got the flu. She sneaked in to have a look at some of the Broadway plays she wanted to see all bundled up and feeling miserable—and to top it all she had to go into a hospital for that ole devil Sinus Trouble. Claudette vows that next time she'll leave her sinus difficulties in Hollywood.

KATHARINE HEPBURN, that amazing woman, has ordered a plane and will take up flying . . . William Gargan says a "Yes-man" is a fellow who has the courage of other people's convictions . . . Gwili Andre has a collection of seventy lamps of all descriptions in her home . . . Charlie Chaplin is the only star who refuses to sign autographs; even Garbo has complied on occasions . . . At last Hollywood has discovered a mouthful for Joe E. Brown—Kate Smith . . . The nurse who cares for Helen Twelvetrees' baby also took care of Helen as a baby . . . The funniest New Year's toast: "To 1932, the year in which — studio released more executives than pictures" . . . Marlene Dietrich, abruptly changing her tactics, very obligingly poses for snapshots when fans accost her on Hollywood Boulevard . . . Clara Bow's "Call Her Savage" was having censor trouble in London until the red-head arrived; her popularity righted things . . . Lee Tracy carries a tiny chess board and miniature pieces every where he goes . . . Lionel Barrymore named his new Scotty *Rasputin* because he thinks the dog has whiskers just like Lionel wore when he played that character in a picture.

WELL, of all things; I have just learned why Marlene Dietrich wears those masculine trousers. Here is the lowdown: There was so much publicity about Marlene's beautiful legs that when she appeared in public, people actually squirmed to obtain better views of those advertised extremities. So Miss Dietrich adopted trousers in self-defense. The results, insofar as protection from embarrassment was concerned, proved so excellent that she now seldom wears skirts.



Judge of good reading! Dick Barthelmess stands rooted to his tracks as he peruses his movie Bible, *SCREENLAND*. We're so glad you like it, Richard!



Remember when Ethel Clayton and Bessie Barriscale were great ladies of the silent films? Now Mary Pickford has brought them back to the screen. Here they are with Theodore Von Eltz and Huntley Gordon (standing).

WHEN Marian Nixon and hubby Edward Hillman went East two years ago, they were robbed on the train.

So a few friends who knew the two were leaving again, (last month), decided to frame them. One of the group telephoned and asked of Hillman: "Are you leaving by train for Chicago tonight?" Eddie answered affirmatively. "That's all I want to know," said the voice on the telephone.

And was Hillman worried! He demanded a police escort to the station. He hired two watchmen to guard his home during his absence. And when he and Marian boarded the train, Eddie locked their drawing-room door from the inside. Not that he was scared—of course!

AT THE Chinese Theatre premiere of "Cavalcade," master-of-ceremonies Will Rogers glanced at the Oriental decorations and remarked: "If the theatre depression continues, this will make a swell chop suey joint."

REMEMBER when *SCREENLAND* introduced you to Brian Ahearne who was then playing with Katharine Cornell in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"? We told you he was movie material. Well, Hollywood thought so, too, and Paramount has signed him to a contract. His first picture will be with none other than Marlene Dietrich in "Song of Songs," said to be Marlene's last American picture before going home to Germany.



Actress and authoress. Frances Marion, famous screen writer, who wrote the scenario for "Secrets," calls on Mary Pickford between scenes. Miss Pickford wears this lovely gown in the early sequences of the film, advance pictures of which you saw in last month's *SCREENLAND*.



Wide World

The amazing Marlene continues to set the new "mannish" styles for Hollywood. Here she is in boyish beret and high-necked jersey, at lunch with Ralph Blum, her attorney.



International

Junior Laemmle steps out! The "boy genius" of the films celebrates something or other at Agua Caliente, Mexico, with Eleanor Holm, Howard Hughes, and Sandra Shaw.



Here he is—the coming new film agitator of feminine hearts! Francis Lederer, whose recent Broadway stage debut sent the girls into tremors, is movie-bound.

WATCH for Francis Lederer, Broadway's newest matinee idol, who will soon be speeding to Hollywood, having been signed by RKO on the day after he opened in his New York stage play, "Autumn Crocus." Lederer, who hails from Czechoslovakia but has learned to speak acceptable English, has all the qualifications for a popular leading man of the exciting kind. Twenty-seven years old, unmarried, and extremely good to look at, he has so compelling a stage presence that New Yorkers have come to the theatre in droves principally to enjoy his acting.

Physically he is strong and well-built, with unusually large hazel eyes, strong chin, and great masses of black curly hair. And just by way of showing how much his countrymen think of Lederer, the Czechoslovakian Government is having a statue made of him, which will be placed in front of the National Theatre in Prague, the capital. Incidentally, we may as well settle right now that little matter of what will happen if Lederer employs a double in Hollywood. They'll be called, naturally, "Czech and double Czech!"



Oh, oh—and a couple of "darns." Una Merkel gets caught in a spring rainstorm. But she's "all bundled up!"

IN AN apartment adjoining Jack Oakie's, there is a woman who sings, not beautifully but often. One morning, while Jack was attempting to figure his income tax, her shrieks became monotonous, so the comedian thought he'd offer a gentle hint to stop her. He leaned out his window and applauded loudly.

A feminine voice—that of the songbird—cried, "You go to H—!"

"What!" snapped Oakie. "And listen to you through Eternity!"

TO STIR Lew Ayres' ire, say to him: "I understand you are a student of astrology." After that, duck!

Lew would have you know he is a student of astronomy, not astrology. It seems that the latter is a science of the planets and their influence on the destinies of man. Astronomy is a study of the movements, magnitudes, distances and physical constitution of the orbits.

"Terming an astronomist as an astrol-ogist," says Lew, "is like calling a golf champion a croquet player."



Una coyly takes a sounding. Dampen those pretty new galoshes?—not on your life! Hang on to the packages, Una!

OUT OF MY ENVELOPES: "I went to see Bing Crosby in 'The Big Broadcast' eight times," writes Dorothy Mueller of Minneapolis, "and I'm not through yet. I am planning to start a fan club for Sue Carol and Nick Stuart."

"I hope Janet's (Gaynor) fans won't take her divorce as a scandal," Lois Carlson of Chamberlain, S. D., writes. "I wish it had not happened so soon after she made that attempt at 'growing sophisticated' on the screen." Lois is president of The Bing Crosby Club.

Mike Butler, Taft, Cal., has this to say: "I hope your magazine will give Peggy Shannon a boost soon; that great little girl is being shamefully neglected, and it is not because she is not popular with fans. Her club is the fastest growing that I know of, and fans adore her."

"Jean Harlow is the most perfect darling about her fans that I know," raves Lorraine Mason of Vineland, N. J., in a letter. "We have been corresponding for a year, and in that time she has sent me three huge, sepia photographs. I don't think Jean deserves all the tragedy she has had."

HOLLYWOOD has at least two actors who so closely resemble men famous in other walks of life that confusion has resulted on many occasions. Johnny Warburton, juvenile interest in "Cavalcade," looks like the Prince of Wales, and even in England has been mistaken for His Royal Highness. And Ned Sparks, droll comedian, is often confused with ex-Mayor James Walker of New York by persons closely associated with the former city official.

THE next time George O'Brien makes a wager, he'll give more thought to consequences. On location with his company several miles outside of Hollywood, he bet that he could hitch-hike his way back to the studio. Someone accepted the wager and the troupe departed, leaving George all alone.

Two hours later, when he had not arrived at the studio, a car was sent for him. He was discovered barely halfway home.



Cruel Fate takes a hand, and Una's only protector falls to the gutter. But be brave, gal! Remember—E Pluribus Una!



No divorce clouds darkened Lew Ayres' horizon when he posed for this picture with Jimmy Fidler, SCREENLAND'S Hollywood representative, and Lew's pooch pal. The inset shows pretty Lola Lane in a carefree moment, before she began divorce proceedings against Lew.



At last our heroine decides to join her umbrella on the curb. Now what gallant lad will rescue her? She's waiting for a gondola!

A MAN who knows many of the stars' innermost secrets is Dr. J. C. Jones, a dentist who numbers many of the film famous among his clients. The reason Dr. Jones knows so much is that he has pulled many a movie tooth—and even the closest mouth stars talk under the influence of laughing gas.

"You say Greta Garbo won't talk," he says. "Let me give her laughing gas. She'll talk!"

A STORY brought back from Paris by one of Hollywood's world travelers is that a woman approached a theatre box office in Paris and said to the cashier: "I am Greta Garbo. Can you tell me whether 'Grand Hotel' has shown in this city?"

The ticket man hid a laugh behind his hand. Garbo, indeed, he thought; as if he'd bite on *that* gag. But he supplied the information.

You can imagine the fellow's chagrin to read in the next day's newspapers that Miss Garbo was really visiting the city.

MORE euphonious adjectives describing the stars, since you liked them last month:

Keen Jean Harlow.
Darlin' Arline Judge.
Pally Sally Eilers.
Prancy Nancy Carroll.
Gimme Jimmy Cagney.



Stage premiere. Lewis Stone, popular actor of super-suave rôles, takes his pretty wife (left) to the opening of a Hollywood stage show, accompanied by friends who are non-professionals.

JOAN BLONDELL is just about the most popular star to visit New York in a long, long time. She captivated everyone who met her with her whole-souled enthusiasm. Joan saw all of her old friends and spent most of her time with them instead of with Important People who didn't know she was on earth when she was an actress in Broadway shows, but deluged her with invitations to this-and-that now that she's a famous screenster.

She was hurried up to the studios of *Vanity Fair's* famous portrait photographer, Steichen, to pose for pictures for the ultra-snooty magazines. Steichen beamed at her and said, "You're a grand girl. You remind me of a luscious red apple."

Of course George Barnes, Joan's new husband, was along. He had worked in Manhattan as cameraman on Marion Davies' elaborate production "Yolanda," among others. Everybody liked him, too.

WHEN I lunched with George Raft in the Brown Derby recently, I was amazed when he suddenly left the table without a word. He returned after ten minutes and explained. I had ordered an oyster sandwich, and George can't bear the sight of them. The only way he can eat oysters (and he likes them), is to close his eyes. The funny thing is, he likes them raw or cooked.

RIGHT on the heels of Maurice Chevalier's divorce came a most disturbing rumor to the effect that studio officials are very much worried about future Chevalier pictures. It seems, if the reports are to be accepted, that women's clubs throughout the country are threatening to boycott Maurice's pictures, along with a boycott of other French products, pending settlement of that country's war debt.

Since Paramount invests half a million dollars in every Chevalier vehicle, considerable official conjecture has attended the rumors of a concentrated drive against French actors and actresses in America.

I CITE you an example of father love: Stuart Erwin has long wanted to go to Europe. The reason he has not satisfied that yearning has always been lack of funds.

But now that Stu has a new contract, money in the bank, and time on his hands, is he going to Europe?

He is NOT! Stu and Mrs. June Collyer Erwin have postponed their trip abroad until their young son is old enough to travel with them.

(Continued on page 76)



A breath of the South Seas came to Hollywood when these California cannibals, impersonating a South Sea Island tribe, dressed in their warlike best to make scenes for "King Kong." This unique film concerns the fortunes of a gigantic ape-god, measuring some fifty feet in height, which is portrayed on the screen by means of ingenious mechanical devices. Ernest B. Schoedsack directs the picture, and Fay Wray has the feminine lead.

"Don't let love grow hum-drum"

warns **HELEN TWELVETREES**

"When a man begins to take you for granted, look out! Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness the way the Screen Stars do. Men are always stirred by lovely skin!"

Helen Twelvetrees



She knows her husband really loves her still, yet she is taken for granted, neglected. Love has grown hum-drum, stale.

"DON'T let love grow hum-drum!" This is the warning Helen Twelvetrees sends to the many perplexed women who write this charming screen star for advice.

"When a man begins to take you for granted," she says, "look out!"

And then she tells Hollywood's secret of winning—and holding—adoration. "Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness the way the screen stars do. Men



She learns the Hollywood secret—that a velvet-smooth skin has a charm men can't resist. She begins to use the Hollywood way to this complexion loveliness.

are *always* stirred by lovely skin!"

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, actually 686 use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their complexions always lovely. It is the official soap in all the great film studios.

Begin today to use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*, just as Helen Twelvetrees does!

Let the Beauty Soap of the Stars make your skin Glamorous



Again she knows the thrill of honeymoon days! Eager eyes search the new, seductive beauty of her face. Now life is glamorous, gay!



A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION Without Rouge

Do you want a beautiful complexion? Without the use of rouge? And color that is *all your own*? If you suffer from constipation give your system just a tiny calcium wafer! Don't take that customary pill on Saturday night—just let Stuart's Calcium Wafers, the gentle internal cleansers, help Nature do its magic work for you! Stuart's Calcium wafers frequently clear away all impurities resulting from constipation and which keep the skin sallow or dull. They help to keep pores purged and the cuticle clean. Often you feel and see the difference from the first day you take Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

A five-day test is sufficient to prove to you very conclusively the system's need for Stuart's Calcium wafers, and the decided benefit from the use of these little sugar-coated wafers.

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS
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Enough for full test—ample to prove the value to you of Stuart's Calcium Wafers—will be sent you, if you mail this coupon to the Stuart Co., Dept. 30-C, Marshall, Mich.

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REDUCE YOUR BUST THIS NEW EASY WAY!

Is your bust large? Reduce that bulging chest-line to slender, girlish form and shapely contours.

Just get big container of my famous FORMULA-X and instructions. Apply treatment at home and watch your breasts grow slim and young-looking. Nothing else to do. Guaranteed harmless—but SO EFFECTIVE!

SPECIAL—Write Today

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O Clears the mind of perplexity.
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E ANALYSED. Julia Thorndyke
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When nature fails, use Dr. Rogers' great successful Relief Compound Regulator. This formula used by doctors and nurses for 30 years. Positively relieves many long, stubborn, unusual delays and irregularities, often in 2 to 5 days without pain or inconvenience. Because of its splendid qualities women everywhere use this remarkable Compound with amazing results and praise it to the highest. Send today. Full strength \$2; 2 Boxes for \$3.50; 3 for \$5.

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"How To Write For the MOVIES and TALKIES"
is the name of a book by a successful playwright—(Author of Flight, etc.)—and Famous Director. It will be sent you FREE for the asking. It tells how producers are clamoring for short stories, new ideas, plots, etc., which perhaps you can write—and we can help you shape and sell. One of our writers (V. M.) received \$3,000. We made 6 sales in 1 day recently. New York best market. Demand active now! Try your hand! Send name for FREE Book.
DANIEL O'MALLEY CO., INC.
Suite 50-D 1776 Broadway, New York City

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 74



Movie premiere. Here's an interesting group snapped at the opening of Noel Coward's "Cavalcade." Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard are present with a guest, and are joined by Richard and Jessica Barthelmess.

HARPO MARX went on a regular gag spree when he visited Palm Springs. A waiter, with poised pencil, asked, "What will you have, sir?" Harpo glowered upon him and shouted, "Did I ask you what you will have?"

Later that day he borrowed some tennis balls from other guests. When he finished playing, he calmly threw the balls away. "They're no good; they're worn out," he said.

Again, he asked a hotel bell boy, "What would you do for ten dollars?" The boy didn't know. "Well, here's ten," snapped Harpo. "Do something!"

NOT all eminent authors feel it incumbent on them to sulk in a corner after viewing the results of the movies' effort to translate their work into cinematic terms. Noel Coward, for instance, reacted quite differently, and a good deal more graciously. After having seen the picture made from his vasty stage drama, "Cavalcade," that amazing young genius sat down and wrote as follows to Winfield Sheehan, Fox generalissimo:

"I have just seen 'Cavalcade' and I am deeply in your debt. I can sincerely say that the picture exceeded my greatest hopes, even after having read the New York notices. The whole story has been directed, adapted, and played with such sensitive adherence to the text and spirit of my play, that I am doubly thrilled at the response of both press and public to your brilliant achievement. Please accept my heartfelt thanks and congratulations."

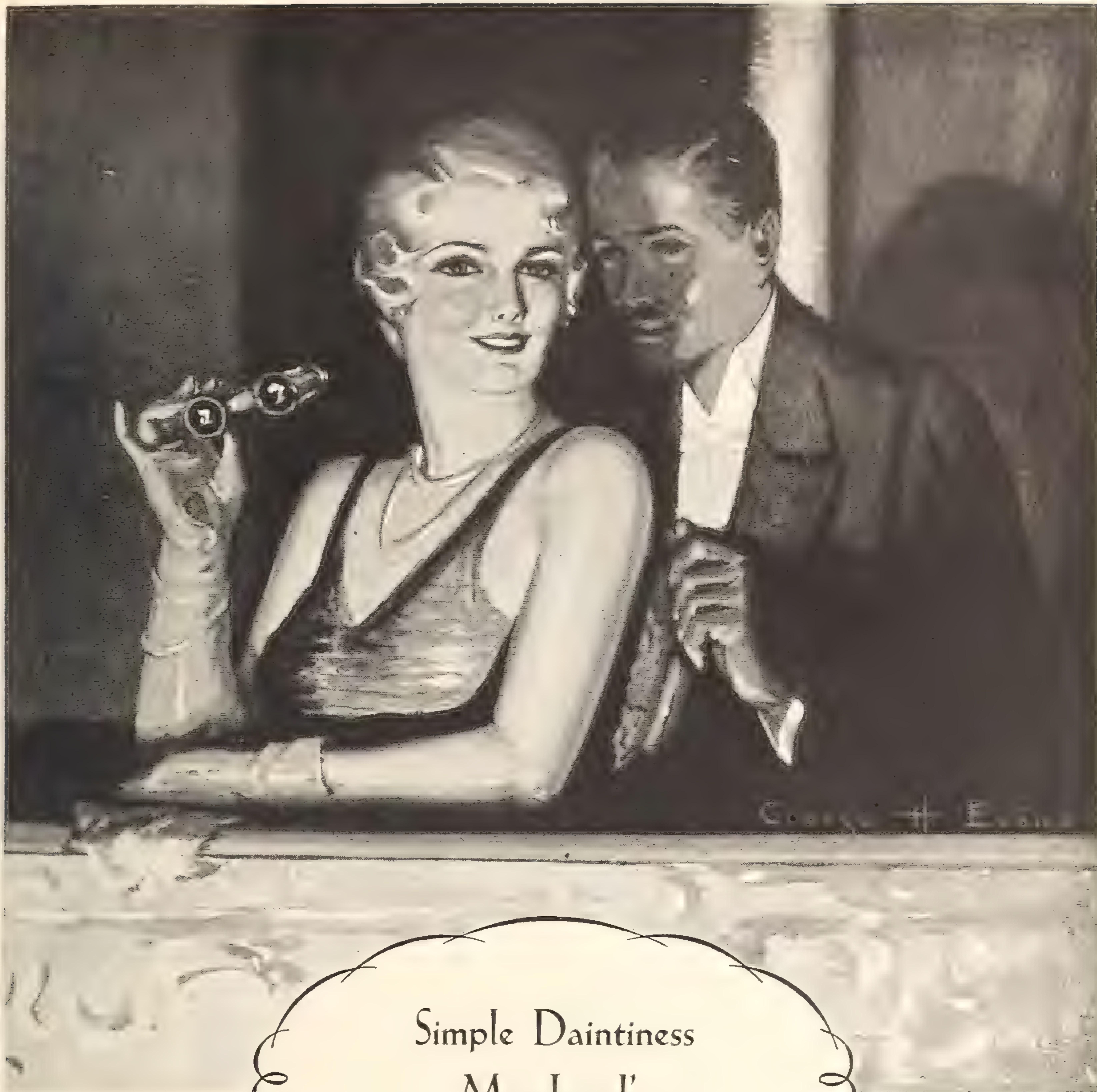
WHICH brings us to the rare achievement of Mr. C. N. O'Dell of Fox Films in New York, who establishes an all-time record for concise synopses by outlining in less than one hundred words the story of "Cavalcade," which on the screen covers the history of a family extending over three generations. Here's his synopsis:

"There are three beautiful romances delicately interwoven in the story of 'Cavalcade' with three charming pairs of lovers. Robert Marryot (Clive Brook) and Jane Marryot (Diana Wynyard) wed, have children, and live to old age. Edward Marryot (John Warburton) and Edith (Margaret Lindsay) love, wed, and start off on their honeymoon on the *Titanic*. Joe Marryot (Frank Lawton) and Fanny (Ursula Jeans) fall in love and Joe wants marriage but Fanny puts it off. It is on Armistice Day that Fanny, dancer in a night club, learns that Joe has been killed in France."

NEW IN NUTSHELLS: Kent Douglas had his nose revamped by plastic surgery . . . Mary Miles Minter's \$210,000 home was auctioned for \$45,000 . . . Eleanor Boardman asked \$4,113 monthly alimony from King Vidor, director . . . Helen Kane Mexican-divorced her husband and then married Max Hoffman, Jr. . . . Tom Mix has retired from motion pictures . . . Barbara Kent married her manager, Harry Edington, who also manages Greta Garbo, Ann Harding, and Charles Farrell . . . Florenz Ziegfeld's \$60,000 summer home brought \$2,500 at a sheriff's sale . . . Dorothy Burgess was involved in San Francisco auto crash in which man was killed . . . The Wampas will elect no more baby stars . . . James Hall is reported reconciled with his wife . . . Frank Fay walked out on "Tattle Tales," the play partially financed by his wife, Barbara Stanwyck and then walked back in again; Babs joined the cast, too, for a while; she put \$10,000 into the show . . . Marlene Dietrich returned to Paramount to avoid suit for \$182,850.06.

HUNTLEY GORDON, an actor who has experienced difficulty finding jobs, says his tombstone epitaph will be: "Here lies Huntley Gordon. If I don't get into Heaven, it'll be because I'm not the type!"

(Continued on page 98)



Simple Daintiness
Marchand's
Will Assure It

Simple daintiness. It attracts people, charms them. Be sure of daintiness—and you'll be sure of yourself under any scrutiny. Arms and legs, for instance—if dark, unattractive fuzz mars their white smoothness—banish it! Marchand's will make it unnoticeable in 20 minutes.

The reliability of Marchand's is known to thousands of blonde women. It restores youth's golden beauty to faded blonde hair—or makes drab hair attractive.

You can use Marchand's at home, safely and successfully. Inexpensive—get the genuine.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

TRY THE EXQUISITE NEW CASTILE SHAMPOO BY MARCHAND

The Five Stages of Joan Crawford's Life

Continued from page 23

thought so—and that's just how Joan felt, too. Hence they began conducting themselves more discreetly. It was definitely the publicity—something from outside herself—that shoved Joan into the third phase of her life. Incidentally, Joan and Douglas, Jr., still talk "double Dutch" but instead of its being lovers' lingo it is for the purpose of making private remarks in front of the servants.

With her usual suddenness Joan swung herself right from this carefree, blissfully-in-love young girl to the Dignified Matron. The ecstasy of a real love can last, (at least the public manifestations of it), for just so long a time. And wifely duties now began to fill Joan's life. She had never known a real home—one of her own—before. The haphazard houses of her childhood, the rococo apartments of her New York chorus girl days, and the Beverly Hills bungalows in which she had lived when she was the Hey-Hey Girl, certainly could not come under the category of "a home." Now she became feverish with home-making. The Junior Fairbanks' house—the one in Brentwood Heights—was Spanish in design, so Joan read everything she could about Spanish furniture. She had no more than gotten this comfortably arranged than she decided she liked English better—hence the interior of the house was changed to English. She read books on antiques and acquired a pretty knowledge about them, too. She, herself, bought all the linens and—heretofore as free with her money as with her dances—learned to bargain skillfully.

Whenever Joan Crawford sets out to do a job, it's well done. She was a grand Charleston dancer when that was her ambition. Now that home-making was of paramount importance to her, she was the perfect homemaker. There were no more sketchy dinners of crackers and mustard with some rhubarb for dessert—(honestly, I've seen her dine on just that). Now her dinners were perfectly planned and served—her silver and crystal the finest, her table cloths the most shimmeringly white.

And, mind you, she took this minute care of her house, (and still does for that matter), while she was working eight and ten hours a day at the studio. More than that, she shopped for Doug, watching his wardrobe carefully, and whenever some shirts or socks were not so perfect as they should have been, Joan personally ordered more to replace them.

In the bustle of household matters, Joan, as usual, forgot herself. One day at luncheon she said, "Oh, I would love to dress in a truly smart manner—you know what I mean, that nonchalant carelessness that spells real chic." I knew that it wouldn't be long until she had achieved that ambition—and I was right.

But she found, one day, that she must become more engrossed with herself than merely thinking about her clothes. In the bustle of household activities she had forgotten to worry about her career. It was a little notice in a newspaper that threw Joan into the fourth stage of her life.

The clipping read, "Joan Crawford has not yet reached the heights of which she is capable on the screen, but we're afraid that unless she forgets Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the wife, and pays more attention to Joan Crawford, the actress, she never will."

And that is when she began to take stock of herself and to find that her career had been taking up very little of her attention. She had done her work well, it



Queen and jester! While Doug Fairbanks, Jr. was visiting his mother in New York, Joan sought to lighten her loneliness by lunching with Bill Haines, Hollywood's favorite interior decorator and quipster. Here comes one of Bill's "swifties."

is true. She had played in picture after picture, but she was, more or less, at a standstill artistically, and she began to realize that something must be done about it.

That is when she burst into the fourth stage—Joan Crawford, the Emotional Actress. Headlong, she threw herself into her work. She was tired of light rôles—she needed and wanted parts that would show whether she was a great actress or not. And the studio, happy over her new spurt of ambition, gave her one emotional rôle after another.

She made the most of them, playing every scene with that brand of Crawford fire that borders pretty close to acting genius. But she did more. She made up her mouth in the way that brought down criticism upon her. It was all a part of the new pattern. That mouth make-up is really symbolic of Joan, the person. She did it that way without knowing why. The real reason, of course, is that she wanted to express herself more ardently than she ever had before. She spread the lip-stick on too thick—but her acting was swell.

And it was because of this great ardor for her work that her personality changed. Always prone to be unhappy—as her complaint years ago on Christmas Eve has shown—she now began to lead an inner life of tragedy. The girl was bordering on some first class neuroses. That driving her car alone at night at a mad speed along the beach—that complex she acquired that she was misunderstood—that strange hunted look that her face wore—all these things spelled the fact that Joan was on the verge of as pretty a little nervous breakdown as you'd find in Hollywood.

The high tragedy that Joan played at the studio had seeped through to her personal life. "Rain" was the climax. She had wanted to make the picture, but she was miserable during its production.

And then came the fortunate circum-

stance that again suddenly changed her life. Doug, seeing the state that Joan had got herself in, suggested a trip to Europe. At first, she did not want to go but he persuaded her at last, and they left Hollywood for New York and points East.

The European trip changed Joan again. When she got back to Hollywood the hunted look in her eyes was gone. She had had a swell time in Europe, and more than that she had done some thinking. Away from Hollywood she discovered that she had been bringing all this tragedy upon herself—she had been taking her work, her private life, and herself too seriously. And now she did another about-face.

In the few short weeks that she and Doug spent in Europe she acquired not only a fresh dose of poise but a sense of humor and a brand new philosophy as well, a philosophy that tells her she must be impervious to the disappointments and criticisms that the days bring her.

And that's what she is like now—a well-rounded, well-balanced woman. Like all truly great people, she had to go through various stages of life to become at last the woman she is.

And now—what next for Joan? She won't stand still, I'll guarantee that. She'll go on and on, for you can easily see how far she has progressed since those early days—and she is still so young.

Not very long ago I was talking to a very brilliant and intelligent man as he and I sat watching Joan at a smart Hollywood party.

"That woman can be anything she wants to be," he said. "It's my bet that when she's sixty she'll be a 'grande dame' with a coterie of worshippers at her shrine—a great lady with a salon to which everyone will be begging admission."

And I'll swear I don't think he's far wrong. That Crawford gal can—if she wants to—do anything! I know she wants to do many things—and I know she will!

More Reviews

Continued from page 65



Boots Mallory makes her movie bow opposite James Dunn in "Handle with Care."

Handle with Care

Fox

In which Boots Mallory makes her film debut, but the story is so fragile it doesn't give her much chance. Little Buster Phelps and George Ernest are the real heroes of the picture—they catch a couple of gangsters, thereby saving Jimmy Dunn's film life which paves the way for a happy ending for him and Boots. Send Junior, he'll love it!

Second-Hand Wife

Fox

Another "office-wife" makes good. Sally Eilers is the little stenographer who marries her boss, Ralph Bellamy. A good cast converts a very so-so domestic triangle story into pleasant entertainment. Helen Vinson plays a selfish ex-wife to the hilt. And Sally Eilers and Ralph Bellamy make an attractive co-starring combination.

Laughter in Hell

Universal

That ole devil chain gang again! If you like 'em brutal, here's a stiff portion. This time Pat O'Brien suffers inhuman treatment—and he can take it! Pat, who portrays a character supposed to have been born and brought up in the south, talks with his familiar brogue! Gloria Stuart makes her small part stand out.

Penguin Pool Murder

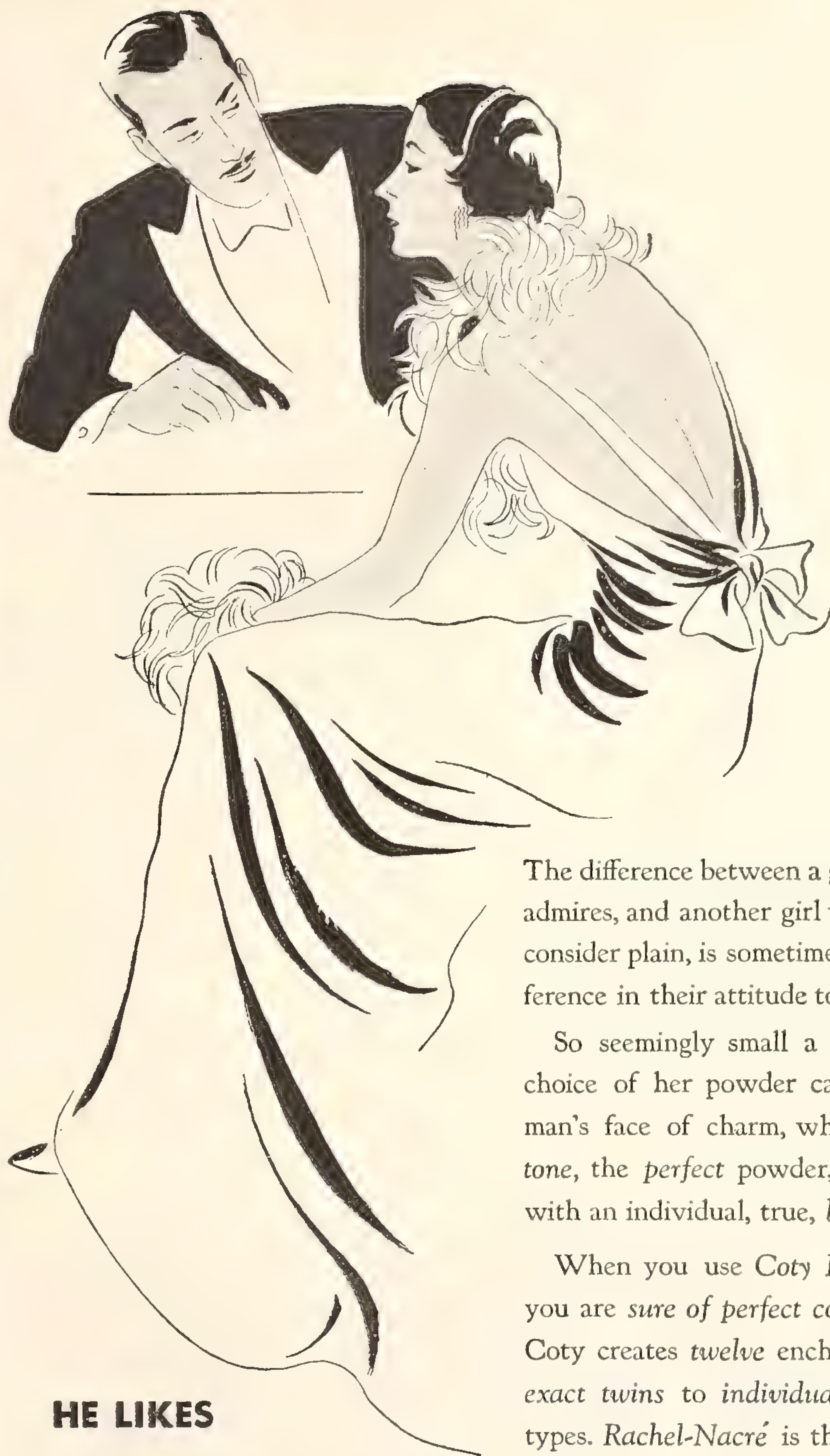
RKO-Radio

You're bound to get some wholesome laughs from the comic team of Edna Mae Oliver and James Gleason. But shame on you if you can't guess who is the murderer. The aquarium is the setting, with a penguin the only eye-witness. However, Edna Mae and Jimmy, between gags, track down the culprit. Mae Clarke gives her usual capable performance.

Hello, Everybody

Paramount

Here, you Kate Smith radio fans, is your chance to see a lot of the singin' gal. The story is slim but Kate has a "fat part" in it! She plays a farm-girl who saves her village from the clutches of the Big Business. The romantic angle is supplied by Sally Blane and Randolph Scott. And, of course, songs by the inimitable Kate. You'll be singing "Moon Song."



HE LIKES

THIS CHARM WHICH

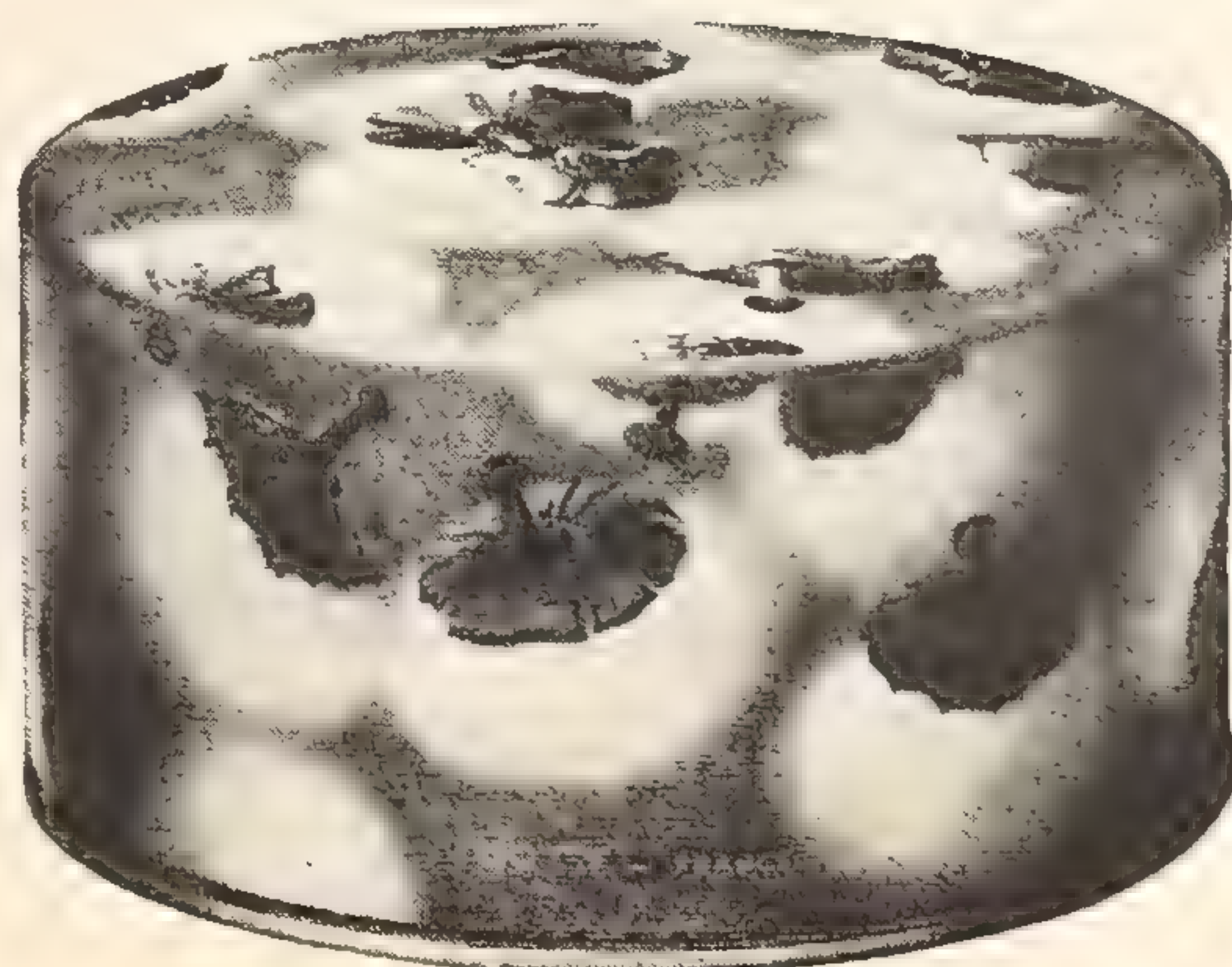
IS YOURS ALONE

The difference between a girl every one admires, and another girl whom people consider plain, is sometimes just the difference in their attitude toward details.

So seemingly small a thing as the choice of her powder can rob a woman's face of charm, while the right tone, the perfect powder, endows her with an individual, true, beauty!

When you use Coty Face Powder, you are sure of perfect color blending. Coty creates twelve enchanting tones, exact twins to individual complexion types. *Rachel-Nacré* is the newest!

Reading on this page about Coty Powder, and the rare, delicate Coty fragrances—isn't half so thrilling as reading your mirror after you've applied your own true tone in Coty Face Powder. Why don't you buy the famous powder-puff box, for beauty, today?



THE

PERFECT FACE POWDER

My Most Mysterious Friend

Continued from page 27

had a good meal and this is a warm place in which to sleep overnight."

For an hour or so the mysterious one talked. He had just started practicing medicine when he was afflicted with tuberculosis. He had only a short time to live he was told, so he started off on what he called a "long last hike." He felt since the end had come that he must leave the glutted cities or choke to death, and go out and wander under the big mantle of the sky, over broad plains and great deserts, climb mountains—until death called. But the longer he traveled, wandering the country over, the stronger he grew and the better he felt until one day he found himself well again.

"Well," I asked at this point in his story, "why didn't you start all over again? Why do this—"

"Because I can no longer help it," he answered, staring steadily at me. "During these years I have become just a bum. The gypsy taint has entered into my veins and I keep pushing on—new scenes—new people—always wandering—" Then defiantly, "You cannot know what it is. You are a mere babe. The open road has a fascination beyond anything else."

"Son," he added, and there was something stirring in his voice—"Get out and hit the big trail. You are not meant for this. Don't let life stifle you. But do as I say, not as I have done. As you travel find out somewhere, someplace, the thing you were made to do and then do it. Concentrate and settle down after seeing with real vision the course set out for you to follow. The world is your oyster if you only know when it is in your hand. But do not let the song of the vagabond get you as it has got me. Despite what I have said, you will probably turn out to be a bum just like me!"

The next morning the section boss looked

for the stranger. But he was gone. The boss asked if he had left any word with me, as we had been seen chatting together. I protested innocence. "Just another bum," was the foreman's comment. "It is about time we quit feeding and sleeping those blankety blanks."

But the stranger had sown mental seeds in me that found fertile ground. I must be on my way to the open road—and adventure. I would find out what the world had to offer. So with a pal, whom I had converted to my way of thinking, I went to New York City and signed up on a Standard Oil Tanker.

During the next two and a half years we saw plenty, but easily fell into ways that were doing us more harm than good. Unceasingly the oil tankers plied down the Atlantic coast, through the canal and up the Pacific coast. It all became a monotonous routine that brought us nowhere.

The stranger's words, "—find out somewhere, someplace, the thing you were made to do. Don't let the song of the vagabond get you as it has got me!" kept ringing in my ears.

So when the tanker docked at the Battery in New York City we left it. Improvident, we had only a few cents left of our pay, the last port having filched us of most of our savings. It was a cold winter's day and we both felt the need of shelter. A few feet away was the Aquarium, with a "welcome" sign for visitors. Into its warmth we went out of the freezing cold.

We stalled for a few minutes looking from tank to tank, when suddenly on approaching the big tank in which were the seals, I heard a familiar voice. I stopped dead in my tracks.

There stood my man of mystery—a self-appointed lecturer, holding a crowd of some

twenty-five people spell-bound while he gave a dissertation on the life and habits of the seal. He was dressed pretty much as I had seen him last, shabbily yet neatly, except for the addition of a camel's hair overcoat. He held forth with Latin terms and natural history facts on the species for ten minutes. It was a thrilling lecture, couched in the best English.

At its close I strolled up to him and extended my hand. He regarded me exactly as if two and a half years had not elapsed since our last meeting, and as if it were only last evening we had talked together.

"Boy," he said, "glad to see you, but why these clothes?" He looked at my pal's and my denim overalls. Then before either of us could answer, "Come," he said, "you will be my guests for dinner."

He escorted us to a nearby restaurant.

Scarcely anything was said during the meal for our host concentrated on his food. Then, as he took his final sip of coffee, he asked: "Now tell me about yourself."

I gave him a description of what had happened since we last saw each other: life aboard the oil tanker, ashore, and the bad end to everything—broke and penniless.

"I told you once," he rasped, "not to let the song of the vagabond get you. Travel far if you like, but find the thing to do. New York is, to many, the lap of the gods. Into it are thrown many gifts for them who will only see. Stay here and study it well before you move on. But—you will probably turn out to be a bum, just like me. What is the use of telling you all this?"

He snapped his fingers for the check with the air and manner of Lord Chesterfield. Receiving his change, he turned his attention to us.

"I assume you are broke, so here is a dollar for each of you. You can get a bed for fifteen cents at McCleary's, across the way."

"Aren't you coming with us," I asked, "or won't we see you tomorrow?"

"Maybe so, maybe not," he said, rising to his feet, and lifting a glass of water. He saluted: "Here's to our next meeting, wherever it may be."

He left us standing in front of the restaurant.

"A queer gink, that," muttered my pal.

"Maybe so, maybe not," I replied, absent-mindedly, for again he had left me the clue to my next move along life's path. If New York was the lap of the gods, I meant to have intelligence enough to be around when the gifts fell. I would snuff myself out before I would become a bum.

In the next three years, I had found myself in the theatre. From carrying a spear, I rose to bits, to parts, and then on into leads. I had truly gotten some of the gifts the stranger had mentioned so casually. And I had found the thing I was made to do. Besides, there had been a sop to my wanderlust. I had traveled the country over in stock in between New York engagements.

Our company moved to Atlantic City to open a new show. The first day we rehearsed far into the evening. Then, rehearsal finished, I decided to saunter along the Boardwalk.

In one of the places that lined the walk, there was an exhibit of incubator babies—an educational affair. I stepped over the door sill, and pushed forward as near as possible to where the lecturer stood. That worthy acknowledged my arrival with a wry smile. It was the mysterious stranger!



These three happy smiles tell the story! Doug Fairbanks, Jr., made a special trip East to see his mother, Mrs. Jack Whiting, with Mrs. Whiting is her husband, a star of the musical comedy stage. All three enjoyed a pleasant holiday in New York.

When he had concluded his talk, he hurried toward me and grabbed my hand.

"I'm in a great hurry," he said, "so pardon me if I hustle off immediately. But tell me what you are doing."

I explained that I was playing the lead with a company at one of the Atlantic City theatres, and would have said more had he not stopped me.

"Must be off, old lad, really must," he remarked. "May see you at the theatre. Sorry to hear you are an actor. But then I always knew you'd become a bum!"

Before I could halt him, he was off—lost in the crowds.

I was disappointed, for there was much that I wanted to tell him. But I consoled myself with the thought that he really did not mean what he had said—that it was only his peculiar ironic sense of humor that had led him to make the remark. I felt sure I would see him again shortly.

But he did not reappear at the incubator baby display. Nor did he come to the theatre.

Two years later I was affluent enough to make a trip to Europe, and for a few months, I gloried in the sights of Berlin, Rome and Paris. But all good things must end, so I left a gay party given in my honor on the last night in Paris, to board the boat train for Cherbourg.

Seated in my compartment, I was waiting for the train to pull out, when my attention was attracted to a couple saying their *adieux*. The parting was a tearful one on the girl's part, and she was both tender and delicious in her clinging affection. The man took her into his arms, again and again trying to stem her tears and kiss them away. I could not hear what they were saying, but gathered from the attitude of each that here was no ordinary romance, but something that meant as much grief as ecstasy to each. I could not see the faces of the man or girl, but I watched fascinated.

Again and again, she would move as if to board the train, and then, animated by a change of mind, rush back to him and cling more closely. At last the train began to move and the girl stood on the steps. The man ran alongside, holding onto her hand and talking passionately, until the pace grew too fast for him, and he had to let go.

As he drew up parallel with my window, he glanced up and saw me. An expression of amazement swept over his face, followed by a smile of greeting.

He was my mysterious stranger!

I gibbered back at him in my excitement, and almost pushed my face through the pane, for the window had stuck in my attempt to open it, that I might talk with him. Just as we drew out of sight, the look on his face changed to one of annoyance, and my last view was of his fist as he shook it in my direction.

"At last I have you, my bucko!" I thought to myself. "I know what you meant when you shook your fist at me. You might just as well have said: 'Lay off my girl, you cuckoo!' I will, but the lady will tell me in the morning who you are, and we shall settle accounts."

I was certain I would find the little bird the next day, and, if not then, I would certainly meet her aboard ship, for the grief of the parting augured that she was leaving him to be separated by nothing less than the broad Atlantic.

But in the morning she was gone, and a six-day search over the liner in the first, second, and third class cabins, failed to locate her. She had disappeared, and again I had lost the trail of the mysterious stranger.

Our paths will cross again. Of that I am sure. I think it is so written, and as irrevocable as Fate itself!

THE MAGIC OF SPRING is in this new make-up

Here come the enchanting new shades in make-up to light you to youth and springtime beauty! Enchanting new shades in lipsticks, and powders, and rouges—created by Helena Rubinstein, genius of the cosmetic world. Red Poppy! Doesn't it sound gay—light-hearted? Peachbloom! Doesn't it whisper youth—naivete? And these bright touches of color by Helena Rubinstein carry their beauty right to your lips, your cheeks, your eyes. They're marvelously flattering to everyone who wears them—and the lovelier she is to start with, the lovelier this new make-up makes her.

POWDERS THAT BRUSH YOUR CHEEK WITH WILL-O'-THE-WISP LIGHTNESS

Their texture is soft and lovely! They cling like veils of mist! And they come in the most alluring shades—Helena Rubinstein's famous powders including the new springlike Peachbloom, a special blend that flatters women of every age, every type. You'll adore Peachbloom. And Water Lily Powder, in this new shade, now appears not only in the star-topped red box but in a new spring costume as well, a box of shimmering gold. Powders, 1.00, 1.50

LIPSTICKS BLOSSOM OUT IN SPRING-LIKE COLORINGS

All lipsticks by Helena Rubinstein are noted for the fact that they nourish as well as beautify whatever lips they touch, young or old. And they are equally noted for having no purplish undertones. The new Red Poppy lipstick, light, youthful. Red Coral, medium-tone. Red Raspberry, natural. Red Geranium, orange-tinged. .50, 1.00. The marvelous new Automatic Lipstick that works like a flash and comes in those enchanting cases and the new jewel-like petite Chatelaine are 1.00 each.

ROUGES THAT BRING THE BLUSH OF YOUTH TO YOUR CHEEK

Red Raspberry rouge, Helena Rubinstein's first great color triumph is a unique shade in both cream and compact rouge; for Red Raspberry gives such natural glowing color to the cheeks . . . color that is enchanting—altogether alluring. Helena Rubinstein's newest color triumph is the youthful new Red Poppy rouge which has flowered forth for spring. And Red Geranium and the new Red Coral are so smart! . 1.00

GREENS AND BLUES GIVE SPRINGTIME LURE TO EYE MAKE-UP

To add the final touch of enchantment to your spring make-up, make your eyes as fascinating as they can be with Iridescent Eye Shadow, green, blue or blue-green. Eyelash Grower and Darkener, and Helena Rubinstein's Persian Eyeblack (Mascara). . . . Each, 1.00

MAKE-UP ALONE WILL NOT MAKE BEAUTY

A little Helena Rubinstein home beauty treatment every day will make you look ten times better than if you simply try to disguise a bad skin or lines and wrinkles with make-up.

CLEANSE with Pasteurized Face Cream which penetrates deep into the pores where lines and wrinkles are born . . . cleanses, purifies, soothes and refreshes. . . . 1.00

NOURISH-STIMULATE with Youthifying Tissue Cream which contains youthifying herbs that awaken the skin, nourish the tissues, iron out wrinkles. . . . Tube, 1.00. Jar, 2.00, 3.50

TONE-BRACE with Skin Toning Lotion. It closes the pores, firms the skin texture, 1.25, 2.50. If your skin is very dry, use Anti-Wrinkle Lotion (Extrait). It erases crowsfeet and lines. An excellent powder foundation. 1.25, 2.50

If you have an oily skin, large pores and blackheads, wash with Helena Rubinstein's famous Beauty Grains instead of soap. . . .50, 1.00

If your skin is sallow or lifeless, use Helena Rubinstein's marvelous Skin Clearing Cream (Beautifying Skinfood). It whips up circulation, clears away tan, light freckles, sallowness and skin imperfections. . . . 1.00, 2.50

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Ask Me

Continued from page 8.

Claudia S. Ah me, and a-lack-a-day! What a year for dark handsome villains on the screen! George Raft has stopped many an evening dish-washing bee for mother. But she doesn't mind—she goes along to the nearest cinema palace to get another look at George in "Night After Night" or "Under-Cover Man." George was born in New York City. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. He was on the stage before appearing in pictures in 1931. He has several popular screen successes to his credit, among them "Quick Millions," "Dancers in the Dark" and "Scarface."

Molly S. Taking this opportunity to welcome all new friends of SCREENLAND, you and you and you. If you get as much pleasure out of my column as I do in giving it to you, we'll be all set for years and years. Your favorite, Ralph Bellamy, was born in Chicago, Ill., on June 17, 1904. He has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 178 pounds. He was married to Katherine Willard in 1931. He has played in "Surrender," "Almost Married," "Young America," "Disorderly Conduct," "The Woman in Room 13," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Wild Girl" and "Air Mail."

Peggy. If I answer just half of your questions, you'll be happy. What will you be if I answer all of them? Lew Ayres has dark brown hair and blue eyes. His first screen rôle was with Greta Garbo in "The Kiss." His current release is "State Fair" with Janet Gaynor and Will Rogers. Norma Shearer was born August 10, 1904. She was married to Irving Thalberg on October 6, 1927, and their son, Irving Jr. was born August 24, 1930. Principals in the cast of "Honor Among Lovers" were Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Charlie Ruggles, Monroe Owsley and Ginger Rogers. William Haines was born Jan. 1, 1900. He is not married. He is good old wise-cracking Bill in his latest picture, "Fast Life," with Madge Evans and Cliff Edwards.

Merry-Lee. What an array of new faces on the screen to fascinate us. Have you seen Diana Wynyard in "Cavalcade" and Miriam Jordan in "Sherlock Holmes?" These two beautiful English girls are bidding for our favor. Then there is Boots Mallory who plays with James Dunn in "Handle With Care;" Mae West from N'Yawk who wins us over with her *Maudie Triplett* in "Night After Night;" Lyda Roberti, the peppy blonde of "The Kid from Spain," and Elizabeth Allan, who played with Leslie Howard in "Reserved for Ladies."

Curious. You like us because we always give the deserving little girls in pictures a great big hand. Here is a loud one for Sylvia Sidney, who has given us "City Streets," "An American Tragedy," "Confessions of a Co-Ed," and "Street Scene." One of her unforgettable portrayals on the stage was in "Crime" with Chester Morris, Robert Montgomery, Kay Johnson and Kay Francis, all of whom are now prominent in the motion picture world. Sylvia was born August 8, 1910, in New York City. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 104 pounds, has dark brown hair and very attractive eyes that are blue-green with pupil-points of golden brown. Her next picture will be "Pick Up."



Lilian Harvey and two other players of continental films, snapped on the beach near Berlin before Lilian sailed for America to make pictures for Fox. Of course you recognize "I'll Lil" in the jaunty white pajamas at the right. Center, Willy Fritsch, popular German male star; and the lady at the left is Camilla Horn, whom you will remember for her silent films over here.

Kitten B. It's just a matter of opinion as to the best dressed woman in Hollywood—we all have our favorites. Pick your own. Joan Crawford's latest release was "Rain" with Walter Huston, William Gargan, Guy Kibbe, Matt Moore, and Beulah Bondi. Miss Bondi will be remembered in "Street Scene." William Gargan will bear watching as a coming rave. Your favorite, Joan Crawford, was married June 3, 1929, to Douglas Fairbanks Jr. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Sue Carol hasn't made a picture for some time—too busy looking after Carol Lee Stuart, the pride and joy of the Nick Stuart household. At this writing she's launching a personal appearance tour. Loretta Young is 20 or so years old, weighs 100 pounds and is 5

feet 3½ inches tall—and very beautiful!

Louise B. I haven't a record of Bruce Line since he appeared in "Forbidden Adventure." Junior Coghlan's latest pictures were "Union Depot," "Race Track," and "Hell's House." Junior was born March 16, 1916, in New Haven, Conn. He has brown eyes and hair. Sue Carol is 5 feet 2 inches tall and Jean Harlow is 5 feet 3 inches. Gene Raymond was born in New York City of French parentage. He has blue eyes, real blonde hair, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 157 pounds. His family name is Guion but as it was never pronounced alike by any two persons, he decided to change it for the screen. His film début was made in "Personal Maid" with Nancy Carroll.

The Public Be Heard

Continued from page 6

LET SWELL ENOUGH ALONE! (Fourth Prize Letter)

Just what are they trying to do with that strangely interesting Hepburn girl? Her initial screen performance was a rare treat—one I had hoped to experience again in her next picture. Now my hopes grow dimmer.

Why, oh why, begin to change her unique character when we've just been fortunate enough to find her? In other words, why call her "another Garbo"? Why even hint that the personalities of the two are similar? That they have the same characteristics, the same appeal?

We don't want another Garbo! Not after seeing Hepburn's first performance. We want her to be given a fair opportunity to show us the Hepburn personality—the Hepburn appeal—without any Garbo interference. She has already given us a mighty good sample.

Catherine Salem,
4310—44th St.,
Sunnyside, L. I.

THE FINER SIDE OF FILMS

Severe critics of motion pictures maintain that movies have a powerful negative influence on minds in the formative stage. It is surprising, as well as regrettable, that they refuse to admit the equally good influence wielded by the films.

Motion pictures, in my opinion, have steadily improved during the past few years. Surely such fine qualities as honesty, dignity, chivalry, virtue and truthfulness cannot be overlooked when taking an inventory of the good and evil influences of motion pictures. When vice is forced into the foreground, it is usually for the purpose of stressing the advisability of doing right. And what's "negative" about that?

Producers and directors are to be congratulated for emphasizing the finer virtues, which are usually triumphant in our modern motion pictures.

Anna Breen Nutt,
Box E.,
California, Pa.

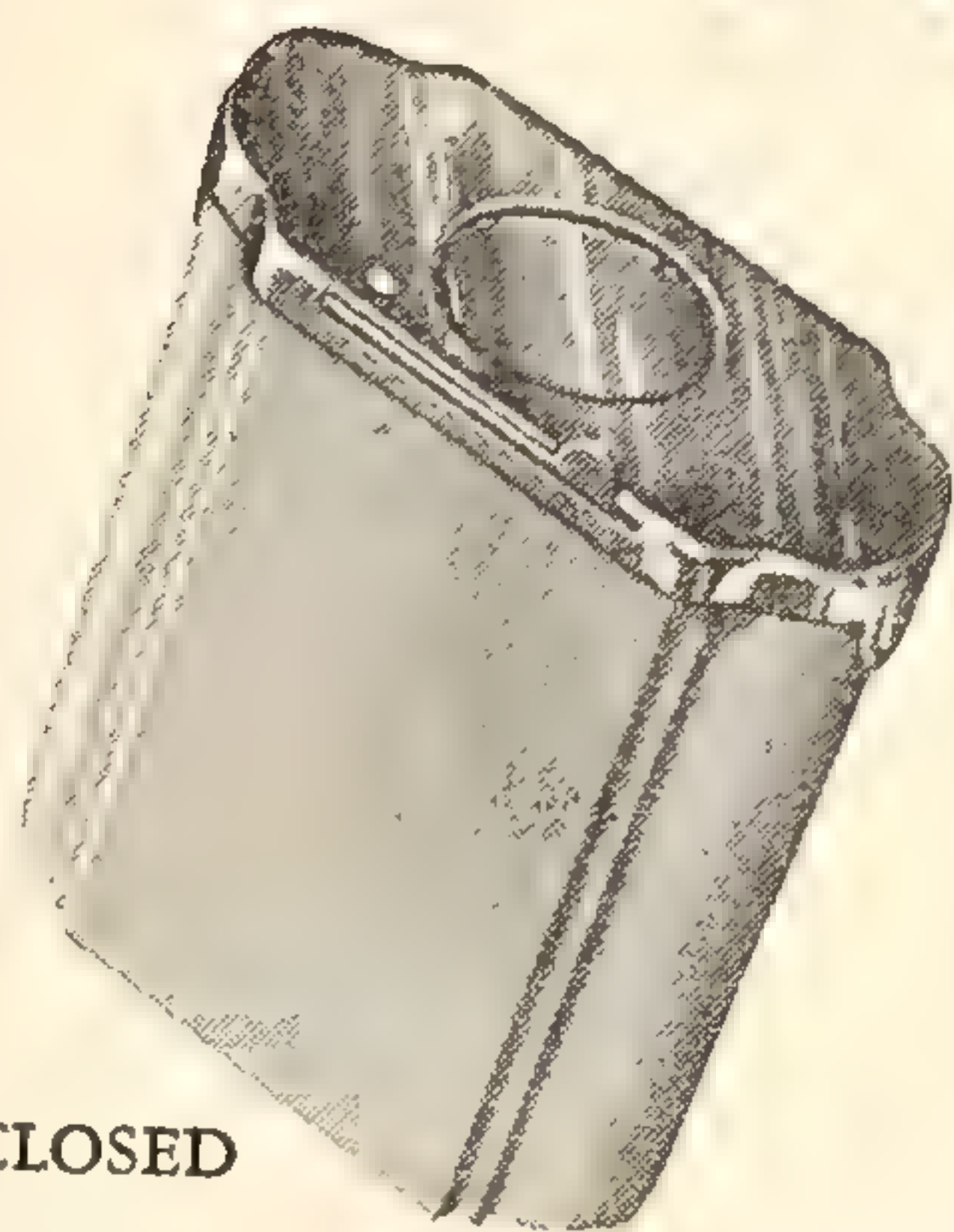
DO MOVIES MOULD CHARACTER?

Everyone knows by now that the movies carry great influence; but I often wonder whether the skilled craftsmen of film land realize themselves just how much influence they really do wield. I am a fair specimen of the fellow who calls himself an average moviegoer, and when I walk out of a theatre I find myself trying to emulate the hero of the film. I walk with his gait, and unconsciously imitate his mannerisms. Of course all that wears off in a little while, but who can tell how deeply my subconscious mind has been affected by what I have experienced?

Because I am just one of thousands who are so influenced, I believe picture people should take stock every once in a while of the weight their work carries. No propaganda—but let their stories be of real people, good or bad—and let them ring true!

Frank M. Baker,
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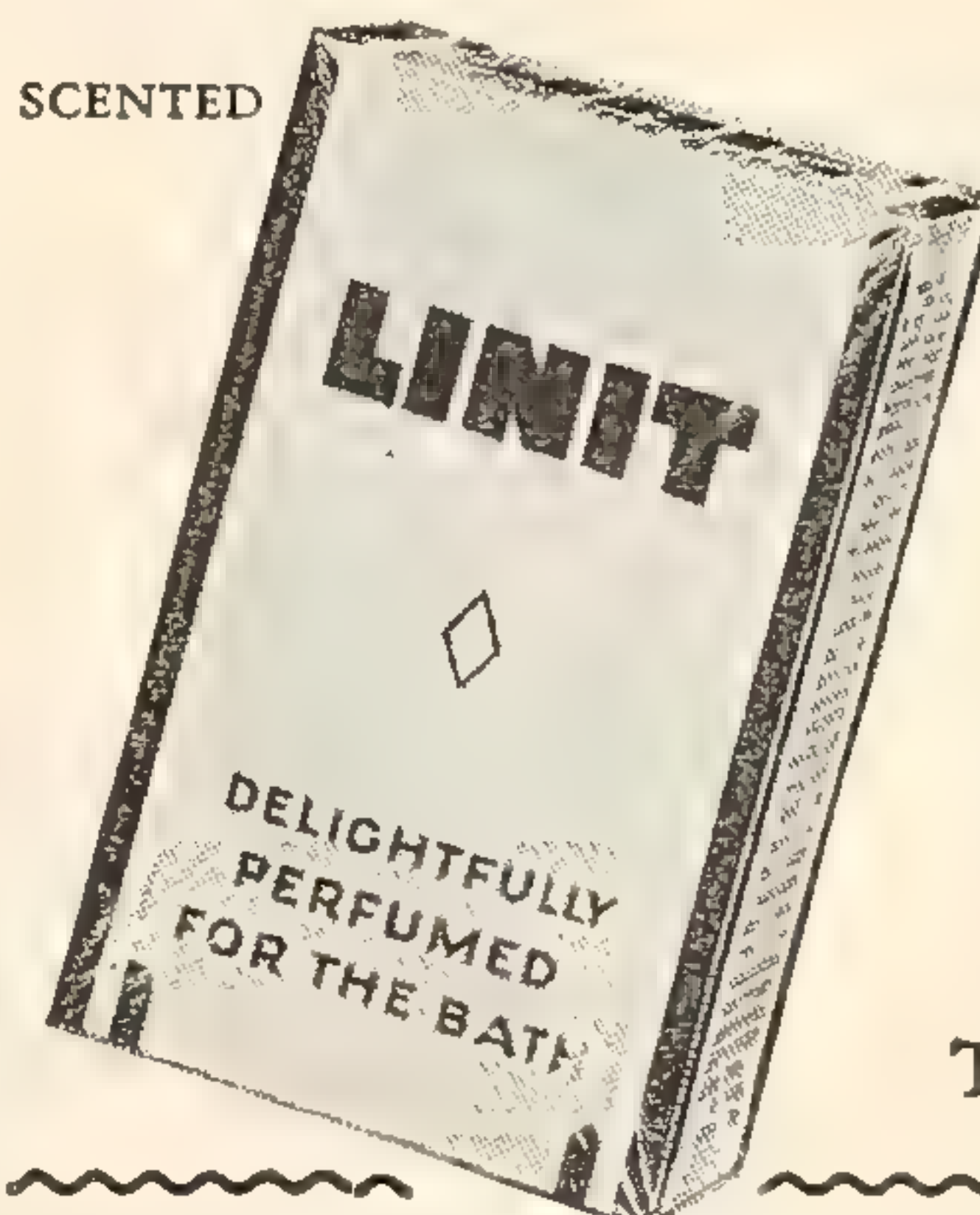
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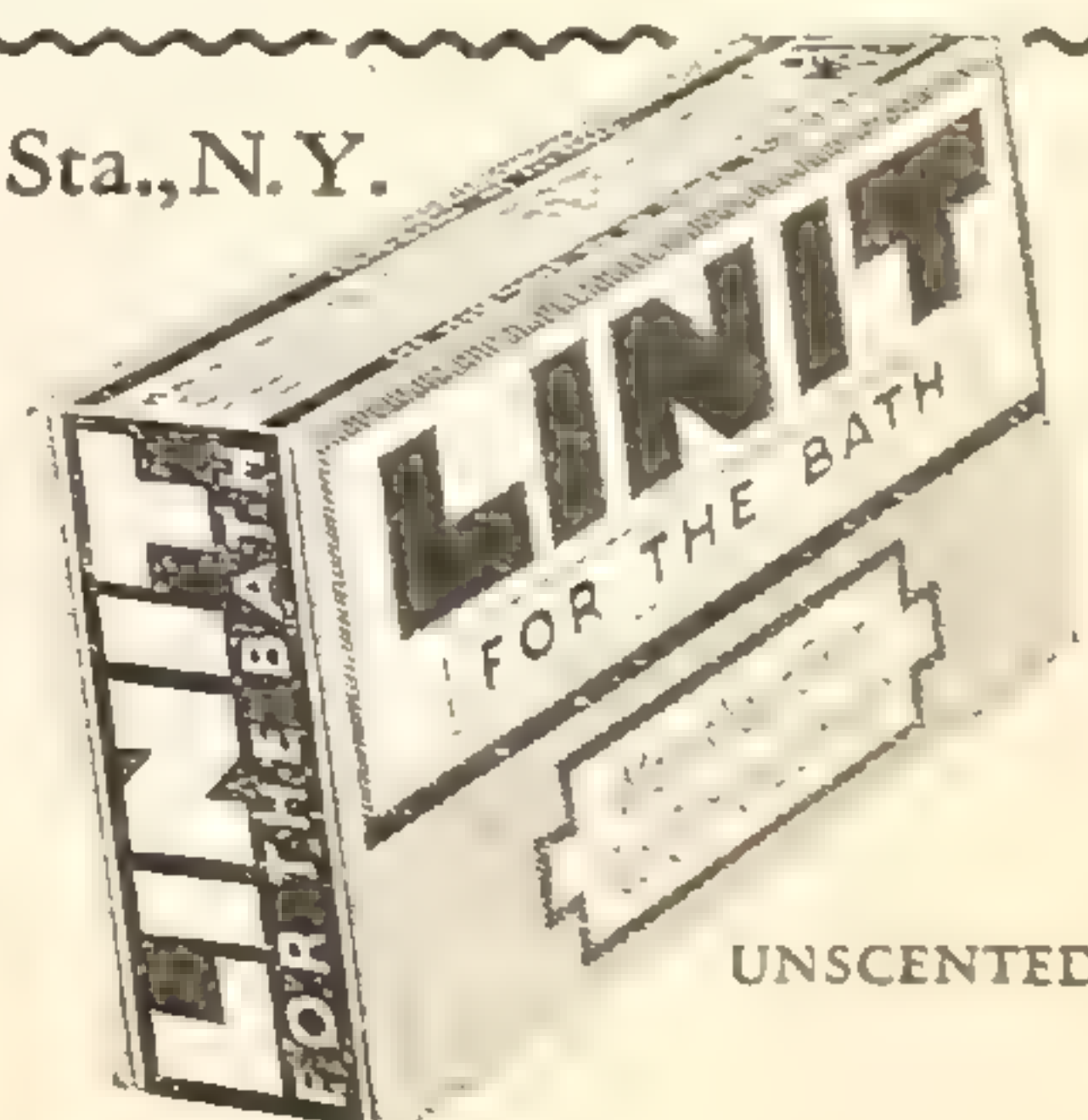
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Exposing Hollywood's Latest "Triangle"

Continued from page 25

their former sheltered life. They have changed, grown up.

Today Buddy is twenty-eight. He's considerably heavier and filling out his tall frame gives him a mature physique. His face has taken on interesting lines, indicating more character. Success as a Ziegfeld star, as a swanky hotel dance maestro, as a vaudeville magnet and as a number one radio entertainer has endowed him with a pleasing sureness.

Don't catalog him as a mama's boy. Because he has evidenced good taste and good manners, don't assume he's never had his moments. It's never been publicized, but the truth is that Buddy didn't learn the facts of life from the bees—or books. If you know what I mean! His virtue has been over-emphasized and his business acumen overlooked.

He earned his way through college and has been steadily increasing his wages ever since. While away from the talkies he averaged almost \$5,000 a week from his hotel and broadcasting work. He did nine weeks of personal appearances this last Winter for \$6,000 each. Not so gaga, eh?

Beautiful femmes have always flocked around him. And he has never let one of them interfere with his career. As a college freshman he had only three dates in the entire year, having arranged to play in an orchestra every Friday and Saturday night. Seven years ago he left the University of Kansas to go movie. Followed immediate exposure to myriads of lovely ladies.

Claire Windsor, a reigning beauty when Buddy came West, intrigued him. She was famous, poised, and he, a veritable *Merton*, was much impressed by her kindness in bothering with him. His studio objected to the difference in their ages and their friendship had to remain platonic. They are still friends.

June Collyer was another of Buddy's girl friends for a while and she and Mary Brian were reputedly maneuvering for his affection. This was also a press "triangle." June chose Stu Erwin, and Mary is god-mother to June's Stuart, Jr.

Prominent debts have been listed in Buddy's date-books. He spasmodically rushes various blue bloods, when not concerned



Hocus-pocus! If it isn't Professor Warren William, all wrapped up in occult mystery for his crystal-gazing rôle in "Mind Reader". Looks like a typically exciting William part. You must admit the Professor knows how to choose his "props."

with Mary. Dat ol' debil career has apparently ensnared him. M-G-M wanted to manage his come-back, but the deal was killed when the studio asked for a share of his stage and radio salaries.

Since Mary Pickford agrees with him that he deserves whatever he can get in these fields himself, he will be re-introduced under her auspices in her "Shantytown." She has suggested a long-term contract and if he is persuaded on this course she will loan him to the other companies whenever good parts are offered.

"I don't think a girl would want to marry a man who'll be on the jump as much as I'll be," Buddy argues. "When I'm not working in Hollywood I'll be busy on the stage or radio." (Yet I think any number of girls would take the chance!) "As for my acting future, I am convinced I got my necessary push in silents as Mary Pickford's leading man in 'My Best Girl,' and I'm counting on the luck to repeat!"

Let's leave Buddy for the heroine of this tale.

Mary Brian is as lovely an ingénue as she was when she burst upon our vision nine years ago in "Peter Pan." That alone speaks for her ability. And the dumb don't last like that. Now, at twenty-five, she is not going to be content with colorless rôles any longer.

To get her reputation as our most-remembered-engaged actress, what has she done? She isn't exotic or mysterious and she doesn't wear funny eyebrows. She doesn't entertain to any extent, nor set styles. She isn't athletic or musical. Just a girl men want to marry!

Glenda Farrell, that grand stage import who is a person of cosmopolitan experience, is perhaps Mary's best feminine friend, and I went to her for an opinion.

"Most folks have Mary all wrong!" Glenda emphasized. "They assume she leaves a trail of broken hearts behind her simply because she is young and pretty. Why, the town's full of sweet young things who bore you to death after the first meeting!"

"No, I credit Mary's social success to her brilliance, her wit, and her sincerity. These are her outstanding characteristics. Every man adores to talk to her, to be with her because she has a definite, clever mind and is perfectly honest.

"The reason no man has ever convinced her she should marry is that she is not what she has so often appeared in films. Mary is *not* the little woman type! She isn't a bit domestic. She has no wish to putter about a house, to sew or bake.

"To win her, a suitor must realize that she is terrifically ambitious. She loves to act and, having struggled for a career, she very naturally wants to continue it. And another unsuspected fact," Glenda concluded, "she isn't placid. Mary is subject to every kind of mood. And the man who out-smarts her will have to be smart enough to thoroughly understand women. He'll have to recognize her varying moods and know how to satisfy them!"

Surprised?

Come to think of it, Mary has never owned or rented a house, preferring the conveniences of an apartment. If she longs for a home and the duties thereof she could have had one long ago, for she, too, has been financially rewarded.

"I've never had any of those hectic love affairs," she said to me a little apologetically when I quizzed her directly. "Nor any fights with boy friends. Even after we drift apart they come around sooner or later or call up. Certainly I would like to fall in love with a man who would mean so much to me that I'd forget about pictures. But—! I haven't found him yet.

"Acting is such a satisfaction that when

I'm not working I have the jitters!" Which reminds me that Dick Powell chided her the other night, "The trouble with you, Mary, is that when you're working you're too tired to have fun at night, and when you're not working you have the fidgets too bad to let go!"

"Parties don't excite me particularly," this belle of our best parties says. "No dance or date could top a day in a studio. Everything or anything can happen on the sets. And generally does. It's like celebrating all day!"

The fact that she has many dates with non-professionals has escaped the columnists' eager eyes.

Immediate marriage may not be in Dick's mind, yet he is pretty crazy about Mary. If she said yes—? He said he was in "the dog-house" when he hadn't seen her for a week. Life was just a bowl of blues!

A peppy individual, Dick is in great favor when Mary is in gay spirits. He never tires. She gets sleepy and wants to hie for home soon after midnight. Polly Ann Young and other movie girls step out with him when Mary is busy.

"Trying to make a spot for yourself in Hollywood doesn't exactly win you a welcome from the established actors," Dick admitted. "Buddy has been particularly kind and I appreciate it. Of course, we really get a lot of laughs over this 'rivalry.' The last time Buddy went out with Mary he 'phoned me and asked if I didn't want to come along!"

"That house I had near Buddy's was too large when my parents left, so I moved into this place that May Robson used to have." It is closer in to Hollywood and impressed me as a fine setting for a handsome young bachelor the morning I called upon Dick for his true confessions.

"My ambition is to make good as an actor. Then to work half the time here and half singing on the stage in the East." Discovered by Warners as a master of ceremonies in their Pittsburgh theatre, he is the same age as Buddy and it's a toss-up as to which is musically superior.

"Until six years ago I'd never sung jazz, having studied voice seriously. Then it struck me that light music was more profitable than singing in a choir. I'm keeping up with my lessons and practice still and I hope to develop a real concert voice. By the way, Charlie Farrell has started singing lessons from my teacher here!"

With four important leads at Warners under his belt, Dick is now being featured in "Highlights of 1933." He golfs and swims when he isn't working, practicing his scales—or trailing Mary.

So, Winchellians, you're all wet. Buddy, Mary, and Dick—*ahh!*

A grand trio. If and when they feel romantic 'neath that tempting Hollywood moon—they don't kiss. Or at least tell. Which means there's hope for admirers of anyone of the three.

Brush up on your music if you want to make any headway with Mary. For besides her gentlemen callers being handsome and bright, nine times out of ten they are orchestra leaders! Her own brother has felt the influence of so many maestros calling on sis and is now conducting a dance band after banking hours.

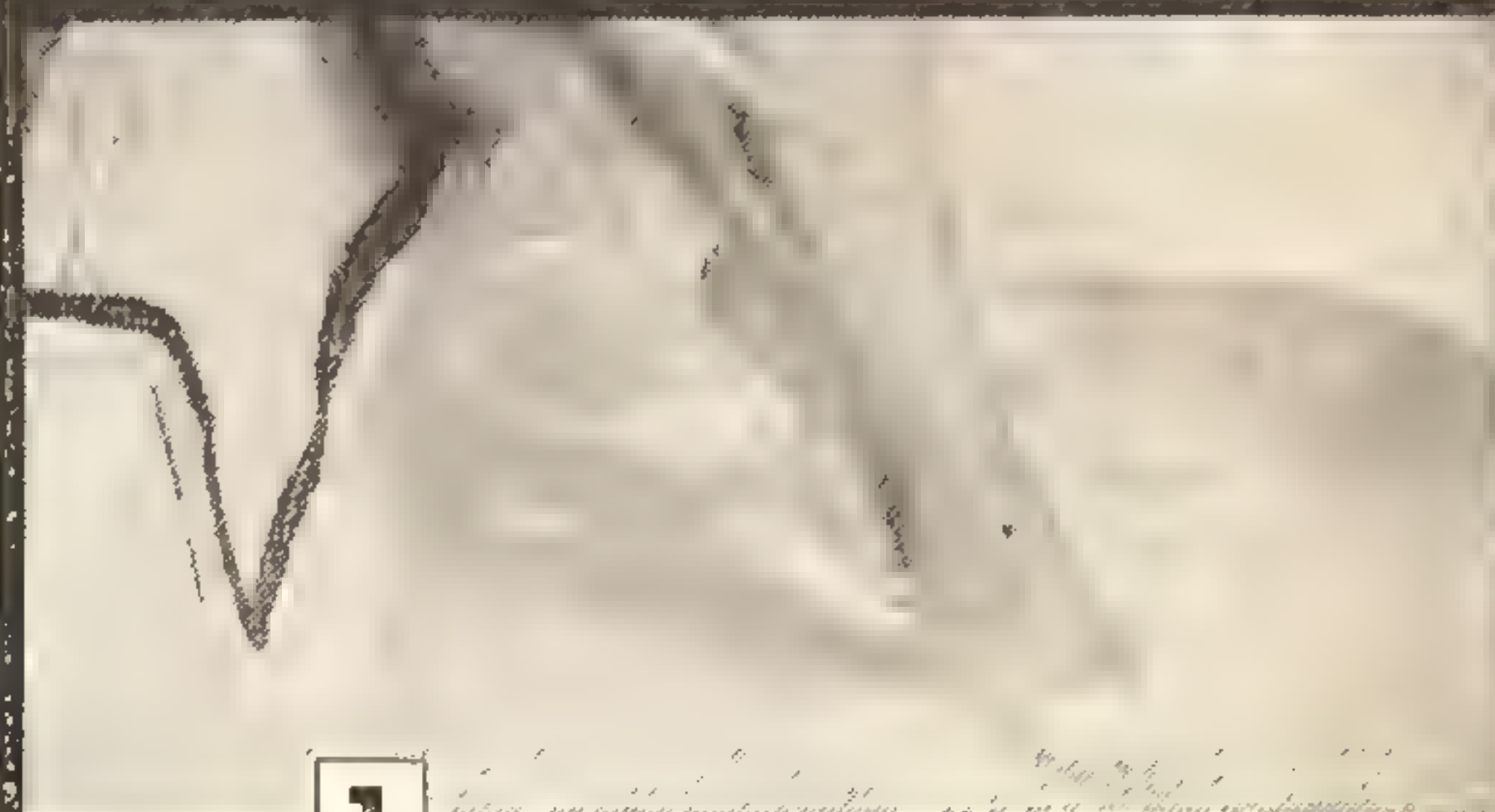
When Buddy or Dick won't advise him, Fred Waring (of Waring's Pennsylvanians) will. Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you that Fred is veddy, veddy strong for Mary, too. And that yesterday at a fashionable tea I noted George Raft deserting the forward flirts to join Mary's court. Georgie can't play an instrument nor croon, and neither can Lee Tracy—who was spotted at the Brown Derby with Mary this noon—so I won't place any bets on their winning the girl!

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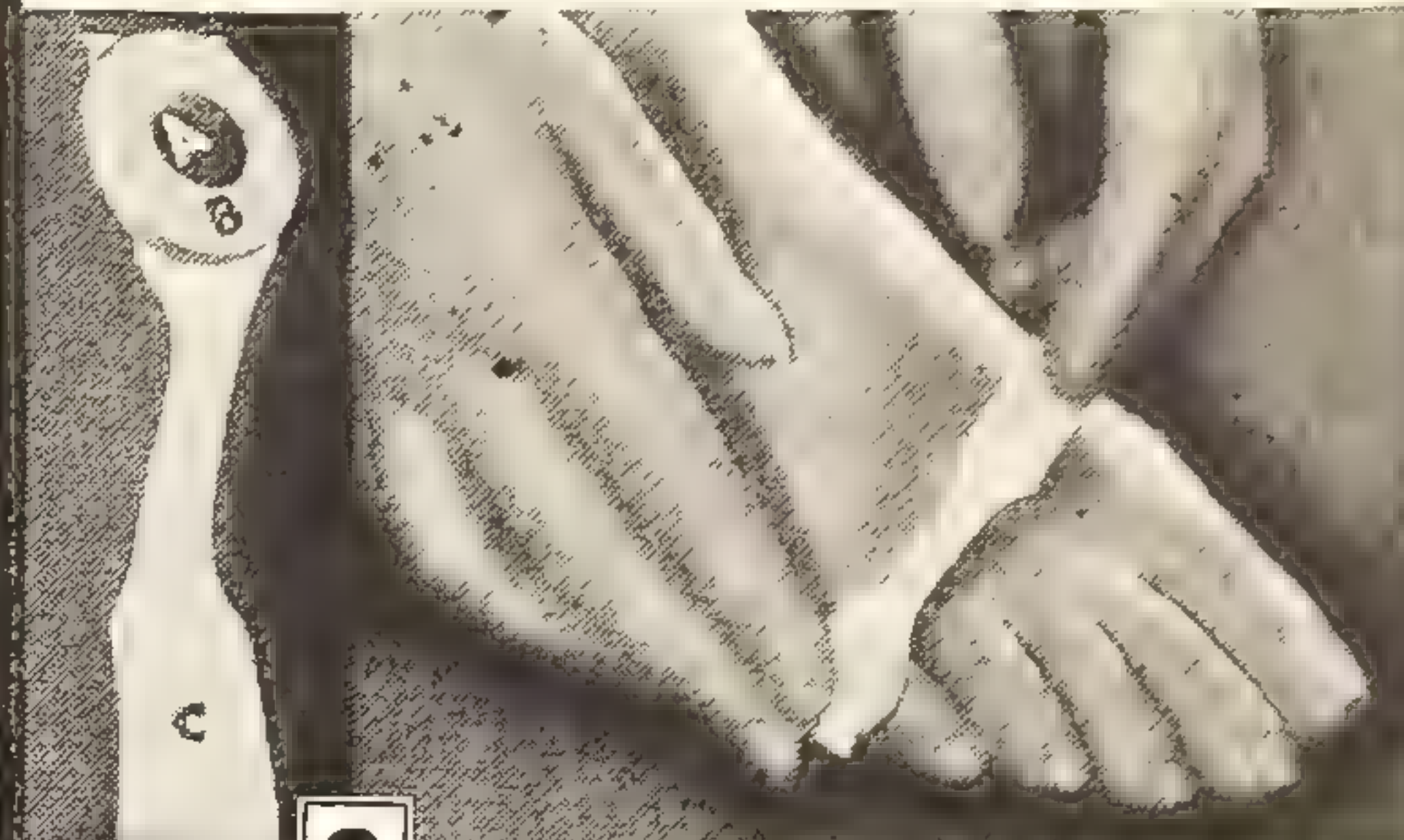
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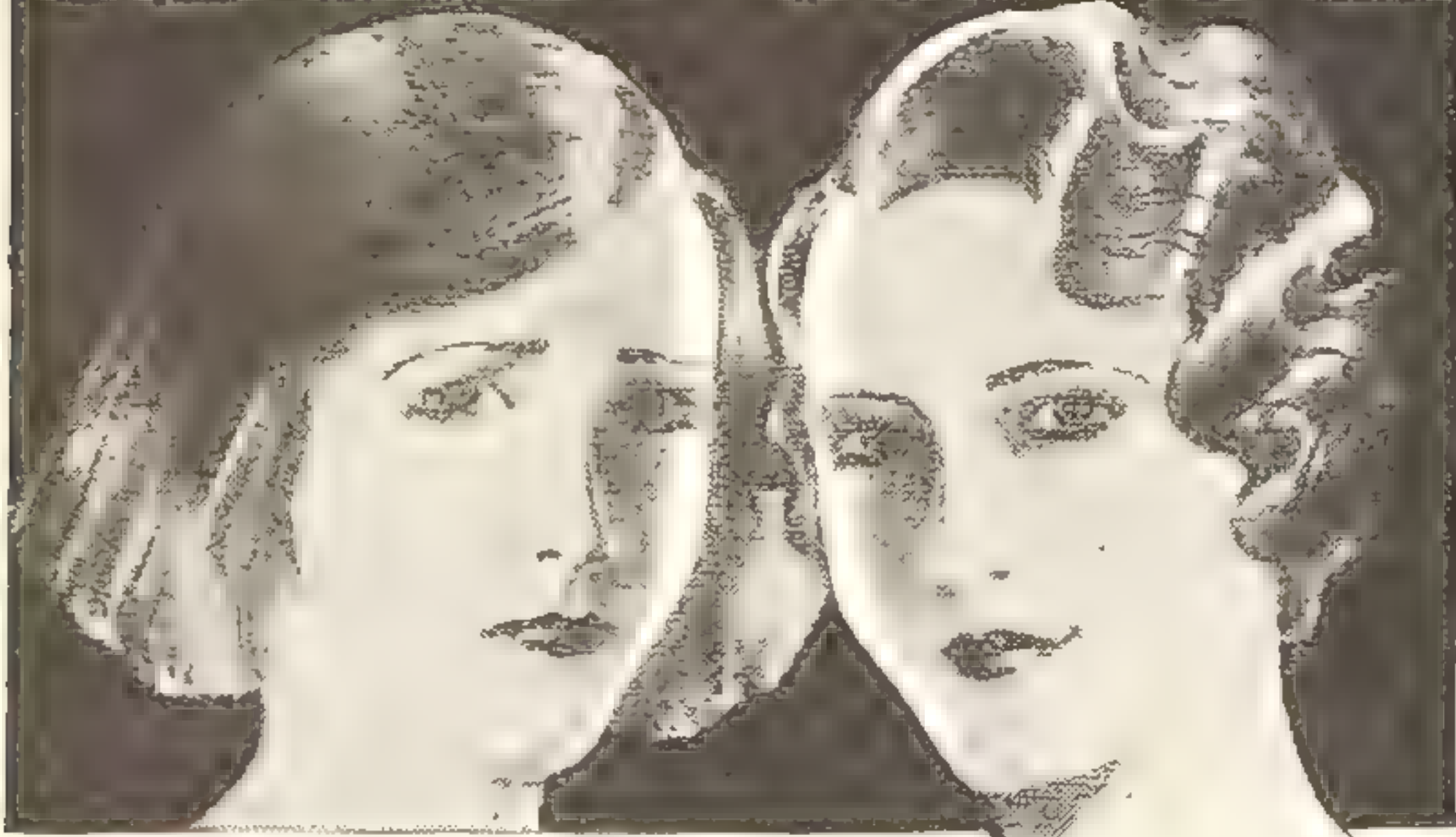
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A Director Looks at the Stars

Continued from page 33

yes, I know—she doesn't give 'em a chance. But why doesn't she? Because when she did, they wouldn't take it. Because somehow the notion had got abroad that this was the life-size, sure-fire, all-time picture of Connie Bennett and what are you going to do about it?

"All right—you can judge a person only by what that person is to you—and to me that picture of Connie Bennett's a slander. To me she's a hard-working, straight-thinking, fair-minded person with no more than her decent share of human inconsistencies. Can you call a woman self-indulgent who works without a murmur for six weeks on end from eight in the morning to midnight and later? Can you call a woman vain who's the first to recognize her own limitations—who's forever kidding her 'funny little face' and her 'funny little talent,' as she calls them—and not with the hope of being contradicted, either. She knows what she's got and she knows what she hasn't got, too—and that's what I like and respect about Connie Bennett.

"I'll tell you another person who's completely without vanity, whatever you may have heard, and that's Jack Barrymore."

Through my mind flashed the memory of something I had heard about Barrymore, which bore out Mr. Cukor's statement. He had been enthusiastic about the part of the shell-shocked husband in "A Bill of Divorcement" and eager to make the most of it. Appearing on the set for his first rehearsal, he had buttonholed Mr. Cukor.

"Listen, George," John Barrymore is alleged to have said, cocking that eyebrow, "now listen hard. If I try to do a single hammy thing in this picture, kick me, will you?—kindly but firmly, kick me!"

Whether his instructions were obeyed is not on record, but that the desired result was achieved is proven, if by no other fact than that Sister Ethel, hypercritical where any of the Barrymores are concerned, called Hilary Fairfield his finest performance.

"It's a holiday," Mr. Cukor was saying, "to have Barrymore in a film. He works like a demon, he co-operates 100 per cent, he thinks the director's a great guy, and I've never known his humor to fail him. Here's another thing. Barrymore's been called an ace scene-stealer. From my point of view there's no such thing as scene-stealing. The director's always there on the job. The thing he wants in the foreground is the thing the camera takes, and if Barrymore or any other actor seems to be stealing a scene, it's because he's better than anyone else in that scene and not because he's resorting to tricks. If he is, it's the director's fault.

"I never noticed any scene-stealing propensities in Barrymore. On the contrary. He was as keen about Hepburn's success as his own—found her exciting and stimulating to work with. It's true he teased her mercilessly—but she could take it—not only take it but bounce it right back again—and they got along like a couple of Siamese twins. As for Billie Burke—he adored her, as who didn't?

"You know Ziegfeld died while we were making that picture. We were doing a scene late one cold Friday night, when she was called to the hospital. She ran out to the car in her make-up—without a coat. She'd never told anyone how sick he was. After he died she wrote me a note: 'Please make me work hard. It'll be good for me.' She came back the following Wednesday—

got in at 6.30 to be made up and have her hair done. Just once she broke down, and then apologized to the make-up man because he had to mascara her lashes again. She's an enchanting creature, Billie Burke—" his voice softened and his eyes grew gentle as he gazed off into space—"charming—wise—a great sport—a great lady."

"Hepburn?" Cukor grinned, as the question brought him back to here and now. "Yes, she's a personality, all right—a minx, that's what she is—a paradox. Hard and tender. Cocksure about herself, yet humble about her work. Straight as a knife and slippery as a snake. But more brains than she knows what to do with—and a hard worker.

"She was a little bumptious, to begin with—as they're likely to be when they first come out. She'd argue about everything before she did it. But that wore off. She had to understand exactly what you wanted and why—couldn't do a thing mechanically just because she was told to. But when she understood, she'd do it like a saint.

"She's absolutely unselfconscious—or at any rate," he murmured thoughtfully, "she succeeds in producing that impression. Does whatever she damn pleases, and anyone who doesn't like it, too bad. She'd come to the studio in a pair of old overalls, run-over moccasins, and a tight sweater, with a kerchief knotted round her head *a la Russe*. She'd drive up in a magnificent car—though she kept insisting she didn't know where her next meal was coming from—and climb into the studio through a window. She was always telling the most fantastic lies about herself—not that she cared whether you believed 'em or not—art for art's sake—I couldn't tell you to this day whether she's a daughter of millions or a Cinderella!

"When the picture was finished, we could hardly hold her. She was sure she was rotten. As I look back on it now, it seems to me I spent all my time dragging her off the step of a train.

"I've got no money," she kept moaning, 'I've got to get back to New York and get me a job. Sooner I get there, sooner I'll eat.'

"She wouldn't go to the preview—ran away to Santa Barbara to spend the night. Thought we were kidding when we told her next day the preview report on her'd been 100 per cent.

"You know," Mr. Cukor said, breaking off suddenly, "that's one of the things I resent about the way the movies are treated—if you'll excuse my airing my views again. I resent the snooty attitude of the press—the detached, superior airs they give themselves. 'When Hepburn arrived, nobody met her but the photographer,' they say; 'now they're all making a hullabaloo about her.' Well, and why not, for Pete's sake?" cried Mr. Cukor, flinging out his arms in despair. "That's not the movies, that's life. If you're an unknown in any walk of life, you're grateful even for the photographer. If you're a celebrity, you get a hullabaloo. That wasn't invented in Hollywood. 'Now she has a patio,' they say. Good Lord, is that supposed to be funny?" he inquired plaintively. "Everyone in Hollywood has a patio. You might as well say, 'Now she has a kitchen sink.' 'We hope,' he quoted in hollow tones, "'we hope Hollywood won't spoil this exquisite girl.' Did it ever occur to them that it was the malign

influence of Hollywood, that brought 'this exquisite girl' to their august attention? Who made a fuss about her in the theatre? Who made a fuss about her in New York? She had the same talent, the same looks, the same distinction there as here. Why didn't they whoop her up then instead of waiting for Hollywood to show them the way?

"I'll tell you," he said, dropping abruptly into low, "I've been in the theatre and I've been in the movies and, taken as a whole, I think the picture people are exactly the same as the theatre people—just as smart and just as dumb. The percentage of bum movies is no greater than the percentage of bum plays—and *vice versa*. And I think it's time the picture industry rose up on its hind legs and got itself treated with some respect. Or maybe—" concluded Mr. Cukor, biting off a section of celery with the same gusto with which he talks, and beaming suddenly, "—maybe it doesn't matter. What do you think?"

It was something else I was thinking of as I took my way home. I was thinking of the things I'd heard about Mr. Cukor's popularity among the stars he has directed, of his reputation for getting the utmost from them and particularly from those who are reputed hardest to handle. I was curious to hear the other side of the story. And being curious, I asked.

"It's because I respect him and trust him," said Katharine Hepburn. "Even if he wants me to do something I feel isn't right, I'll do it because I've got more faith in him than I have in myself. Do you remember that scene in 'A Bill of Divorcement' where I ask *Aunt Hester* if insanity runs in the family? He made me do it over seventeen times and, after the seventeenth time, instead of getting peevish or bored, he came over to me and said quietly: 'Listen, kid, are you holding out on me? Because if you are, you're doing the lowest thing one human could do to another.' I wasn't. I just didn't understand what he wanted. But I was so impressed that I made a heroic effort to understand, and the eighteenth time I got it right."

"It's because he's gallant and kind," said Tallulah Bankhead, "which is enough to bring out the best in any woman. If you're tired or not up to snuff, he understands and makes things easy for you instead of acting as if you'd contrived the complete feminine anatomy as a personal affront to him. When he has a correction to make, instead of bawling it out all over the set to assert his authority or relieve his nerves, he takes the time to walk a few steps and say whatever he's got to say into your private ear. A little thing? Well, try being bellowed at for eight or ten hours a day six weeks on end, and then tell me how you feel about it."

But it was Connie Bennett who summed up the situation with simple finality.

"George Cukor's an angel," she said. "He's that rare thing—an unselfish director. He doesn't make a show of what he's giving the actor. He doesn't specialize in so-called 'directorial touches' to emphasize his own activity. He keeps himself in the background. To him the story—and consequently the people through whom the story's being told are the important thing. You know that first and foremost it's you and your part he's thinking of, so naturally—" with a little shrug, "you'll work like a slave for him, because you realize you're safer in his hands than in your own."

A log-rolling party? Maybe. But I imagine that Hollywood producers, eyeing the results of the system, might paraphrase Lincoln on the subject of General Grant: "Can you find out what dope he uses? I'd like to send a barrel to some of my other directors."



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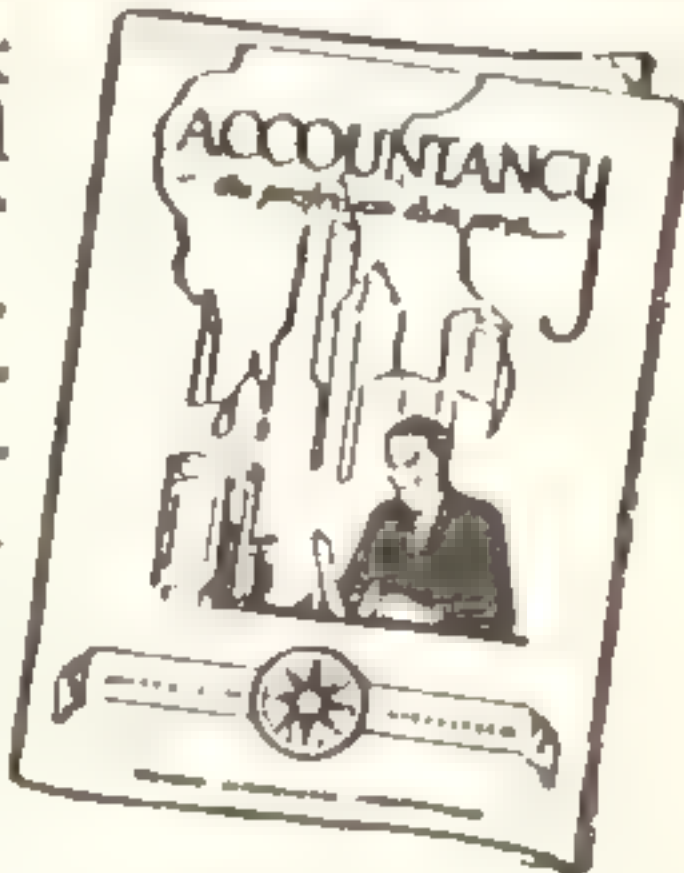
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Would you call this the "study hour" on the set? Anyway, Pat O'Brien and Gloria Stuart are both relaxing with their favorite reading matter; and besides, they're quite a study themselves! Pat looks as though he's impersonating the panic of 1907. And see what Gloria took along to read—

SCREENLAND!

Janet Gaynor's Lost Romances

Continued from page 19

witnessing a husband make love to his own wife on the screen. But the world did flock to see two sweethearts romancing, and this illusion both Janet and Charlie wished to preserve.

In 1929, the romancers commenced to drift apart. Lydell Peck, a young San Francisco attorney, was introduced to Miss Gaynor by a mutual friend, director William K. Howard. Lydell was constantly present on "Christina" sets, when Howard directed Janet in that picture, and the two of them were often invited to the director's home.

At about the same time, Farrell met Virginia Valli, and the two became deeply interested in each other. Thereafter, there began a four-sided race of romance, and as often as Miss Gaynor and Peck were seen together, equally as often did Farrell and Miss Valli appear.

But gradually, Janet and Charlie seemed to drift together again. They were like two tree limbs swirling down a stream,

separating momentarily, only to return together and cling to each other. During the production of "Sunnyside Up," in the summer of 1929, the two apparently patched up their differences and agreed to devote themselves only to each other. To this end, Miss Gaynor dismissed Peck, who returned to San Francisco.

Suddenly a bombshell exploded in Hollywood! All within a few days, Janet telephoned Peck to come for her, promising to marry him. He flew to her side at once, and within a week they were honeymooning on the high seas enroute to Hawaii.

What had brought about this amazing turn of Janet's tide of romance?

The answer, according to popular opinion, could be traced to a misunderstanding—Miss Gaynor had not understood, when she received an anonymous message that Charlie and Miss Valli were at sea on his boat. Later reports indicated that he had taken Virginia sailing in order to tell her that he was in love with Janet. But

whether or not this story is true, Miss Gaynor promised to wed Peck before Farrell was given an opportunity to explain—and Janet kept the promise.

But even Janet's marriage—and the ultimate union of Farrell to Miss Valli—failed to end entirely the comradeship between *Diane* and *Chico* of "Seventh Heaven" memories. When they made pictures together, they resumed at least a near approach to their former friendship on the sets. And the four—Janet, Virginia, Charlie and Lydell—made public appearances together.

Then, not many weeks ago, the new chapter of the little star's romantic history was written. Charlie, the first of her romances to come to Janet, was also first to leave. With the declaration that he was tired of playing rôles consistently second to Miss Gaynor, Farrell requested and was granted release from his contract with the Fox Film Company.

Before news of this separation had calmed, Janet abruptly announced her separation from Peck, with the added statement that she would sue for divorce. Before an anxious horde of newspaper reporters could secure further facts, Janet hurried aboard ship and fled to Hawaii, an island she admittedly loves and to which she has often retired for freedom from her troubles.

Of Janet's two lost romances, Hollywood may regard the separation from her husband as the more acute. But to the world at large, I venture to say that the parting of Janet and Charlie is by far the greater

tragedy, because the world has been a constant spectator of the Gaynor-Farrell romance.

As for the importance of the two to Janet, it is my belief, based on logical conclusion, that she is the more regretful of her separation from Farrell. I reasonably assume that since she voluntarily ejected Peck from her life, she cannot be sorry for that loss.

All sorts of rumors are pervading Hollywood as I write this article. Someone mentions a Norman Gilliland. Another item of gossip declares that several Hollywood wives are trembling in their slippers, now that Janet is free. There was even a printed story that a popular leading man had followed her to Honolulu.

Lies. Lies. Lies. I call them by no other name.

But I do wonder, as I write, if Janet's memories have gone back over the years and joined my own at a moment, in the dim past, when I went to her with a pain in my heart and asked: "What would you do if your sweetheart or husband were suddenly taken from you?"

I wonder if she can remember her vain struggle to understand, and her utter seriousness as she answered, "I don't know. Perhaps I would feel like dying."

Does Janet feel like dying?

Or is Janet happy again? Happy with the thought that real love—the one real love of her life—may some day return to her?

Three Weeks with Neil Hamilton

Continued from page 53

was the birth of the inspiration on both sides to do this. Each very enthused over the idea . . . a nicer form of the "Truth" game. It all happened while we had two hours off . . . had finished visiting other sets and exhausted all studying in our respective dressing-rooms, and we met in the hall, both on the way to suggest this form of amusement to each other. Hope it keeps you-all as interested as we were this afternoon. Both on good behavior in view of project. Letcha know what Neil does tomorrow . . . tomorrow. As for today—four stars!

Just like those French and dancing lessons I've been going to take for years—here 'tis over a week and no notes. Feel better—Neil just confessed a similar procrastination.

Briefly, they have all been pretty nearly the usual working day, with an interlude now and then of Neil dashing into my dressing-room in a red robe . . . shirt in hand and a woe-begone expression, at which my maid digs down for the needle and restores that button to its former abode . . . or shortening a button-hole that had decided on a long-distance hike . . . Worked very late one night . . . saw Neil doing a little pacing and frowning . . . it was one of the two nights the Hamilton keeps aside for other things.

His best day, really a Five Star One, was on "location." Can't say why, exactly, but somehow Neil is the perfect out-of-doors companion. Fits in perfectly with a tree and a bridge and a sports suit with a rakish tilt of hat.

One day he breezed into my dressing-room for my opinion on his new make-up for his next picture here at Columbia, "Child of Manhattan." Later he stepped out of the cast at his own suggestion when it was found he could not look old enough for the father rôle to a grown-up daughter. I'd better add right here that the one we are doing now is "As the Devil Commands." His make-up includes gray hair

at the temples—ladies, watch for it. Neil, when he grows older, is going to be even grander. One of those faces that just refuse to lose sparkle, and gain interestingly with gray hair. He has gray temples naturally, you know, with auburn hair. A very rich merger! He has heretofore worn his hair combed down slick and flat, but for a change is not flattening it, and the effect is nicer, I think, as he has very thick and wavy hair—and now you get more of an effect of its having been a wee bit ruffled; and, "gee-I'd-like-to-ruffle-it-more" feeling.

Great men in our business have peculiar methods of overcoming nervousness—one director chews the ends of his handkerchief; another employs a rocking chair; another jingles coins; another whittles; another turns bill-clip on a finger. Neil enters this class by virtue of a key-ring on a chain, which he swings around in circles constantly. He even does it in scenes—watch for it—you'll see. He has perfected it and can do exactly, on a smaller scale, what Will Rogers does with a lasso.

See here, this is developing into a book! I condense the daily star system to one BIG one for a nice, nice person. And as I say farewell and good luck to a gentleman with wavy auburn hair and gray temples and deep brown eyes, I irrelevantly think of a poem I wrote a long time ago:

A man with a pipe, a dog and a fire,
Gray temples and tolerance and who'd never tire

Of my petty troubles and make me feel sure
I could run straight to him when I felt insecure,

Who'd listen and listen, and make me agree
No matter how wrong, I was right as could be,

Could be sure of my visits for ever and aye
And I'd try awfully hard to keep up the play.
But darn it, I know I couldn't resist:

"To heck with this friendship, I want to be kissed!"

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Master Mugg

Continued from page 34

company. He was not permitted to draw anything against his salary until the company had actually opened, even though they had been rehearsing for a week without pay. The night before the curtain rose on the first performance Spencer and Mrs. Tracy sat in a lunch room boasting chairs with arms on which you placed the food. They had one thin nickel in the wide, wide world. Spence went up to the counter and came back with an egg sandwich. They divided it.

The next night he almost missed his second cue because no sooner had he come off stage from his first scene than he made a dash to the cashier's office to touch him for a ten spot.

He was getting \$50 a week out of which he had to pay all the bills they had run up when they were broke, buy clothes for the different plays in which he had been appearing, pay all their living expenses, including Mrs. Tracy's confinement, and try to save!

When they had been a few weeks with the company in Elizabeth, it folded and they were fighting the wolves again. After a few more weeks when they barely knew where their next meal was coming from, Spencer got a job with a stock company in Winnipeg. He rehearsed a week without pay, played two weeks, and suddenly the manager was missing with the company's funds and no one had been paid all the while they were up there.

A year ago Spence felt that that sort of thing was necessary to be a good actor. Now he isn't so sure. Today he said, "I'm not so positive—that lack of experience with life is as essential to success as the proper kind of contract. And by 'proper kind of contract' I don't mean only the money. I mean principally having it stipulated in your contract that you're only to do so many pictures a year. I don't believe the actor lives who can make four to eight films a year and survive. It's expecting too much of audiences to ask them to see you that often and not tire of you."

"I think Paul Muni has the ideal contract—one which specifies only two pictures a year and which permits him to do stage plays in the interim."

"What about Barthelmess and Robinson and Colman, who only make two pictures a year and who make enough out of them to grow rich without having to do the plays?" I asked.

"I don't know anything about their contracts," he answered. "That's up to them. I mentioned Muni's because that's the kind I want. I want the pictures for the money and I want to do the stage plays because I love the theatre. If I had all the money in the world, I'd still want to work in the theatre."

I'll never forget the night he told me about Warners having borrowed him for the lead in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing." He was so excited he could hardly talk. He and Mrs. Tracy and I were going to a picture together. While we were waiting for her to get ready he said, "If this doesn't put me over I'll just have to resign myself to the fact that I'll never be a big star. I'll just have to play character parts and be content."

Fortunately, "20,000 Years" has put him over but it wouldn't have made any difference if it hadn't. Spencer will never be one of those "also in the cast" actors. Any picture he's in centres around him whether he has the lead or not. He has

never received a poor press notice for his work!

When he is thinking, he has a great habit of sticking out his lower lip until he looks like a pouting baby.

He's the most naïve person I've ever met. Snowy Baker, the Australian polo player, invited Spence to visit Australia with him. "Think of that!" Spence ejaculated. "He's a national figure over there. He knows everyone of importance. Wouldn't it be wonderful to be able to make a trip like that with a man like that?"

The fact that Tracy is an international figure and that it would be quite a coup for Snowy to bring him home as his guest, never occurred to Spence!

The night before the Olympic finals last summer I was out at his home. Baron Nishi, one of the Japanese equestrian team, was also there. I mentioned that I'd not been able to get seats for the last day. The Baron gave me a couple. "Boy," said Spence to me, "what a thrill you'll get out of being there watching him ride and knowing all the time that he gave you those tickets—that you're his guest!" He still refers to that.

He won't eat in public restaurants. On Thursdays, when their cook is off, he and Mrs. Tracy dine with his mother. His mother lives in a fashionable apartment hotel but Spence won't go into the dining room. While the rest of them are downstairs eating, Spence has his dinner sent up to his mother's apartment and eats alone.

He never attends premieres but occasionally goes to a neighborhood theatre to see a picture. On a few such occasions when I've been with him, we've been stopped outside by people who recognized him and wanted his autograph. He always gives it, graciously, but he scrawls his name with his head down as though he were afraid someone he knew would catch him at it.

Once we went to a prize fight that featured Baby Arizmendi and Young Tommy. It wasn't the fact that they were evenly matched or that they were "mixing it" constantly or that there was plenty of action, that impressed him. It was the fact that they were fighting clean. He kept repeating that.

Another time we went and James Dunn sat a row ahead of us. It was while Spence and Jimmy were making "Society Girl" and Jimmy had just had a couple of ribs busted in a prize fight sequence. Every time one of the fighters took a wallop Spence winced and said, "I'll bet Jimmy felt that one."

His ambition is to be natural. "The Guardsman" was made two years ago but he still refers to it. "Look how the dialogue overlapped in that. They never waited for each other to finish talking. It was the most natural thing in the world. When you and I talk or when any two people are chatting they don't wait every time for each other to finish before starting, the way they do in most pictures. People anticipate the last few words each other will say and butt in on them. That's one of the things that makes Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne natural. And it's their naturalness that makes them great."

Once I asked him what kind of parts he wants to play. "Muggs," he answered promptly, "because that's what I am."

The first time I ever met him, when we had concluded the interview, he leaned towards me and said, "How'd you like

to go down to the brewery one day and swill a little beer?"

In those days you could go down there and they'd sell you all you wanted to drink but they wouldn't sell you any to take away with you. "I'd like it fine," I answered.

"All right," he responded. "I'll get hold of Frank Borzage and find out when he can go and then I'll call you. What's your 'phone number?"

I gave it to him, remarking, "Why do you want to wear yourself out writing it down? You know you'll never call me."

"You think so?" said Spence. "Well, I'll bet you five to one I'll call you within a week."

I left him firmly convinced that the next

time I'd see him would be when I had another assignment to interview him or when I ran into him on the lot. Three days later he 'phoned. "They've closed the brewery up, but how about coming out to the house for dinner tonight?"

The friendship has continued ever since. There are people in Hollywood whom I see oftener than Spence but none whom I like better. He's sincere, he's natural, and, like Cagney, I think he's the greatest actor on the screen, but the thing that gets you about Spencer Tracy is that, with all this, he's *humble*. There's nothing of the "big shot" about him and that, I think, is the reason everybody in Hollywood is rooting for him.

Hot Off the Ether!

Continued from page 60

and forth with Benny and his gang. Jack, who had laryngitis the night I was there, and whose voice as a result would crack every once in a while into a high falsetto, was beautifully razzed by the control boys. "Hey, Jack," they kidded, "what are you trying to do, give an impersonation of Ed Wynn?" Next announcer Paul Douglas, chewing gum furiously, gave a little spiel and then asked how his voice sounded. From the control room came, "You chew a mean piece of gum, Paul!"

The girl who plays *Mary Livingstone*

in these skits is Mrs. Jack Benny—or did you know? Andrea Marsh, who sings with Weems' band, is a beautiful brunette. Ted is a good-looking lad who gets a terrific wallop out of Benny's swell humor. And the jovial Jack is about the funniest master of ceremonies on the air.

At the end of a Weems-Benny broadcast the studio is littered with pages of the script, for as the performers finish a page each member of the troupe drops that page of the script to the floor. The finale looks like a snow scene from "Igloo."



Cary Grant, one of Paramount's high-grade he-men, takes a stroll around the studio with a lady visitor. The gal behind the sun-glasses turns out, upon closer inspection, to be Virginia Cherrill, who may be Mrs. Cary Grant one of these days.



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What Lies in Eyes?

Continued from page 59

light under a bushel, enhance your attractive expression with make-up. No more vague, meaningless eyes!

The Egyptian ladies used to overdo it with kohl, but nevertheless they knew that accented eyes were the best attention-arrester. The care and beautifying of the eyes has held the interest of the world for longer than most of us realize. An oculist's instruments were found in an excavation dating back to the third century in Gaul. The earliest known text-book on eyes was written in 809 A.D. by an Arab with the romantic name of Hunain ibn Is Haq. Sounds like a new imported star, doesn't he?

The effect of color on the eyes is a fascinating study and one well worth the attention of any girl who wishes to be attractive to men. The vibrations of yellow, as recorded by the nerves of the eyes and sent to the brain, are stimulating. Red is most attractive for a while, a short while, then it is exhausting after a time. Light green dazzles the eyes. But blue—listen well, yearning maidens—soft blue is the color all men adore. It is restful and its esoteric meaning is "devotion." Wear soft blues when you wish to create a confidential "just you and I" atmosphere. A touch of blue eye-shadow on your lids will add to the effect.

And here is another secret—rub a little

Eyelash-Grower into the roots of the lashes and achieve two results. First, you will observe, (and so will others), that the oil will show just enough on the lid and around the lower lashes to give the eyes that moist, dewy look that everyone seems to strive for. Second, you will be nourishing them for growth. But please don't overdo it by greasing your whole lid! At night massage in more Eyelash-Grower and thus you will get a quicker growth by using it night and day. Eyes that are framed by long, heavy lashes are infinitely more interesting and arresting as well as beautiful. It's an effect worth working for.

But even long, lovely lashes should be touched with Maybelline, for the ends are always bleached light by sun and creams so that they appear shorter than they are. No matter how large and beautiful your eyes may be they are not as effective as a judicious use of Maybelline can make them.

If your eyes are small, Maybelline will accent them into importance. But be sure you have an expression in your eyes that deserves to be accented. Relax them with unselfishness—widen them with wonder at the beauties of the world, of love and friendships and all loveliness so that it shines out like a beacon-light and draws to you the admiration and happiness you want.

Who said "No More Thrills"?

Continued from page 61

politely to forget about acting and get on with the picture!"

Nevertheless, I inquired, would not a future career as an actor seem an agreeable prospect, now that he has made a start in the cinema?

"Not for me," declared the youth who put Frank Merriwell to shame. "I'm afraid I wasn't cut out for the rôle, though I naturally hope to make more pictures based on my experiences. But I have no particular bent for histrionism, and no overwhelming sex appeal, so Gable, Brent and Cagney can rest easy!"

This from the slim, fair-haired young man whose adventurous life and appealing presence have earned him the unofficial title of "lion of the ladies' clubs" wherever he has gone to lecture!

It was at a chance meeting with Walter Futter, United Artists executive, that the subject of making a film from Halliburton's adventures came up. Mr. Futter could see no reason why such an epic of derring-do should be withheld from the motion picture public. To read about it, as almost everyone has done, is one thing; to see it take place before one's eyes is quite another. It developed that Richard had taken many thousand feet of film during his journeyings; a brief glimpse at his material convinced Futter that here was the material for a photoplay such as no globe-trotter had yet vouchsafed the screen audience.

Thus occurred the birth of "India Speaks," Halliburton's film record of his adventures in the untrodden places of the Orient. Neither a travel picture nor a jungle movie nor an "animal epic," it is an adventure story told in celluloid.

Hardly a reader of popular adventure is now alive who doesn't remember how

Richard Halliburton, at the age of 19, one fine morning shoved a razor into one pocket and a toothbrush into another, and sallied forth to conquer the far and mysterious places of the world. How he visited the darkest, most forbidding and least accessible parts of Asia and Africa, deliberately seeking out those places where no white man was thought able to penetrate, and risking his neck to defy Nature where she seemed most impregnable, is a story made familiar to everyone through his books and his numerous lecture tours. From his many and far-flung adventures he has chosen episodes in darkest Asia to make the picture called "India Speaks."

As the story unfolds one sees Halliburton wandering among the strange buildings and temples of Angkor, a deserted city in Indo-China which flourished mightily in ancient and medieval times, but was lost to civilization in the Thirteenth Century. He narrowly escapes death from a horde of vampire bats that swoop down from the sky, swirling about so thickly and in such gigantic numbers as to hide the sun. A wizened old native next approaches him and offers to lead him to the cave wherein the jewels of the ancient dynasty that ruled Angkor are hidden. Sensing some mysterious peril, and drawn toward it by an obscure urge within him, he follows the native to the cave and finds that all he need do to obtain the jewels is to reach his hand through a trap-door into the room where they lie heaped up—guarded by a giant cobra. Disregarding the human bones strewn about the door which give evidence of former unsuccessful attempts, he plunges his hand in. Just as his fingers reach a pile of gems he peers through the door, sees the cobra about to strike, and rushes away to the maniacal

laughter of the native.

Thence he wanders to Benares, India, to join the Orientals in their strange rite of washing away their sins in the Ganges; and to Delhi, where he invades the central Mohammedan mosque during the sacred festival of *Ramadan*, only to have his disguise penetrated and to fly for his life before the deadly scimitars of the outraged devotees. In Madras he pauses to watch the Hindus, in an ecstasy of religious fanaticism, stick long pins through their cheeks and tongues, and draw the ponderous cart of Juggernaut by means of hooks fastened into their flesh. These rites, as actually performed by the natives, were photographed by Halliburton for the first time, and furnish an intensely gripping, if somewhat gruesome, record of religious worship on the other side of the world.

Halliburton next proceeds to Kashmir, where he falls in love with a beautiful sixteen-year-old Kashmirian Princess, but their romance, in a serio-comic interlude, is washed out by a terrific rainstorm. In the mysterious principality of Thibet, the interior of which is forbidden to all white men, he gains the friendship of the chief Lhama and spies upon the sacred deliberations of the priests until his worldly interest in the white goddess of the Thibetans brings down upon him the wrath of the

natives. And so on, through one hair-curling episode after another—mere incidents in Halliburton's life; a life, by the way, distinguished not only for its unique hazards, but by the startling consistency with which a camera always has been on hand to record them for an avid public and for his publishers' promotion department.

"My life's work is writing, and I am going to pursue it," concluded Richard. "I have a record to maintain, you know; three of my four books topped the list of national best-sellers, and the fourth is fighting hard for first place. Naturally, I am going to do some more knocking around the world; but from now on my books will be the motivating force behind my adventures." Nor will hazardous travel form the only theme for his writings; he is now engaged upon a biography of Rupert Brooke, the glamorous young soldier-poet who fell in the World War; and for the near future he plans a book on archaeology for which he has accumulated material on his travels.

Dick Halliburton, in his thirty-two years, has already lived more than a thousand ordinary men during their life-time. And what a grand idea it was for Hollywood to transmute his amazing story into picture entertainment!

The Truth about Cosmetics

Continued from page 10

and rests the eyes at the same time.

There are a good many fancier eye tonics on the market but none that will accomplish much more than our old friend "Murine!" It certainly helps to freshen and cleanse your eyes daily with a few drops of this soothing tonic. The small size is so convenient to carry in your bag for motoring, any sort of travel, and sports. In college when your eyes are given heavy duty in reading, relieve the strain with a daily use of Murine. Often this simple care will avoid more serious eye-strain. So few of us do anything to help our eyes.

Speaking of old friends, you wouldn't know Pompeian cream unless you have used it recently. The familiar pink "rolly" cream has two partners, popular runners-up and threatening to overtake it. Pompeian Night Cream, a silky, soft luxurious cleanser and skin food—and Pompeian Day Cream, a foundation powder base that protects and softens the skin. The jars are quite properly classical in line, white with silver labels. And so that you won't have to stop to read the labels in order to tell which jar you are picking up, the Pompeian people have thoughtfully put an orchid top on the Day Cream jar and a black top on the Night Cream jar. Artistic and practical. Their slogan is "You may pay more for your creams but you can't buy better than Pompeian."

Neither will you find a more efficient hand-lotion than Frostilla. It keeps your hands smooth and young. It has been said that age shows first around the eyes and mouth. But the real truth is that the years steal the youth from our hands in almost every case before they attack our faces. I know that fatigue shows in the hands very quickly. No matter what the cause, we can outwit the evidence of neglect, age, and exposure by the constant use of Frostilla. It is clear and creamy and nourishes the shriveled, dry skin beautifully. It is also very healing and will cure chapped hands quickly. And one of its greatest virtues is that in a very few minutes after using it you may draw your

gloves on. It doesn't leave a sticky surface. Your eager skin seems to drink it all up and beg for more. You can restore the beauty of your hands with Frostilla. And even if they are lovely now, Frostilla will keep them that way and ward off that "crepy" look for many years.

And speaking of baths I'm reminded of Linit. Have you noticed the special offer they are making now? Perhaps out of gratitude for the tremendous popularity and unbelievably large sale of Linit they are giving away—I say "giving away" because the price just about covers the packing and mailing cost—the most adorable perfume containers for ten cents each! You can get them in several different colors. They are very clever and new and I'm sure you'll want several of them for your friends or for prizes or "sump'n." Imagine a smart little non-leakable perfume container for ten cents! Well, I guess the Linit people can afford it. Since a bath means Linit to most people and since Linit perfumes your bath and makes it soft and luxurious as well as fragrant, they decided that perfume might also remind people of their product. Whatever their reason is for this offer, it is a most unusual one. I'm going to send for a red one and a blue one and a black one—oh, I guess I'll send for all of them! Thank you, Linit!

When you find something good for a certain purpose and when the people who make it are investigating all the time for the latest improvements, what's the use of shopping for new things yourself? That's the way I feel about Cutex things. They're so dependable and satisfactory. The polish stays on and it comes in Colorless, Natural, (my pet shade), and several deeper colors that are like jewel tones. One coat of the color you like put on in the usual way and a top coat of Colorless that comes all the way to the edge of the nails makes a smart and new effect. Cutex makes a manicure set for every purse, but all of them contain the same high-grade Cutex products. My motto is "When you find something good, stick to it!"



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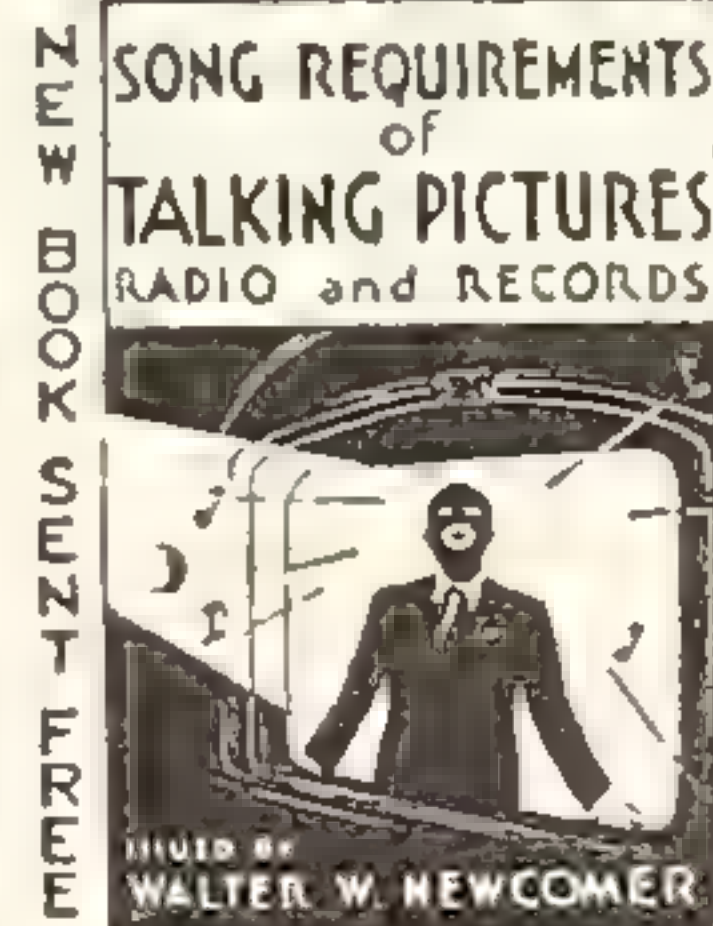
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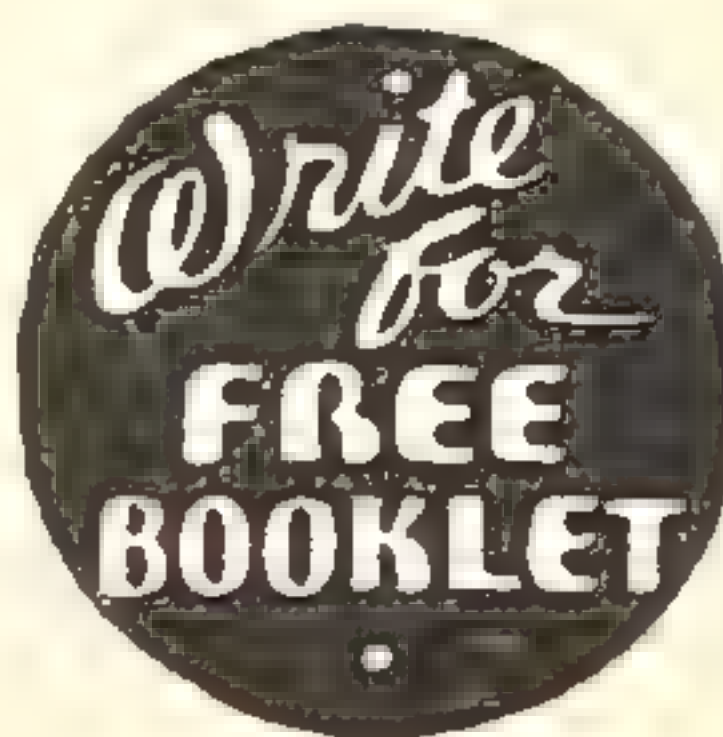


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Hollywood's Most Interesting Widow

Continued from page 66

when it was apparent that his Titian-crowned daughter Billie required the education of the schools instead of the circus tent. At seventeen she played in the London music hall, the Pavilion. At eighteen in "The School Girl" at the Prince of Wales Theatre. She bewitched London by her coquettish singing of the ditty, "My Little Canoe." Her photograph was on the picture postcards in London shop windows.

At that time Daniel Frohman, elder of the managers Frohman, said to his brother Charles, "There is not enough room in the theatre for two producers of our name. I will yield it to you but on condition that you let me, as my last act as a manager, bring that ravishing young beauty and delicious comedienne, Billie Burke, to this country."

"Who is she?" asked the then Napoleon of the stage.

"An American girl of English education and London and continental stage experience." There followed further rhapsodic descriptions. "John Drew needs a leading woman in 'My Wife.' If she is half as attractive as you think, I might engage her for that."

"Do. I guarantee that she will be a sensation."

She was. She perched on stately John Drew's knees, ruffled his hair, crossed the stage in three steps and a bound, gurgled with delight in life. The critics avowed themselves in love with her. The most bilious of them declared that nothing so lovely and utterly irresistible had ever before crossed their critical path. The next year Billie Burke was a star in "Love Watches." Coolly critical eyes warmed at contemplation of her in "The Mind the Paint Girl" and in "The Land of Promise." When she tossed from her shoulders the enveloping cloak in "A Marriage of Convenience" the audience applauded the sight.

The admiration of her art and personality was not limited to audiences and critics. Suitors were numerous. A broad-shouldered, blonde-haired Englishman crossed the ocean to offer her himself and a place in the peerage. Miss Burke smiled, considered, hesitated, induced him to wait for another season or two.

She, living first at Yonkers, then at Burkeley Crest at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, with her mother, pursued her career as a Frohman star, dividing popularity only with the long-established Maude Adams.

Then one night, at a dance at the Mayfair Club, the meeting place of stage and society, came the interruption: Florenz Ziegfeld, middle-aged, distinguished as producer of the long series of Ziegfeld "Follies," a silent, occasionally smiling man whom many thought mysterious and so fascinating. With different partners they danced in the same quadrille. She told me she admired his dancing and liked the perfume he had used with exact nicety on his handkerchief. He asked her partner for an introduction. Thereafter they met at the Mayfair. Soon he was her devoted companion there and on other dancing floors. While she was playing in the name rôle "Jerry" they crossed the Hudson one afternoon and were married in Jersey City.

Two years later Patricia Florence Ziegfeld was born. "I gave her Flo's middle name because it pleased him so," she said to me while showing me the new pink infant in her shining bassinet in a New York hotel.

Oddly prophetic are these words that

Miss Burke spoke to me on the lawn of Berkeley Crest, the Ziegfelds' home after their marriage, and still their home when Mr. Ziegfeld made his last fateful journey to Los Angeles.

"This is the new order," said Billie Burke Ziegfeld. "The old order was motherhood or a career. The new order is motherhood *and* a career! In this new order the career is richer and the motherhood is finer."

"You think that because there is a Patricia Ziegfeld you are a better actress?"

"I know it." Billie Burke spoke with soft decision. "And I know that, because I have earned my own living since I was a child, I am a better mother. Motherhood is an actual aid to a successful career," insisted Miss Burke. "Ambition flags at times but mother love never lessens. A mother wants to earn all she can for her child, of course. But besides this desire is the instinct to make good with her offspring."

"Motherhood is useful in the arts. Maternity is cultural. Give me even the unlettered mother and I will show you a woman who, after the birth of her child, finds more beauty in a flower, a picture, sunrise, or a sunset than before. That woman can bring more to an art, if it only be china or celluloid, than she could before she was granted the inestimable gift of motherhood. Certainly motherhood makes a woman a better painter, sculptor, musician or actress. The arts appeal to the emotions. The stir of the deep, primitive love of woman for her child fosters the creative impulse of art."

"The trend of the day is toward the humanization of business. The mother has more tact. She knows the difficult art of 'how to get on with people.' She knows how to do more in a given time. She is an economist of moments. My prophecy is that this is the dawn of the day in which married women will play a really important part in the business world."

Miss Burke is a leading exponent of the Titian type in America. As much as when Billie Burke hats tilted saucily over the left eye and when boxes of Billie Burke chocolates were sold in every sweets shop in New York.

"Women talk a great deal about having their faces lifted. It would be better to take good care of their hair and keep it young. Live, young hair gives a woman a youthful look. Especially when tight little hats are the mode, the hair needs fostering care. I take my hat off whenever I can do so without being too conspicuous," she says.

"The red-haired woman expends so much energy that she must be sure to renew it. I sleep as many hours as I need. After about eight hours I awake completely refreshed. Sometime during the afternoon I manage to rest. If it is only for a few minutes I wholly relax. However short the time for rest I take off my clothes and get into a light single garment."

"Every morning I use a system of waking up exercises, using more of the standing exercises when I am thinner and floor exercises when I am plumper, according to my needs. I walk a great deal."

"I eat simple food and not too much of it. Grapefruit in the morning with a small cup of not too strong coffee are a sufficient start for my day. My luncheon usually is one cooked and one raw vegetable. Dinner of whatever I like, but I like only one to three, or at most four, dishes."

The march of the years holds no ominous sound to the buoyant-spirited Miss Burke. "Every age has its interests. We must keep them keen and full," says the beauty with the brain of a philosopher.

"Strange what miracle children work! I did not know much, nor care for children, until Patricia was born. From the time I first looked at her there has never been a moment when I would not willingly have died for her."

Miss Burke, throughout the years of her early stage triumphs, of her adventures in marriage and motherhood, has told me that, when puzzled by problems and harassed by griefs, she invariably whispered a plea to her father in the dim unknown.

"He always tells me what to do," she said, with the faith of a child. "His love never failed me in life. It does not now."

In this year of her life's rebuilding there is, no doubt, much whispering of her heart's secrets by Billie Burke, the actress, to the shade of Billie Burke, the clown!



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ARTHUR L. RHODES, Gray Hair Expert, Lowell, Mass.



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Lovely Carole Lombard registers amused excitement in this race-track scene from her next picture, "From Hell to Heaven." Note the enormous star sapphire on Carole's finger—a gift from fond husband Bill Powell on their wedding anniversary. You'll see this modest little trinket in the film.

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Charles Sheldon, the famous artist who paints the portraits of Hollywood's loveliest ladies for SCREENLAND, has chosen Joan Crawford to adorn the cover of the May issue. Here you will find a new and different Crawford. Subtle, sensitive? Yes! Dramatic, poignant? Yes! SCREENLAND's cover for May will bring you the loveliest Joan Crawford portrait you have ever seen!

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Try WIN-FORMS for yourself. See how much more convenient they are than old-fashioned, uncertain methods. A single cone gives effective protection for eight hours or more. Absolutely safe to use; soothing to the delicate tissues. Contain no carbolic acid, no mercury or burning caustics. Just a harmless combination of cocoa butter and dependable antiseptics, recommended by physicians. Dainty, odorless, deodorizing. Take advantage of special introductory offer. Send only 35c for trial box of WIN-FORMS today. Your package will be mailed in plain wrapper.

FAITH WINSTON
Dept. SC-4 122 Fourth Ave. New York, N. Y.

Grand Duchess Marie Writes on "Rasputin"

Continued from page 31

One of the two, an ex-member of the Emperor's escort, had performed the same duties in reality.

The part assigned to Ralph Morgan as the Tzar is not an important one but everything concerning his demeanor, make-up and dress has been carefully studied and although his gestures often lack ease and grace they are never in any way disturbing.

John Barrymore is as usual the hero, a fictitious character planned to win the sympathies of the audience. His manner is simple and has a quality of genuine refinement which makes him appear perfectly natural in all the situations in which his rôle places him.

But Lionel Barrymore as Rasputin is somewhat monotonous and too persistent. His lurking behind columns and curtains, peering through cracks of doors, his stealthy tread and sardonic smile are rather fatiguing. His make-up is conventional; with his full black beard, beautifully trimmed, and his parted wig he looks more like a coachman of a well-to-do merchant family in old Moscow than the sinister personage he is portraying. He is magnificent, however, in his death scene.

Diana Wynyard, who takes the part of *Princess Natasha*, another fictitious character, is extremely winning in her quiet simplicity. The little boy is excellent except for his accent.

The plot although not true to history is nevertheless plausible and the dialogue sober and moderate. There is some exaggeration however in religious manifestations, in gestures particularly, performed with ostentation and clumsiness.

The background against which the screen drama evolves is a lavish one, often surprisingly accurate, sometimes imaginary, but in keeping with the authentic scenery. Whereas there are a good many errors in detail the impression created by the ensemble is on the whole extraordinarily vivid.

At the end of the performance, I was not only relieved and deeply moved but I felt exhausted as after a harassing experience. For nearly three hours I had lived in the past, a past slightly counterfeited and distorted but nevertheless real enough to bring back a rush of memories. A past which belonging to me so closely, being in fact a part of my own life, I was happy and thankful to see for once treated with discretion, honesty and respect.

Confidential!—Wallace Ford

Continued from page 51

Adores poker, the fights, hors d'oeuvres, roquefort cheese, avocado salad (that's a bit of swank on his part), practical jokes, his (and my) daughter Patty, and what else, Wally? What? You old blarney! He said "ME"!

Hates people who neck in public and kick each other at home, macaroni, spaghetti or anything slithery, heavy perfume, washing his hair and what else, Wally? What? You bum! He said "ME" again!

He's like the little girl with the little curl. When he's good, etcetera. Only he isn't often horrid. The only time he is horrid is when I kiss him coyly and he wants to read his paper. And oh, yes! when I tell him I spent twice my allowance on heaven-knows-what. And sometimes when I make his coffee. I make very bad coffee, but my pie-crust is simply elegant.

He can't be happy unless he is living in a house. Until we were married (a good many years ago as the crow flies), he had never had a house. Houses mean a lot to Wally. He has vagabonded ever since his parents died when he was a young 'un. That's rather an involved statement, but I think orphanages and being put out for adoption and running away and being adopted again and running away again, *ad infinitum* is surely vagabonding. He has had a scrambled life with very few spots of sunshine in it. Wally is an Englishman by birth, but thoroughly Americanized now, except around the edges. Every once in a while the British crops out in him.

He has been on the stage for more than twenty years. Started his career in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" with the Winnipeg Kiddies. I can't imagine the virile Ford with golden curls, but he says he carried them with the utmost nonchalance. Marie Tempest brought him to the United States with one of her troupes when he was about

fourteen. He's been grateful ever since.

Wally never went to school. Never had a chance to. He has worked so hard for bed and board that he never properly learned to split infinitives, parse sentences and throw spit-balls. But Wally Ford is a well-educated young man. He learned readin' because he had to study his parts. He learned writin' so he could keep in touch with his best girl when he left town, and he learned 'rithmetic so the manager couldn't gyp him on his salary.

Oh, he knows his way around without a guide, does Wally, and I'm willing to wager that anyone meeting him without first hearing his life story, would swear he'd had as thorough a schooling as you or I—no, nor I! They kicked me out of High in my senior year for bobbing my hair. But life has taught Wally most of what there is to know about life. And taught it in ways that he won't forget.

He grapples his friends to his heart with hoops of steel. Those who love him never cease to, and those who don't love him rarely come to. The taste for Wally can't be acquired. It's instinctive.

He has some of the wildest ideas about people. His ideas are so normal and kind of high-minded that they're almost crazy in this day and age. I'm afraid the fellow is an idealist.

Does all this sound like tripe? I hope not. I intended this interview to be something bigger and better. The Ford motto has always been Excelsior.

Well, my little ones, even the top-notchers in this writing game are allowed only so much space, so I'll put an end to this. I've left out all the important things and embroidered on the trivialities, in my own inimitable way.

But, as Wally would say, with beautiful resignation, "That's life, yep, that's life."

2 Packs for a Quarter against 2 for 30 cents

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“To John Public and his wife, sinking funds, amortization and depreciation are just words in the dictionary. To John Public and his wife, however, a five cent subway fare as compared to a ten cent fare in these days of depression, means a movie on Saturday night—and that’s something.” *New York Journal, Editorial.*

The extra nickel does not mean much to Fifth Avenue bus passengers or they could easily save it by riding on the subways, surface cars or elevated. Regular riders spend the extra nickel twice a day for a ride on the buses to get a clean, comfortable, seated trip.

To the advertisers in the buses this means a great deal—a selected buying constituency with plenty of time to read the advertising cards in the buses.

We believe that bus passengers form the most unusual group of buyers gotten together by any one advertising medium in New York City. Have you ever noticed the clothes worn by bus passengers? Observe them next time you are in a Fifth Avenue bus—mink and caracul coats generously mixed in with cloth coats with fur collars, good hats and dresses—good overcoats, hats and shoes on the men, etc.

EVER seen our circular “Evaluating Space?” Send for it. It is worth reading in connection with all advertising media.

When you use space in the Fifth Avenue buses you advertise at the point of purchase to 30,000 or 3,000,000 passengers per month, according to the number of spaces you buy, at \$2.00 to \$7.50 per space per month. You can make this medium fit into any budget and always have an advertisement that is as big as your neighbor’s. The buses carried 39,000,000 passengers downstairs during the past year; 19,000,000 upstairs. Let us tell you how to use space in the Fifth Avenue buses to increase your business.

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Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 76

MODESTY is a prevailing trait among the Hollywood stars, who are quieter than our satellites of yesteryear.

Katharine Hepburn frankly says, "I made good in a part that was fool-proof (in 'Bill of Divorcement'). Wait until I get another picture before you call me successful."

Jean Harlow says: "I have nothing to offer the screen except a low-brow sex appeal, and I'm cashing in on that."

Richard Arlen says: "There are thousands of better actors in Hollywood; I've just had the good luck to get the breaks."

DID the jungle superstitions of interior Africa cast an evil spell over the cast of "Trader Horn," picture produced on the dark continent two years ago?

Edwina Booth, one feminine member of the cast, was stricken with a jungle fever after her return, and has been confined to her bed for almost two years.

Harry Carey, who played the title rôle and gave a fine performance, has hardly been heard from since.

The only other principal of the cast is Duncan Renaldo. A few weeks ago he was sentenced to serve two years in prison and pay a two thousand dollar fine for making false statements in order to obtain passports to go to Africa to play in "Trader Horn."

W. S. Van Dyke, director of the picture, is now "iced in," far up North in the Arctic circle, by winter snows. He is producing a new film, "Eskimo," near the Pole.

HERE'S something new—a race with the stork! You all know the Edward G. Robinsons are "blessed eventing." They have been living in New York awaiting the arrival of their heir. But a studio call came ordering Edward G. to hurry to Hollywood to make "The Little Giant." This gave him eighteen days to make the picture. At this writing Robinson is rushing through the film, and the stork hasn't been spotted as yet.

"SLIM" SUMMERVILLE says the day he visited San Quentin penitentiary, the Governor was also there. A convict bumped into His Honor, according to Slim, and cried, "Pardon me, Governor." But the Governor didn't do it.

WILLIAM HAINES has the softest *racket* in Hollywood—his Antique Shoppe. The stars have gone daffy over Billy's interior decorating. (After I saw director Richard Wallace's sitting room, done in mulberry walls with old rose chairs piped in pink, I nearly went crazy, too.) Particularly do the film greats like Bill's antiques.

Someone very close to Haines informed me that he makes a four-to-one profit on antiques, but that hardly sounds reasonable. However, one thing is sure: Haines profits at least as much from his business as from his movie contract.

PROBABLY the greatest amount of money ever paid an actor in a lump sum was that \$250,000, which represented the final instalment of John Gilbert's contract with M-G-M.

Because the human mind has difficulty in imagining so much money, these comparative figures may interest you: The picture for which Gilbert received his check was made in one month. The average working girl is paid \$75 a month for her services; therefore, for every dollar the average girl is paid, Gilbert received \$3,333.33.

Of course, the average girl has this advantage over John: The government won't take nearly half of her earnings.

"GRAND HOTEL" still keeps on garnering honors! Now it wins first place in the list of the ten best pictures of the past year, as chosen by 368 film critics and editors in the eleventh annual poll conducted by Film Daily. The other nine, in the order of preference, are "The Champ," "Arrowsmith," "Smilin' Through," "The Guardsman," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Emma," "Bill of Divorcement," "Back Street," and "Scarface." Pictures voted on include only those released during the fiscal year ending November 1, 1932, which of course excludes from the running a number of excellent recent films.

LEG and hand doubles often save the studios oodles of money. Frank McDonald, who has doubled hands for James Cagney, Richard Dix, Leslie Howard, Charles Bickford and others, saved one film company several hundred dollars recently.

Howard's hands were needed for a scene in "Secrets," after that picture had been completed. To have recalled Leslie meant a full day's salary, or several hundred dollars. McDonald was called, instead, and when the scene reaches the screen, nobody will know the difference—until they read this item!

SPEAKING of movie doubles, there is a woman in the publicity department at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer who is a counterpart for Kay Francis. Her name is Eleanor Packer, and she has often been confused with Kay.

AMAN I know is out of a job. He is the guy who formerly painted and removed names on office doors at one of the film studios. He had himself quite a position, for hardly a day passed, what with hiring and firing quite the fad, that he didn't have at least a few names to erase and replace.

But a new building on the lot features on office doors brass holders into which cards may be slipped, for identification of occupants. Anybody got a job for a swell name-painter-on?

IN CASE you think you've seen something in the line of movie shockers, just stick around until Paramount releases its "War of the Worlds," based on the fantastic novel by H. G. Wells. It's all about a band of creatures from Mars who invade our poor planet and start messing things up. They're a gruesome lot, those Martians that Mr. Wells imagined, and if the picture portrays them faithfully you'll want a light burning in your bedroom for a good many nights after you've seen them.



Helen Hayes bids fair to give one of her most appealing performances in the sound version of "The White Sister," in which Lillian Gish scored one of her greatest triumphs in silent days. Clark Gable looks more romantic than ever as the officer in love with Helen.

GIRL DISAPPEARS IN THIN AIR



ILLUSION:

The Oriental girl reclines on a sheet of plate glass supported by two slaves. The magician waves a white sheet...pronounces a few magic words...Presto! She has *disappeared* in thin air.

EXPLANATION:

One of the "slaves" is a *hollow dummy*. When the magician holds up the sheet the lithe little lady disappears completely—into his empty figure.

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

Here's a trick used in cigarette advertising. It is called "Coolness." **EXPLANATION:** Coolness is determined by the speed of burning. *Fresh* cigarettes, retaining their full moisture, burn more slowly...smoke cooler. *Dried-out* cigarettes taste *hot*.

Camels are cooler because they come in the famous air-tight *welded* Humidor Pack...and because they contain *better tobaccos*.

A cigarette blended from choice, ripe tobaccos tastes cooler than one that is harsh and acrid. For coolness, choose a *fresh* cigarette, made from *costlier* tobaccos.



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Your CAMELS are always kept fresh in the air-tight, welded Humidor Pack.

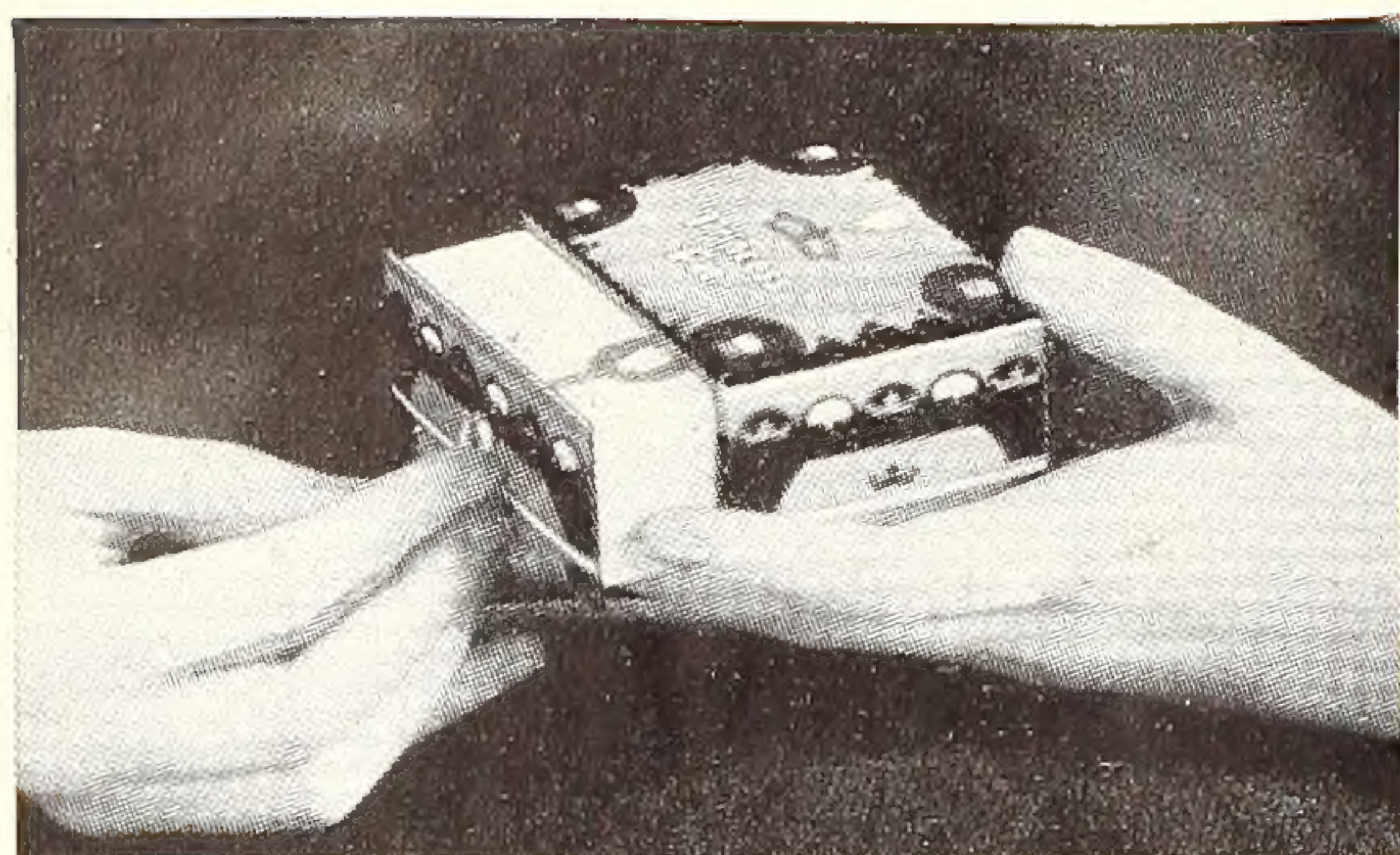


It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Smoke Camels...give your taste a chance to sense the difference.

No Tricks—just Costlier Tobaccos
IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

if you really knew about Princess Pat powder - - - YOU'D SURELY TRY IT



• here we shall try to give the facts—read carefully

BY PATRICIA GORDON

In the first place, Princess Pat is the only face powder that contains almond. Your accustomed powders likely have a base of starch. This change of the base in Princess Pat makes it a completely different powder. Almond makes a more clinging powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So point one in favor of Princess Pat face powder is that it stays on longer. Every woman will appreciate this advantage.



Almond makes Princess Pat a *softer* powder than can be made with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application.

So point two in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere.

A deciding factor in choosing powder is perfume. Will you like Princess Pat—an original fragrance? Yes. For it steals upon the senses subtly, elusively. Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

So point three in favor of Princess Pat is perfume of such universal charm that *every* woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which *should* make every woman choose Princess Pat as her *only* powder.

For Princess Pat powder is *good* for the skin. Not merely

harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the almond in Princess Pat is to be credited—the almond found in *no other face powder*. You know how confidently you depend upon almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and *naturally* lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat face powder has the *selfsame* properties. Fancy that! Instead of drying out your skin when you powder, you actually improve it. Constant use of Princess Pat powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture.

Princess Pat has been called “the powder your skin loves to feel.” It is a most apt description; for the soft, velvety texture of Princess Pat is delightful—and *different*. And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.

A MAKE-UP KIT FOR ONLY 10c

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